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OVER THE BANISTERS.

Over the banisters bends a face,
Daringly sweet and beguiling;
Somebody stands in careless grace,
And watches the picture, smiling.

The light burns dim in the hall below;
Nobody sees her standing
Saying good night again, soft and low,
Half-way up to the landing.

Nobody only the eyes of brown,
Tender and full of meaning,
That smile on the fairest face in town,
Over the banisters leaning.

Tired and sleepy, with drooping head,
I wonder why she lingers,
And when all the good-nights are said!
Why, somebody holds her fingers—

Holds her fingers and draws her down,
Suddenly growing bolder,
Till her loose hair drops its masses brown,
Like a mantle over his shoulder.

Over the banisters soft hands fair
Brush his cheeks like a feather;
Bright brown tresses and dusky hair
Meet and mingle together.

There's a question asked, there's a swift caress,
She has flown like a bird from the hallway;
But over the banisters drops a yes
That shall brighten the world for him alway.

HIS NATURAL LIFE.

BY MARCUS CLARKE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE POWER OF THE WILDERNESS.

The drifting log that had so strangely served as a means of saving Rufus Dawes swam with the current that was running out of the bay. For some time the burden that it bore was an insensible one. Exhausted with his desperate struggle for life, the convict lay along the rough bark of this heaven-sent raft without motion, almost without breath. At length a violent shock awoke him to consciousness, and he perceived that the log had become stranded on a sandy point, the extremity of which was lost in darkness. Painfully raising himself from his uncomfortable posture, he staggered to his feet, and, crawling a few paces up the beach, flung himself upon the ground and slept.

When morning dawned, he recognized his position. The log had, in passing under the lee of Philip Island, been cast upon the southern point of Coal Head, and some three hundred yards from him were the mutilated sheds of the coal-gang. For some time he lay still, basking in the warm rays of the rising sun, and scarcely caring to move his bruised and shattered limbs. The sensation of rest was so exquisite that it overpowered all other considerations, and he did not even trouble himself to conjecture the reason for the apparent desertion of the huts close by him. If there were no one there—well and good. If the coal party had not gone, he would be discovered in a few moments, and brought back to his island prison. In his exhaustion and misery, he accepted the alternative and slept again.

As he laid down his aching head, Mr. Troke was reporting his death to Vickers, and while he still slept, the Lady-bird, on her way out, passed him so closely, that any one on board her might, with a good glass, have espied his slumbering figure as it lay upon the sand.

When he woke it was past mid-day, and the sun poured its full rays upon him. His clothes were dry in all places, save the side on which he had been lying, and he rose to his feet refreshed by his long sleep. He scarcely comprehended, as yet, his true position. He had escaped, it was true, but not for long. He was versed in the history of escapes, and knew that a man alone on that barren coast was face to face with starvation or recapture. Glancing up at the sun, he wondered, indeed, how it was that he had been free so long. Then the coal sheds caught his eye, and he understood that they were untenanted. This astonished him, and he began to tremble with vague apprehension. Entering, he looked around, expecting every moment to see some lurking constable or armed soldier. Suddenly his glance fell upon the loaves which lay in the corner where the departing convicts had flung them the night before. At such a moment, this discovery seemed like a direct revelation from Heaven. He would not have been surprised had they disappeared. Had he lived in another age, he would have looked round for the angel who had brought them.

By and by, having eaten of this miraculous provender, the poor creature began—reckoning by his convict experience—to understand what had taken place. The coal workings were abandoned; the new commandant had probably other work for his beasts of burden to execute, and an absconder would be safe here for a few hours at least. But he must not stay. For him there was no rest. If he thought to escape, it behooved him to commence his journey at once. As he contemplated the meat and bread, something like a ray of hope entered his gloomy soul. Here was provision for his needs. The food before him represented the rations of six men. Was it not possible to cross the desert that lay between him and freedom on such fare? The very supposition made his heart beat faster. It surely was possible. He must husband his resources; walk much and eat little; spread out the food for one day into the food for three. Here was six men's food for one day, or one man's food for six days. He would live on a third of this, and he would have rations for eighteen days. Eighteen days! What could he not do in eighteen days? He could walk thirty miles a day—forty miles a day—that would be six hundred miles and more. Yet stay; he must not be too sanguine; the road was difficult; the scrub was in places impenetrable. He would have to make detours, and turn upon his tracks, to waste precious time. He would be moderate, and say twenty miles a day. Twenty miles a day was very easy walking. Taking a piece of stick from the ground, he made the calculation in the sand. Eighteen days, and twenty miles a day—three hundred and sixty miles. More than enough to take him to freedom. It could be done! He must be careful and abstemious. Abstemious! He had already eaten too much, and he hastily pulled a barely tasted piece of meat from his mouth, and replaced it with the rest. The action which at any other time would have seemed disgusting, was, in the case of this poor creature, merely pitiable.

Having come to this resolution, the next thing was to disencumber himself of his irons. This was more easily done than he expected. He found in the shed an iron gad, and with that and a stone he drove out the rivets. The rings were too strong to be ovaled, or he would have been free long ago. He packed the meat and bread together, and then pushing the gad into his belt—it might be needed as a weapon of defence—he set out on his journey.

His intention was to get round the settlement to the coast, reach the settled districts, and, by some tale of shipwreck or of wandering, procure assistance. As to what was particularly to be done when he found himself among free men, he did not pause to consider. At that point his difficulties seemed to him to end. Let him but traverse the desert that was before him, and he would trust to his own ingenuity, or the chance of fortune, to avert suspicion. The peril of immediate detection was so imminent, that, beside it, all other fears were dwarfed into insignificance.

Before dawn next morning he had traveled ten miles, and by husbanding his food he succeeded, by the night of the fourth day, in accomplishing forty more. Foot-sore and weary, he lay in a thicket of the thorny melaleuca, and felt at last that he was beyond pursuit. The next day he advanced more slowly. The bush was unpropitious. Dense scrub and jungle impeded his path; barren and stony mountain ranges arose before him. He was lost in gullies, entangled in thickets, bewildered in morasses. The sea that had hitherto gleamed, salt, glittering, and hungry upon his right hand, now shifted to his left. He had mistaken his course, and he must turn again. For two days did this bewilderment last, and on the third he came to a mighty cliff that pierced with its blunt pinnacle the clustering bush. He must go over or round this obstacle, and he decided to go round it. A natural pathway wound about its foot. Here and there branches were broken, and it seemed to the poor wretch, fainting under the weight of his lessening burden, that his were not the first footsteps which had trodden there. The path terminated in a glade, and at the bottom of this glade was something that fluttered. Rufus Dawes pressed forward, and stumbled over a corpse!

In the terrible stillness of that solitary place, he felt suddenly as though a voice had called to him. All the hideous fantastic tales of murder which he had read or heard seemed to take visible shape in the person of the loathsome corpse before him, clad in the yellow dress of a convict, and lying flung together on the ground as though struck down. Stooping over it, impelled by an irresistible impulse to know the worst, he found the body was mangled. One arm was missing, and the skull had been beaten in by some heavy instrument! The first thought—that this heap of rags and bones was a mute witness to the folly of his own undertaking, the corpse of some starved absconder—gave place to a second and more horrible suspicion. He recognized the number imprinted on the coarse cloth as that which had designated the younger of the two men who had escaped with Gabbett. He was standing on the place where a murder had been committed! A murder!—and what else? Thank God, the food he carried was not yet exhausted! He turned and fled, looking back fearfully as he went. He could not breathe in the shadow of that awful mountain.

Crashing through scrub and brake, torn, bleeding, and wild with terror, he reached a spur of the range, and looked around him. Above him rose the iron hills, below him lay the panorama of the bush. The white cone of the Frenchman's Cap was on his right hand, on his left a succession of ranges seemed to bar farther progress. A gleam, as of a lake, streaked the eastward. Gigantic pine trees reared their graceful heads against the opal of the evening sky, and at their feet the dense scrub through which he had so painfully toiled spread without break and without flaw. It seemed as though he could leap from where he stood upon a solid mass of tree-tops. He raised his eyes, and right against him, like a long dull sword, lay the narrow steel-blue reach of the harbor from which he had escaped. One darker speck moved on the dark water. It was the Osprey making for the Gates. It seemed that he could throw a stone upon her deck. A faint cry of rage escaped him. During the last three days in the bush he must have retraced his steps, and returned upon his own track to the settlement! More than half his alloted time had passed, and he was not yet thirty miles from his prison. Death had waited to overtake him in this barbarous wilderness. As a cat allows a mouse to escape her for a while, so had he been permitted to trifle with his fate, and lull himself into a false security. Escape was hopeless now. He never could escape; and as the unhappy man raised his despairing eyes, he saw that the sun, redly sinking behind a lofty pine which topped the opposite hill, shot a ray of crimson light into the glade below him. It was as though a bloody finger pointed at the corpse which lay there, and Rufus Dawes, shuddering at the dismal omen, averting his face, plunged again into the forest.

For four days he wandered aimlessly through the bush. He had given up all hope of making the overland journey, and yet, as long as his scanty supply of food held out, he strove to keep away from the settlement. Unable to resist the pangs of hunger, he had increased his daily ration, and though the salted meat, exposed to rain and heat, had begun to turn putrid, he never looked at it but he was seized with a desire to eat his fill. The coarse lumps of carrion and the hard rye-loaves were to him delicious morsels fit for the table of an emperor. Once or twice he was constrained to pluck and eat the tops of tea-tree and peppermint shrubs. These had an aromatic taste, and sufficed to stay the cravings of hunger for a while, but they induced a raging thirst, which he slaked at the icy mountain springs. Had it not been for the frequency of these streams, he must have have died in a few days. At last, on the twelfth day from his departure from the Coal Head, he found himself at the foot of Mount Direction, at the head of the peninsula which makes the western side of the harbor. His terrible wandering had but led him to make a complete circuit of the settlement, and the next night brought him round the shores of Birches Inlet to the landing place opposite to Sarah Island. His stock of provisions had been exhausted for two days, and he was savage with hunger. He no longer thought of suicide. His dominant idea was now to get food. He would do as many others had done before him—give himself up to be flogged and fed. When he reached the landing place, however, the guard house was empty. He looked across at the island prison, and saw no sign of life. The settlement was deserted!

The shock of this discovery almost deprived him of reason. For days, that had seemed centuries, he had kept life in his jaded and lacerated body solely by the strength of his fierce determination to reach the settlement; and now that he had reached it, after a journey of unparalleled horror, he found it deserted. He struck himself to see if he was not dreaming. He refused to believe his eyesight. He shouted, screamed, and waved his tattered garments in the air. Exhausted by these paroxysms, he said to himself, quite calmly, that the sun beating on his unprotected head had dazed his brain, and that in a few moments he should see well-remembered boats pulling toward him. Then, when no boat came, he argued that he was mistaken in the place; the island yonder was not Sarah Island, but some other island like it, and that in a second or so he would be able to detect the difference. But the inexorable mountains, so hideously familiar for six weary years, made mute reply, and the sea, crawling at his feet, seemed to grin at him with a thin-lipped, hungry mouth. Yet the fact of the desertion seemed so inexplicable that he could not realize it. He felt as might have felt that wanderer in the enchanted mountains, who, returning in the morning to look for his companions, found them turned to stone.

At last the dreadful truth forced itself upon him; he retired a few paces, and then, with a horrible cry of furious despair, stumbled forward toward the edge of the little reef that fringed the shore. Just as he was about to fling himself for the second time into the dark water, his eyes, sweeping in a last long look around the bay, caught sight of a strange appearance on the left horn of the sea beach. A thin, blue streak, uprising from behind the western arm of the little inlet, hung in the still air. It was the smoke of a fire!

The dying wretch felt inspired with new hope. God had sent him a direct sign from Heaven. The tiny column of bluish vapor seemed to him as glorious as the pillar of fire that led the Israelites. There were yet human beings near him! and, turning his face from the hungry sea, he tottered with the last effort of his failing strength toward the blessed token of their presence.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SEIZURE OF THE OSPREY.

Frere's fishing expedition had been unsuccessful, and in consequence prolonged. The obstinacy of his character appeared in the most trifling circumstances, and though the fast-deepening shades of an Australian evening urged him to return, yet he lingered, unwilling to come back empty-handed. At last a peremptory signal warned him. It was the sound of a musket fired on board the brig. Mr. Bates was getting impatient, and with a scowl Frere drew up his lines, and ordered the two soldiers to pull for the vessel.

The Osprey yet sat motionless on the water, and her bare masts gave no sign of making sail. To the soldiers, pulling with their backs to her, the musket-shot seemed the most ordinary occurrence in the world. Eager to quit the dismal prison-bay, they had viewed Mr. Frere's persistent fishing with disgust, and had for the previous half-hour longed to hear the signal of recall which had just startled them. Suddenly, however, they noticed a change of expression in the sullen face of their commander. Frere, sitting in the stern-sheets, with his face to the Osprey, had observed a peculiar appearance on her decks. The bulwarks were every now and then topped by strange figures, who disappeared as suddenly as they came, and a faint murmur of voices floated across the intervening sea. Presently the report of another musket-shot echoed among the hills, and something dark fell from the side of the vessel into the water. Frere, with an imprecation of mingled alarm and indignation, sprung to his feet, and, shading his eyes with his hand, looked toward the brig. The soldiers resting on their oars, imitated his gesture, and the whale-boat, thus thrown out of trim, rocked from side to side dangerously. A moment's anxious pause, and then another musket-shot followed by a woman's shrill scream, explained all. The prisoners had seized the brig! "Give way!" cried Frere, pale with rage and apprehension, and the soldiers realizing at once the full terror of their position, forced the heavy whale-boat through the water as fast as the one miserable pair of oars could take her.

Mr. Bates, affected by the insidious influence of the hour, and lulled into a sense of false security, had gone below to tell his little playmate that she would soon be on her way to the Hobart Town of which she had heard so much; and taking advantage of his absence, the soldier not on guard went to the forecastle to hear the prisoners singing. He found the ten together, in high good-humor, listening to a chant sung by three of their number. The voices were melodious enough, and the words of the ditty—chanted by many stout fellows in many a forecastle before and since—of that character which pleases the soldier nature. Private Grimes forgot all about the unprotected state of the deck, and sat down to listen.

While he listened, absorbed in tender recollections, James Lesly, William Cheshire, William Russen, John Fair, and James Barker, slipped to the hatchway and got upon deck. Barker reached the aft-hatchway as the soldier who was on guard turned to complete his walk, and passing his arm round his neck, pulled him down before he could utter a cry. In the confusion of the moment, the man loosed his grasp of the musket to grapple with his unseen antagonist, and Fair, snatching up the weapon, swore to blow out his brains if he raised a finger. Seeing the sentry thus secured, Cheshire, as if in pursuance of a preconcerted plan, leaped down the after-hatchway, and passed up the muskets from the arm-racks to Lesly and Russen. There were three muskets in addition to the one taken from the sentry, and Barker, leaving his prisoner in charge of Fair, seized one of them, and ran to the companion-ladder. Russen left unarmed by this manœuvre, appeared to know his own duty. He came back to the forecastle, and passing behind the listening soldier, touched the singer on the shoulder. This was the appointed signal, and John Rex, suddenly terminating his song with a laugh, presented his fist in the face of the gaping Grimes. "No noise!" he cried. "The brig's ours," and ere Grimes could reply, he was seized by Lyon and Riley and bound securely.

"Come on, lads!" says Rex, "and pass the prisoner down here. We've got her this time, I'll go bail!" In obedience to this order, the now gagged sentry was flung down the fore-hatchway, and the hatch secured. "Stand on the hatchway, Porter," cries Rex again; "and if those fellows come up knock 'em down with a handspike. Leslie and Russen, forward to the companion-ladder! Lyon, keep a lookout for the boat, and if she comes too near, fire!"

As he spoke the report of the first musket rang out. Barker had apparently fired up the companion-hatchway.

When Mr. Bates had gone below, he found Sylvia curled up on the cushions of the state-room, reading. "Well, missy?" he said, "we'll soon be on our way to papa."

Sylvia answered by asking a question altogether foreign to the subject. "Mr. Bates," said she, pushing the hair out of her blue eyes, "what's a coracle?"

"A which?" asked Mr. Bates.

"A coracle. C-o-r-a-c-l-e," said she, spelling it slowly. "I want to know."

The bewildered Bates shook his head. "Never heard of one, missy," said he, bending over the book. "What does it say?"

"'The Ancient Britons,'" said Sylvia, reading gravely, "'were little better than barbarians. They painted their bodies with woad'—that's blue stuff, you know, Mr. Bates—'and seated in their light coracles of skin stretched upon slender wooden frames, must have presented a wild and savage appearance.'"

"Hah," said Mr. Bates, when this remarkable passage was read to him, "that's very mysterious, that is. A corricle, a cory——" A bright light burst upon him. "A curricle you mean, miss! It's a carriage! I've seen 'em in Hy' Park, with young bloods a-drivin' of 'em."

"What are young bloods?" asked Sylvia, rushing at this new opening.

"Oh, nobs! Swell coves, don't you know?" returned poor Bates, thus again attacked. "Young men of fortune, that is, that's given to doing it grand."

"I see," said Sylvia, waving her little hand graciously. "Noblemen and princes and that sort of people. Quite so. But what about coracle?"

"Well," said the humbled Bates, "I think it's a carriage, missy. A sort of pheayton, as they call it."

Sylvia, hardly satisfied, returned to the book. It was a little, mean-looking volume—a "Child's History of England"—and after perusing it a while with knitted brows, she burst into a childish laugh.

"Why, my dear Mr. Bates!" she cried, waving the history above her head in triumph, "what a pair of geese we are! A carriage! Oh, you silly man! It's a boat!"

"Is it?" said Mr. Bates, in admiration of the intelligence of his companion. "Who'd ha' thought that now? Why couldn't they call it a boat at once then, and ha' done with it?" and he was about to laugh also, when raising his eyes, he saw in the open doorway the figure of James Barker, with a musket in his hand.

"Hallo! What's this? What do you do here, sir?"

"Sorry to disturb yer," says the convict, with a grin, "but you must come along o' me, Mr. Bates."

Bates, at once comprehending that some terrible misfortune had occurred, did not lose his presence of mind. One of the cushions of the couch was under his right hand, and snatching it up, he flung it across the little cabin full in the face of the escaped prisoner. The soft mass struck the man with force sufficient to blind him for an instant. The musket exploded harmlessly in the air; and, ere the astonished Barker could recover his footing, Bates had hurled him out of the cabin, and, crying "Mutiny!" locked the cabin-door on the inside.

The noise brought out Mrs. Vickers from her berth, and the poor little student of English history ran into her arms.

"Good heavens, Mr. Bates, what is it?"

Bates, furious with rage, so far forgot himself as to swear. "It's a mutiny, ma'am," said he. "Go back to your cabin and lock the door. Those bloody villains have risen on us!" Julia Vickers felt her heart grow sick. Was she never to escape out of this dreadful life? "Go into your cabin, ma'am," says Bates again, "and don't move a finger till I tell ye. Maybe it ain't so bad as it looks; I've got my pistols with me, thank God, and Mr. Frere 'll hear the shot anyway. Mutiny! On deck there!" he cried at the full pitch of his voice, and his brow grew damp with dismay when a mocking laugh from above was the only response.

Thrusting the woman and child into the state berth, the bewildered pilot cocked a pistol, and snatching a cutlass from the arm-stand fixed to the butt of the mast which penetrated the cabin, he burst open the door with his foot, and rushed to the companion-ladder. Barker had retreated to the deck, and for an instant he thought the way was clear, but Lesly and Russen thrust him back with the muzzles of the loaded muskets. He struck at Russen with the cutlass, missed him, and, seeing the hopelessness of the attack, was fain to retreat.

In the mean while, Grimes and the other soldier had loosed themselves from their bonds, and encouraged by the firing which seemed to them a sign that all was not yet lost, made shift to force up the fore-hatch. Porter, whose courage was none of the fiercest, and who had been for years given over to that terror of discipline which servitude induces, made but a feeble attempt at resistance, and forcing the handspike from him, the sentry, Jones, rushed aft to help the pilot. As Jones reached the waist, Cheshire, a cold-blooded, blue-eyed man, shot him dead. Grimes fell over the corpse, and Cheshire clubbing the musket—had he another barrel he would have fired—coolly battered his head as he lay, and then seizing the body of the unfortunate Jones in his arms, tossed it into the sea. "Porter, you lubber!" he cried, exhausted with the effort to lift the body, "come and bear a hand with this other one!" Porter advanced aghast; but just then another occurrence claimed the villain's attention, and poor Grimes's life was spared for that time.

Rex, inwardly raging at this unexpected resistance on the part of the pilot, flung himself on the sky-light, and tore it up bodily. As he did so, Barker, who had reloaded his musket, fired down into the cabin. The ball passed through the state-room door, and, splintering the wood, buried itself close to the golden curls of poor little Sylvia. It was this hair-breadth escape which drew from the agonized mother that shriek which, pealing through the open stern-windows, had roused the soldiers in the boat.

Rex, who, by the virtue of his dandyism, yet possessed some abhorrence of useless crime, imagined that the cry was one of pain, and that Barker's bullet had taken deadly effect. "You've killed the child, you villian!" he cried.

"What's the odds?" asked Barker, sulkily. "She must die anyway, sooner or later."

Rex put his head down the sky-light, and called on Bates to surrender; but Bates only drew his other pistol. "Would you commit murder?" he asked, looking round with desperation in his glance.

"No, no," cried some of the men, willing to blink the death of poor Jones. "It's no use making things worse than they are. Bid him come up and we'll do him no harm."

"Come up, Mr. Bates," says Rex, "and I give you my word you sha'n't be injured."

"Will you set the major's lady and child ashore, then?" asked Bates, sturdily facing the scowling brows above him.

"Yes."

"Without injury?" continued the other, bargaining, as it were, at the very muzzle of the muskets.

"Ay, ay! It's all right!" returned Russen. "It's our liberty we want, that's all."

Bates, hoping against hope for the return of the boat, endeavored to gain time. "Shut down the sky-light, then, said he, with the ghost of an authority in his voice, "until I ask the lady."

This, however, John Rex refused to do. "You can ask well enough where you are," he said.

But there was no need for Mr. Bates to put a question. The door of the state-room opened, and Mrs. Vickers appeared, trembling, with Sylvia by her side. "Accept, Mr. Bates," she said, "since it must be so. We should gain nothing by refusing. We are at their mercy—God help us!"

"Amen to that," says Bates under his breath; and then, aloud, "We agree!"

"Put your pistols on the table, and come up, then," says Rex, covering the tables with his musket as he spoke. "Nobody shall hurt you."

CHAPTER X.

JOHN REX'S REVENGE.

Mrs. Vickers, pale and sick with terror, yet sustained by that strange courage of which we have before spoken, passed rapidly under the open sky-light, and prepared to ascend. Sylvia—her romance crushed by too dreadful reality—clung to her mother with one hand, and with the other pressed close to her little bosom the English History. In her all-absorbing fear she had forgotten to lay it down.

"Get a shawl, ma'am, or some thing," says Bates, "and a hat for missy."

Mrs. Vickers looked back across the space beneath the open sky-light, and, shuddering, shook her head. The men above impatiently swore at the delay, and the three hastened on deck.

"Who's to command the brig now?" asked undaunted Bates, as they came up.

"I am," says John Rex; "and, with these brave fellows, I'll take her round the world."

The touch of bombast was not out of place. It jumped so far with the humor of the convicts that they set up a feeble cheer, at which Sylvia frowned. Frightened as she was, the prison-bred child was as much astonished at hearing convicts cheer as a fashionable lady would be to hear her footman quote poetry. Bates, however—practical and calm—took quite another view of the case. The bold project, so boldly avowed, seemed to him a sheer absurdity. The Dandy and a crew of nine convicts navigate a brig round the world! Preposterous; why, not a man aboard could work a reckoning! His nautical fancy pictured the Osprey helplessly rolling on the swell of the Southern Ocean, or hopelessly locked in the ice of the Antarctic Seas, and he dimly guessed at the fate of the deluded ten. Even if they got safe to port, the chances of final escape were all against them, for what account could they give of themselves? Overpowered by these reflections, the honest fellow made one last effort to charm his captors back to their pristine bondage.

"Fools!" he cried, "do you know what you are about to do? You will never escape. Give up the brig, and I will declare before my God, upon the Bible, that I will say nothing, but give all good characters."

Lesly and another burst into a laugh at this wild proposition; but Rex, who had weighed his chances well beforehand, felt the force of the pilot's speech, and answered seriously.

"It's no use talking," he said, shaking his still handsome head. "We've got the brig, and we mean to keep her. I can navigate her, though I am no seaman, so you needn't talk further about it, Mr. Bates. It's liberty we require."

"What are you going to do with us?" asked Bates.

"Leave you behind."

Bates's face blanched. "What, here?"

"Yes. It don't look a picturesque spot, does it? And yet I've lived here for some years;" and he grinned.

Bates was silent. The logic of that grin was unanswerable.

"Come!" cried the Dandy, shaking off his momentary melancholy, "look alive there! Lower away the jolly-boat. Mrs. Vickers, go down to your cabin, and get any thing you want. I am compelled to put you ashore, but I have no wish to leave you without clothes." Bates listened, in a sort of dismal admiration, at this courtly convict. He could not have spoken like that had life depended on it. "Now, my little lady," continued Rex, "run down with your mamma, and don't be frightened."

Sylvia flashed burning red at this indignity. "Frightened! If there had been any body else here but women, you never would have taken the brig. Frightened! Let me pass, prisoner!"

The whole deck burst into a great laugh at this, and poor Mrs. Vickers paused, trembling for the consequences of the child's temerity. To this taunt the desperate convict who held their lives in his hands seemed sheer madness. In the boldness of the speech, however, lay its safeguard. Rex—whose politeness was mere bravado—was stung to the quick by the reflection upon his courage, and the bitter accent with which the child had pronounced the word prisoner (the generic name of convicts) made him bite his lips with rage. Had he had his will, he would have struck the little creature to the deck, but the hoarse laugh of his companions warned him to forbear. There is public opinion even among convicts, and Rex dared not vent his passion on so helpless an object. As men do in such cases, he veiled his anger beneath an affectation of amusement. In order to show that he was not moved by the taunt, he smiled upon the taunter more graciously than ever.

"Your daughter has her father's spirit, madame," said he to Mrs. Vickers, with a bow.

Bates opened his mouth to listen. His ears were not large enough to take in the words of this complimentary convict. He began to think that he was the victim of a nightmare. He absolutely felt that John Rex was a greater man at that moment than John Bates.

As Mrs. Vickers descended the hatchway, the boat with Frere and the soldiers came within musket-range, and Lesly, according to orders, fired his musket over their heads, shouting to them to lay to. But Frere, boiling with rage at the manner in which the tables had been turned on him, had determined not to resign his lost authority without a struggle. Disregarding the summons, he came straight on, with his eyes fixed on the vessel. It was now nearly dark, and the figures on the deck were undistinguishable. The indignant lieutenant could but guess at the condition of affairs. Suddenly, from out of the darkness a voice hailed him.

"Hold water! back water!" it cried, and was then seemingly choked in its owner's throat.

The voice was the property of Mr. Bates. Standing near the side, he had observed Rex and Fair bring up a great pig of iron, erst used as part of the ballast of the brig, and poise it on the rail. Their intention was but too evident; and honest Bates, like a faithful watch-dog, barked to warn his master. Blood-thirsty Cheshire caught him by the throat, and Frere, unheeding, ran the boat alongside, under the very nose of the revengeful Rex.

The mass of iron fell half in-board upon the now stayed boat, and gave her stern-way, with a splintered plank.

"Villains!" cried Frere, "would you swamp us?"

"Ay," laughed Rex, "and a dozen such as ye! The brig's ours, can't ye see, and we're your masters now?"

Frere, stifling an exclamation of rage, cried to the bow to hook on, but the blow had driven the boat backward, and she was already beyond arms-length of the brig. Looking up, he saw Cheshire's savage face, and heard the click of the lock as he cocked his piece. The two soldiers, exhausted by their long pull, made no effort to stay the progress of the boat, and almost before the swell caused by the plunge of the mass of iron had ceased to agitate the water, the deck of the Osprey had become invisible in the darkness.

Frere struck his fist upon the thwart in sheer impotence of rage. "The scoundrels!" he said, between his teeth, "they've mastered us. What do they mean to do next?"

The answer came pat to the question. From the dark hull of the brig broke a flash and a report, and a musket-ball cut the water beside them with a chirping noise. Between the black indistinct mass which represented the brig, and the glimmering water, was visible a white speck, which gradually neared them.

"Come alongside with ye!" hailed a voice, "or it will be worse for ye!"

"They want to murder us," says Frere. "Give way, men!"

But the two soldiers, exchanging glances one with the other, pulled the boat's head round, and made for the vessel. "It's no use, Mr. Frere," said the man nearest him, "we can do no good now, and they won't hurt us, I dare say."

"You dogs, you are in league with them!" bursts out Frere, purple with indignation. "Do you mutiny?"

"Come, come, sir," returned the soldier, sulkily, "this ain't the time to bully; and, as for mutiny, why, one man's about as good as another just now."

This speech from the lips of a man who, but a few minutes before, would have risked his life to obey the orders of his officer, did more than an hour's reasoning to convince Maurice Frere of the hopelessness of resistance. His authority, born of circumstances, and supported by adventitious aid, had left him. The musket-shot had reduced him to the ranks. He was now no more than any one else; indeed, he was less than many, for those who had held the fire-arms were the ruling powers. With a groan he resigned himself to his fate, and looking at the sleeve of the undress uniform he wore, it seemed to him that virtue had gone out of it.

When they reached the brig, they found that the jolly-boat had been lowered and laid alongside. In her were eleven persons: Bates, with forehead gashed, and hands bound; the stunned Grimes, Russen and Fair pulling; Lyon, Riley, Cheshire, and Lesly with muskets; and John Rex in the stern-sheets, with Bates's pistols in his trousers' belt, and a loaded musket across his knees. The white object which had been seen by the men in the whale-boat was a large white shawl which wrapped Mrs. Vickers and Sylvia.

Frere muttered an oath of relief when he saw this white bundle. He had feared that the child was injured. By the direction of Rex, the whale-boat was brought alongside the jolly-boat, and Cheshire and Lesly boarded her. Lesly then gave his musket to Rex, and bound Frere's hands behind him, in the same manner as had been done for Bates. Frere attempted to resist this indignity; but Cheshire, clapping his musket to his ear, swore he would blow out his brains if he uttered another syllable; and Frere, catching the malignant eye of John Rex, remembered how easily a twitch of the finger would pay off old scores, and was silent. "Step in here, sir, if you please," said Rex, with polite irony. "I am sorry to be compelled to tie you, but I must consult my own safety as well as your convenience." Frere scowled, and, stepping awkwardly into the jolly-boat, fell. Pinioned as he was, he could not rise without assistance, and Russen pulled him roughly to his feet, with a coarse laugh. In his present frame of mind, that laugh galled him worse than his bonds.

Poor Mrs. Vickers, with a woman's quick instinct, saw this, and, even amidst her own trouble, found leisure to console. "The wretches!" she said, under her breath, as Frere was flung down beside her, "to subject you to such indignity!" Sylvia said nothing, and seemed to shrink from the lieutenant. Perhaps, in her childish fancy, she had pictured him as coming to her rescue, armed *cap-a-pie* and clad in dazzling mail, or, at the very least, as a muscular hero, who should settle affairs out of hand by sheer personal prowess. If she had entertained any such notion, the reality must have struck coldly upon her senses. Mr. Frere, purple, clumsy, and bound, was not at all heroic.

"Now, my lads," said Rex, who seemed to have endued the cast-off authority of Frere, "we give you your choice. Stay at Hell's Gates, or come with us!"

The soldiers paused, irresolute. To join the mutineers meant a certainty of hard work, with a chance of ultimate hanging. Yet to stay with the prisoners was—as far as they could see—to incur the inevitable fate of starvation on a barren coast. As is often the case on such occasions, a trifle sufficed to turn the scale. The wounded Grimes, who was slowly recovering from his stupor, dimly caught the meaning of the sentence, and, in his obfuscated condition of intellect, must needs make comment upon it. "Go with him, ye beggars!" said he, "and leave us honest men! Oh, ye'll get a tying-up for this!"

The phrase tying-up brought with it recollection of the worst portion of military discipline, the cat, and revived in the minds of the pair already disposed to break the yoke that sat so heavily upon them a train of dismal memories. The life of a soldier on a convict station was at that time a hard one. He was often stinted in rations, and of necessity deprived of all rational recreation, while punishment for offenses was prompt and severe. The companies drafted to the penal settlements were not composed of the best material, and the pair had good precedent for the course they were about to take.

"Come," says Rex, "I can't wait here all night. The wind is freshening, and we must make the bar. Which is it to be?"

"We'll go with you!" says the man who had pulled stroke in the whale-boat, spitting into the water with averted face. Upon which utterance the convicts burst into joyous oaths and the pair were received with much hand shaking.

Then Rex, with Lyon and Riley as a guard, got into the whale-boat, and having loosed the two prisoners from their bonds, ordered them to take the places of Russen and Fair. The whale-boat was manned by the seven mutineers, Rex steering, Fair, Russen and the two recruits pulling, and the other four standing up, with their muskets leveled at the jolly-boat. Their long slavery had begotten such a dread of authority in these men that they feared it even when it was bound and menaced by four muskets. "Keep your distance!" shouted Cheshire, as Frere and Bates, in obedience to orders, began to pull the jolly-boat towards the shore; and in this fashion was the dismal little party conveyed to the mainland.

It was night when they reached it, but the clear sky began to thrill with a late moon as yet unarisen, and the waves, breaking gently upon the beach, glimmered with a radiance born of their own motion. Frere and Bates, jumping ashore, helped out Mrs. Vickers, Sylvia, and the wounded Grimes. This being done under the muzzles of the muskets, Rex commanded that Bates and Frere should push the jolly-boat as far as they could from the shore, and Riley catching her by a boat-hook as she came toward them, she was taken in tow.

"Now, boys," says Cheshire, with a savage delight, "three cheers for old England and liberty!"

Upon which a great shout went up, echoed by the grim hills which had witnessed so many miseries.

To the wretched five this exultant mirth sounded like a knell of death. "Great God!" cried Bates, running up to his knees in water after the departing boats, "would you leave us here to starve?"

The only answer was the jerk and dip of the retreating oars.

CHAPTER XI.

LEFT AT HELL'S GATES.

There is no need to dwell upon the mental agonies of that miserable night. Perhaps, of all the five, the one least qualified to endure it, realized the prospect of suffering most acutely. Mrs. Vickers—lay figure and noodle as she was—had the keen instinct of approaching danger, which is in her sex a sixth sense. She was a woman and a mother, and owned to a double capacity for suffering. Her feminine imagination pictured all the horrors of death by famine, and having realized her own torments, her maternal love forced her to live them over again in the person of her child. Rejecting Bates' offer of a pea-jacket and Frere's vague tenders of assistance, the poor woman withdrew behind a rock that faced the sea, and, with her daughter in her arms, resigned herself to her torturing thoughts. Sylvia, recovered from her terror, was almost content, and, curled in her mother's shawl, slept. To her little soul this midnight mystery of boats and muskets had all the flavor of a romance. With Bates, Frere, and her mother so close to her, it was impossible to be afraid; besides, it was obvious that papa—the supreme being of the settlement—must at once return and severely punish the impertinent prisoners who had dared to insult his wife and child; and as Sylvia dropped off to sleep, she caught herself, with some indignation, pitying the mutineers for the tremendous scrape they had got themselves into. How they would be flogged when papa came back! In the mean time this sleeping in the open air was rather pleasant.

Honest Bates produced a piece of biscuit, and with all the generosity of his nature, suggested that this should be set aside for the sole use of the two females, but Mrs. Vickers would not hear of it. "We must all share alike," said she, with something of the spirit that she knew her husband would have displayed under like circumstance; and Frere wondered at her apparent strength of mind. Had he been gifted with more acuteness, he would not have wondered; for when a crisis comes to one of two persons who have lived much together, the influence of the nobler spirit makes itself felt. Frere had a tinder-box in his pocket, and he made a fire with some dry leaves and sticks. Grimes fell asleep, and the two men, sitting at their fire, discussed the chances of escape. Neither liked to openly broach the supposition that they were finally deserted. It was concluded between them that, unless the brig sailed in the night—and the now risen moon showed her yet lying at anchor—the convicts would return and bring them food. This supposition proved correct, for about an hour after daylight they saw the whale-boat pulling toward them.

A discussion had arisen among the mutineers as to the propriety of at once making sail; but Barker, who had been one of the pilot-boat crew, and knew the dangers of the bar, vowed that he would not undertake to steer the brig through the Gates until morning; and so the boats being secured astern, a strict watch was set, lest the helpless Bates should attempt to rescue the vessel. During the evening—the excitement attendant upon the outbreak having passed away, and the magnitude of the task before them being more fully apparent to their minds—a feeling of pity for the unfortunate party on the mainland took possession of them. It was quite possible that the Osprey might be recaptured, in which case five useless murders would have been committed; and however callous to bloodshed were the majority of the ten, not one among them could contemplate in cold blood, without a twinge of remorse, the death of the harmless child of the commandant. John Rex, seeing how matters were going, made haste to take to himself the credit of mercy. He ruled, and had always ruled, his ruffians, not so much by suggesting to them the course they should take as by leading them on the way they had already chosen for themselves.

"I propose," said he, "that we divide the provisions. There are five of them and ten of us. Then nobody can blame us."

"Ay," said Porter, mindful of of a similar exploit, "and if we're taken, they can tell what we have done. Don't let our affair be like that of the Cypress, to leave them to starve."

"Ay, ay," said Barker, "you're right! When Fergusson was topped at Hobart Town, I heard old Troke say that if he'd not refused to set the tucker ashore, he might ha' got off with a whole skin."

Thus urged, by self-interest as well as sentiment, to mercy, the provision was got upon deck by daylight, and a division made. The soldiers, with generosity born of remorse, were for giving half to the marooned men, but Barker exclaimed against this. "When the schooner finds they don't get to headquarters, she's bound to come back and look for em," said he; "and we'll want all the tucker we can get, may be, afore we sights land."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LIVING SKELETON.

A Talk with a Man who Weighs Forty-Five Pounds.

(From the New York Commercial Advertiser.)

The champion living skeleton just now is a man of forty years, named Isaac W. Sprague, who was born in Massachusetts and since the age of twelve has possessed a remarkable "inside." He weighs forty-five pounds in his tights and spangled jacket, and thinks he will never kick the beam with a more generous allowance of avoirdupois. He eats three good meals a day, but gets no more nourishment out of them than Colonel Sellers derives from turnips and water—perhaps not quite so much. What becomes of all the nitrogen, carbon, and other things that a rousing and continuous appetite tempts him to stow away within himself, Sprague doesn't profess to know. He thinks it queer, and so it is. The doctors are as much puzzled over it as he is, they all "give it up." Given the fact that a man with a zest for succulent food as great as that of Dugald Dalgetty cannot persuade the forces within him to chymify a particle of it, and given also the fact that he is hale and hearty but can make no muscle and is at best a bag of bones, how are these phenomena to be explained? It is as odd and inexplicable as the case of the man whose carotid artery spouted blood after he had been buried in the ground four days. A talk with Sprague on New Year's day brought out the following points:

"Feel my clavicle," he said.

It was felt.

"Do you feel it move in and out?"

"Yes. Does the movement give you pain?"

"None whatever. I suppose it is because there are no muscles left there. The bone plays in and out of the socket without distressing me at all. Now feel my biceps."

There wasn't any biceps, only the intangible shadow of one. Accordingly, it was useless to seek for one. Manifestly, Sprague was not a Goliah. He was hardly up to David's mark. He couldn't have slung a stone worth a cent.

"Now look at my hand. You see I have some power in it—not much; but I can feed myself, and write very well."

The hand was supple enough to clutch a fee and pouch it promptly. Evidently that hand had not lost its cunning.

"Mr. Sprague, what sort of people are your relatives?"

"All fully developed. My brothers are very large men, my parents above the common size. Can you imagine why I am left in this state, or why my children are large people? You see their photographs on the table there before you. I look rather slim alongside of them, don't I—and I am free to say I don't understand the freaks of nature."

And so this hale, hearty bag of bones talked on, apparently unconscious that he was even a greater curiosity that the dead-and-gone Calvin Edson, whose attenuated body was dissected not long ago in one of hospitals by inquisitive doctors, who were not able to explain why he was and always continued a to be living skeleton.

—That was a most opportune speech delivered by Dr Bergin, M.P., a day or two ago to the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal. The Doctor resolutely set his face against sectionalism. With him Canada was before Ireland, and he told his hearers to remember that in this land they were no longer Irish—though they need not necessarily forget the land of their fathers. He urged them to avoid

GOSSIP ABOUT THE QUEEN.

Her Treatment of Prime Ministers—The Books she Reads—Her Daily Occupations—Personal Likes and Dislikes.

(London Truth.)

Most Premiers have been extremely deferential toward the Queen, and the only one who was not so—Lord John Russell—had no reason to congratulate himself upon his crabbedness, for he got into very ill odor at Court, and found no support there in trying times. He was one of the very few statesmen who ever received a downright sharp answer from the Queen. This was in 1860, after the Italian revolution, when the different Grand Dukes were being dispossessed. The Duchess of Parma, in great distress, wrote to the Queen, beseeching her to intercede with Victor Emmanuel, so that her private property might not be confiscated; and the Queen compassionately willing to do what was asked, showed the letter to Earl Russell. "The Carnstitutiushion demands that I should answer that," remarked his lordship, in his piping, ungenial voice. "Well, then, answer it," said the Queen curtly, and turned away much offended. It has often been said that the Queen liked Lord Palmerston, but this is an error. Her favorite Ministers have been Lords Melbourne and Aberdeen. Sir Robert Peel she at first disliked intensely, but her aversion wore off when she came to know him better; and exactly the same thing occurred in the case of Mr. Disraeli. Lord Beaconsfield is perhaps not aware that until he succeeded to the Premiership in 1868 the Queen had only read one of his novels—"Henrietta Temple." She read all the others in the course of the three months after Mr. Disraeli had become her chief adviser; and in due time enjoyed "Lothair," though the present Premier has never ranked among her favorite authors. For this his lordship may console himself, seeing that Thackeray and the late Lord Lytton are under the same banner as himself. The Queen likes Dickens's novels, one or two of George Eliot's, but chiefly Wilkie Collins's and Mr. Black's—the latter's descriptions of Scotch scenery being very dear to her. The Queen also reads and re-reads Walter Scott's novels—which is more than most of her subjects do now, more's the pity. On the whole, though, she inclines towards the serious reading of history and theology, and the libraries at all her palaces are richly stocked with books of chronicles and memoirs, though it has been noticed that she never calls for a French book, having a deep objection to French literature in all its branches. Every one who has conversed with the Queen on theological or historical subjects has remarked how thoroughly Protestant is her religiousness, and how she yet keeps up quite a sensational feeling of sympathy with the Stuarts. Going one day into the library at Windsor Castle, she discovered the librarian engaged in reading some strongly Jacobite memoirs "Oh, you need not put them away," she said with a pleasant smile. "You know I am Jacobite myself." This does not quite tally with the story which Macaulay used to tell of the Queen's opinion about James II. The historian being on a visit to Windsor, her Majesty observed:—"I have been reading your history Mr. Macaulay, and I am afraid I cannot say much for my ancestor, James II." "Your Majesty's predecessor, not ancestor," answered the historian, who apparently thought that the Queen had not been well informed about her own lineage.

The Queen leads a quiet and yet a busy life, and few great ladies find time to compress so many occupations into a daytime as she does. She breakfasts at nine, lunches at two and dines at eight. From three to five she generally drives or walks out; but the remainder of her hours is devoted to State business, study, or correspondence with members of her widespread family. All the Queen's private letters are written in English, not in German, as many think; and, in fact, German is so little spoken among the royal family that even when the Crown Prince of Germany comes over he speaks English at Court, like his wife's relatives. The Queen reads all the daily newspapers, and the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* with the vein of toadyism that distinguishes them, print several copies of their journal for the royal palaces on special paper. The Queen's devotion to State affairs is well known, and her intervention in them, particularly when religious questions are involved, is not at all half-hearted. She also exercises her own discretion very freely in the appointment of Bishops and Peers. Dr. Tait was nominated by her to the See of Canterbury before Mr. Disraeli had recommended anyone; and about a year previously her Majesty had flatly refused to bestow a mitre on Dr. Wordsworth, owing to the protests which this divine had entered when Dr. Stanley was made Dean of Westminster. A little later she consented to appoint Dr. Wordsworth to the See of Lincoln, but rather as a compliment to his scholarly attainments than out of any feeling for his views as a churchman. As to Peers, the Queen, anxious to preserve the prestige of the nobility, has made it her rule never to ennoble men of small fortune, unless they were persons of fairly advanced age, having no sons. On a certain occasion, when advised to raise to the Peerage a diplomatist more ambitious than wealthy, she replied pretty shrewdly:—"I should be rendering him a poor service;" and the diplomatist had to be content with the ribbon of G. C. B. I have just alluded to Dean Stanley. He is, of all divines in the Church of England, the one whom the Queen likes best as a preacher, and this liking is backed by a pretty strong personal regard. During the lifetime of Lady Augusta Stanley, Her Majesty was a frequent visitor at the Deanery, and there on several occasions met Mr. Carlyle. Mr. Carlyle (who, by the by, refused the Grand Cross of the Bath at the same time when Mr. Tennyson declined a baronetcy) is no courtier, and his unsophisticated manners more than once amused the Queen. One day, being, perhaps, "hard of hearing," and wishing to hear Her Majesty's remarks distinctly, he came close to her, dragging a chair after him, and having made himself cozy by her side, proceeded to question her as to her historical likes and dislikes, instead of waiting until he was himself questioned. It should be mentioned in connection with these visits to the Deanery, that whenever the Westminster boys heard of them they used to troop out and pray that a half-holiday might be commanded for them, a petition which was always complied with.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY ROUTE.

(From the Ottawa Free Press.)

The persistency with which certain journals decry the Bute and uphold the alleged superior advantages of the Burrard Inlet route for the Pacific Railway, in the teeth, as it would seem, of both imperial and Dominion necessities, would almost lead to the belief that personal interests had been created since the adoption by the late Government of the latter route, and that those interests override, in some quarters, considerations of patriotism and public duty. The selection of a route to the Pacific ought not to be regarded other than a purely national concern. Partyism should not figure in discussions involving, not only immense responsibilities, but expenditures which must hang round the neck of the country for generations. Every man, be he *Rouge* or *Bleu*, Tory or Grit, should approach a subject of this magnitude with a desire to conserve the permanent interests of the country, irrespective of partizan or personal interests, and we are persuaded that when Parliament meets and the question of the route comes up for discussion, any scheme that may be brought forward in substitution of that adopted by the late Government will be discussed on its merits alone, and without reference to politics. The *Globe*, which has proved itself a steady champion of the Burrard Inlet route, on the score, mainly, of economy, has totally set aside the recommendations of Admiral de Horsey and also the now undoubted fact that the route surveyed by Mr. Marcus Smith is calculated to open up the entire Fertile Belt, while the more Southern route adopted by the late Government on the acquiescence rather than on the recommendation of Mr. Sandford Fleming would open up a tract of territory comparatively sterile. If it is true that the least result of Mr. Smith's calculating goes to show that the Pine River route, instead of costing twenty millions more, as stated by the *Globe*, can really be built for ten millions less than the estimated cost of the Southern route, and if, as seems daily more likely, the Hudson's Straits and Bay route can be made available for the shipment of grain and cattle from the Saskatchewan and Peace river valleys to English markets, then we think any Government would be abundantly justified in choosing the Pine River route as the nearest with which to connect Port Nelson with the interior, even apart from the strategic considerations which induced the Admiral of the Pacific Station to recommend Bute Inlet as the British Columbia mainland terminus. In the meantime it is understood the Government has not come to any decision as to the route to be adopted, but it is said that a proposition will be made early in the Session to carry out the suggestions of the Deputy Minister of the Interior in the direction of testing the length of the season and the character of the navigation in Hudson's Bay and Straits, by dispatching, during the ensuing spring, a properly-equipped and commanded steamer for that purpose. And it will not be surprising if the Government defers the final selection of the railway route until the practicability, or otherwise, of the ocean route is satisfactorily established, inasmuch as it may be obvious to the most ordinary observer that, upon the opening up of a cheap ocean route for the cereals of the Canadian North-west depends the importance of that territory as an integral part of the Confederation. The granary of the continent will be the one most easily accessible to sea-going ships, and, to all appearance, it lies within the Canadian Dominion.

A SPECIMEN OF ENGLISH OUTRAGE.

The victim of one of the boldest robberies recently committed in England had the generic name of Miss Smith; but her identity is clearly established when it is borne in mind that she lived in a village bearing the specific title of Pill. She was a vigorous old lady of seventy years, who managed her own farm, looked after the payment of a neighbor's workpeople, and was in the habit of keeping considerable sums in gold in her cash-box. Her only companion was a housekeeper, also an elderly woman. The servants engaged about the farm slept at a distance. On Friday night three weeks ago the old lady and her old companion, after the fatigues of the day, sat down at the glowing kitchen fire to take a glass of "something hot" before going to bed, as their custom was, and as the ruffians who were watching outside probably knew it to be. The old housekeeper was bustling about getting it ready, and sharing her mistress's cheerfulness, when a knock came to the door. The visitor was challenged, and described himself as "a policeman" who had come to tell her that there was "something the matter with one of her pigs." Miss Smith called out that she "thanked him kindly for calling," and told her servant to open the door. The burglars had an easy task before them when the door was opened. The two old women were at their mercy. The housekeeper, when she found herself roughly taken by the throat by one of the ruffians, begged for her life, readily consenting to hold her tongue and show them where the money was kept. Miss Smith showed more resolution, and tried to give the alarm. The robbers struck the poor old woman on the head with their bludgeons before she could utter a cry, and bound her hands behind her back. Then, leaving her senseless and bleeding, they proceeded under the guidance of the terrified housekeeper to the bedroom where the cash-box lay, and quietly took possession of their booty. One of the gang stood outside, and said good-night civilly to a butcher's boy who happened to pass. The gang marched off in high spirits, lingering a minute or two to enjoy the terror of the housekeeper, and declaring to her that they must have victuals and drink before the went.

LOUIS RIEL.

The Outlaw's Visit to the Boundary of Manitoba.

(From the Emerson, Man., International.)

Our last issue contained mention of the bare fact that Louis Riel, ex-President of the provisional government formed at the time of the Red River rebellion, had arrived at Pembina. We have since learned that Riel, who reached Pembina about a fortnight ago, put up at the Winchester House, and that the following day he removed to the house of Norman Gingras. Soon after he left for Gingras's farm at Smugglers' Point, just at the boundary, but some sixteen miles back from the Red River. His presence in Pembina was known to only a few persons, including Jud La More, U. S. Deputy Marshal, and Mr. Cavilier, the post master. Riel paid several visits to families of his acquaintance, and the ladies are all in love with him. "He's such a fine-looking man," they say; but most of them add he has "wicked" eyes, which comment coming from the fair sex, is not necessarily unflattering. When questioned as to his health, and when he obtained his liberations from that "asylum," Riel would laugh till his sides ached, treating the story as a capital joke. The truth is that he has been improving the season of his supposed banishment from her Majesty's dominions by a course of study in a college in the Province of Quebec, where he has been afforded sanctuary—which is just all the "asylum" there has been about it. Riel, who is still an outlaw, the term of his banishment, according to his own statement, not having expired by some fourteen months, said the object of his approach to the boundary of Manitoba was with the view of seeing the beloved country of his birth again, and of visiting his relatives. He declared he had no intention of entering Manitoba until the prescribed period of his banishment had transpired; but we learn that he crossed from Smugglers' Point to the place of Charles Grant, said to be on the Canadian side, near the Menonite settlement, on New Year's Day, and that he stated his intention of going as far as the Boyne.

KILLED FIVE WOMEN.

A Wife-Beater Who Revels in His Brutality.

(From the St. Thomas Times.)

George Emmett, a sallow-complexioned individual, of Spanish extraction, well known in St. Thomas as the proprietor of a movable shooting gallery, was arraigned at the Police Court on Tuesday morning, charged by his wife Ida with having beaten and otherwise ill-treated her. Ida, who hails from the township of Walsingham, and does not appear to be more than seventeen years of age, told her pitiful tale amid frequent sobs. She had met Emmett and had married him after a week's acquaintance—being evidently enamored by his captivating and attractive appearance. They were bound together in holy wedlock on the 21st of December, just one month ago, and ever since that time constant bickerings and unhappiness have been their lot, the fond swain relieving the monotony by applying vile epithets to the woman he had vowed "to love, honor and protect," and occasionally, as she alleges, beating her. This was allowed to continue until Sunday last, when her overtasked nature could no longer endure the affliction, and she had George arrested. In the course of her evidence, complainant swore that her husband had frequently threatened her life, and told her that he had already killed five women and she would be the fifth. He also accused her of being unfaithful, and said if he saw her on the street with any person, he would shoot her dead. She acknowledged having called her husband a black fool. Emmett was fined $4 and costs, or 30 days days in jail at hard labor, his Worship advising the young girl to return to her parents.

—After all the experiences and lessons of the past few years, the German army still remains superior to all others in point of organization and discipline. In France, as in Austria, soldiers do not all pass through the same school. Of the three categories into which they are divided, the troops of the line remain in service only three years, and the regiments of the reserve and the landwehr receive only a few months' instruction. In Germany, on the contrary, all soldiers must serve in the line; consequently the landwehr is composed of veteran soldiers thoroughly drilled, and their thoroughness was proved during the French campaign by their fighting, which was as good as that of the line. giving offence—to bear and forbear; not to fly into a passion at the sight of a distasteful ribbon, and not in any event to take the law into their own hands. This forms a worthy sequence to the advice given by Lord Dufferin to the Irish Protestants of Toronto, and it is all the more valuable as coming from one who sought in the past, and who is still credited with seeking, the position of a Cabinet representative of Irish Catholic interests. The world moves and Dr. Bergin moves with it. We cordially endorse his utterances and yield him all honor for the devotedness which inspired and the courage with which he uttered them.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

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North Hastings Review

MADOC, FEBRUARY 5, 1879.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

(Condensed from the Intelligencer.)

TUESDAY, Jan. 28.

PURSUANT to the provisions of the statute, the County Council of the County of Hastings assembled at the Shire Hall at 2 o'clock p. m. to-day, for the purpose of organization.

The following are the names of the gentlemen composing the Council.

SIDNEY.—Ephraim G. Sills, Reeve; Gilbert S. Vandewaters, First Deputy Reeve; Benjamin H. Vandervoort, Second Deputy Reeve.

THURLOW.—Harford Ashley, Reeve; Owen R. Weese, First Deputy Reeve; James A. McCreadie, Second Deputy Reeve.

TYENDINAGA.—Lewis A. Appleby, Reeve; Donald Anderson, First Deputy Reeve; Thomas Currie, Second Deputy Reeve.

TRENTON.—Charles Francis, Reeve; John N. Lee, Deputy Reeve.

MILL POINT.—William R. Aylsworth, Reeve.

HUNGERFORD.—Robert Gordon, Reeve; Patrick Murphy, Deputy Reeve.

HUNTINGDON.—Thomas Emo, Reeve; Mathew Robinson, Deputy Reeve.

STIRLING.—Dr. G. W. Faulkner, Reeve.

RAWDON.—James Cooke, Reeve; James Montgomery, Deputy Reeve.

MARMORA AND LAKE.—Thomas P. Pearce, Reeve.

MADOC TOWNSHIP.—Peter Vankleek, Reeve; John Caskey, Deputy Reeve.

MADOC VILLAGE.—Edmund D. O'Flynn, Reeve.

ELZEVIR AND GRIMSTHORPE.—William Wiggins, Reeve.

TUDOR, LIMERICK, WOLLASTON, AND CASHEL.—P. M. Gunter, Reeve.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.—Dermot Kavanagh, Reeve.

CARLOW AND MAYO.—Wm. D. Parkhurst, Reeve.

WICKLOW AND BANGOR.—Charles McDavitt, Reeve.

MONTEAGLE AND HERSCHEL.—John Fitzgerald, Reeve.

The Clerk called the Council to order, and announced himself ready to receive nominations for the office of Warden.

All the members present except Messrs. Vankleek and Gunter, whose certificates had been omitted.

Mr. Weese, seconded by Mr. Sills, nominated Mr. Ashley as Warden.

Mr. Gordon, seconded by Mr. Cooke, nominated Mr. Pearce.

Mr. Currie, seconded by Mr. Appleby, nominated Mr. Anderson.

Mr. Anderson said he was the oldest member in the Council, except Mr. Emo, but did not wish to press his claims particularly on that ground. The office was a very honorable one and very responsible, and he felt himself as capable as some of those who had filled it. Thurlow undoubtedly had a claim, as it was a leading township, and never had the Wardenship. The south had helped the north, and if they got our money, should not we get their votes? He deprecated the introduction of politics into the election. The Wardens had been chosen from the north to about three years for the south. There was no man in the Council whom he would sooner see Warden than Mr. Pearce, but he considered that Mr. Ashley had the best claim. He did not wish the Wardenship, and would ask his nominator and seconder to withdraw his name, and he would also suggest that Mr. Pearce would withdraw his name, in which case they would elect their Warden by acclamation, and perhaps they would have an oyster supper. (Laughter.)

On account of the absence of Messrs. Vankleek and Gunter, no business was transacted, and on Motion of Mr. Francis, seconded by Mr. Aylsworth, the Council adjourned until 10 o'clock a.m. to-morrow.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 29.

The Council met at 10 a. m.

Mr. Vankleek, Reeve of Madoc, filed his certificate and took his seat.

Considerable discussion took place in regard to the respective claims and merits of the two candidates for the Wardenship. It was pointed out that Mr. Ashley had always opposed grants to the north and for this reason had no claims on the support of the northern members.

Mr. Ashley denied having been illiberal towards the north, but if he had been so in the past he would be more liberal in future.

Mr. Gordon said he had never heard Mr. Ashley make so blind a speech before. It sounded to him very like bribery. They should be guided by the past actions of representatives, not by promises made at this time.

Mr. Kavanagh had nothing to say personally against Mr. Ashley, and would class him with the other representatives from the south in point of liberality. (Laughter.)

Mr. O'Flynn said last year it having been considered likely that he would be the Reeve of Madoc Village, he had been asked to support Mr. Ashley. He gave no promise, but made enquiries as to the qualifications of Messrs. Pearce and Ashley, and found both were able men, but he had come to the conclusion that Mr. Ashley's claims were the best.

The nomination of Mr. Ashley was then put and lost on the following vote:

YEAS—Messrs. Lee, Faulkner, Murphy, Currie, Vanderwaters, Sills, Anderson, Appleby, McCreadie, Weese, Ashley, O'Flynn, Aylsworth.—13.

NAYS.—Messrs. Francis, Montgomery, Cooke, Gordon, Robinson, Emo, Vandervoort, Wiggins, Vankleek, Caskey, Fitzgerald, McDavitt, Parkhurst, Pearce, Kavanagh.—15.

The nomination of Mr. Pearce was then put and carried on the same vote.

The Clerk thereupon declared Thos. P. Pearce, Esq., Reeve of Marmora, duly elected as Warden of the County of Hastings for the year 1879.

The Warden then took the chair and thanked the Council for his election. He had been but two years in the township when he went into the Council, and he was proud that he had now secured the support of a majority of the members of the County Council. He hoped that all would assist him in discharging the duties which devolved on him, guarding the interest of the County as well as he could. There would be several matters of interest to come before them, namely the formation of Committees and the passage of By-laws for various purposes. He again thanked them and resumed his seat amidst applause.

Mr. Ashley congratulated Mr. Pearce on his election, and said he should accept the decision of the Council with good grace. If returned another year, he hoped to be returned as Warden not only by a majority but by acclamation, and in the meantime he entertained no feeling toward those gentlemen who had voted against him. He had no doubt that Mr. Pearce would fill the position with credit to himself and profit to the County.

The Warden then nominated Mr. Jas. J. Farley as one of the Auditors, and on motion Hon. R. Reid was appointed by the Council.

Messrs. S. T. Wilmot and Thos. Emo were appointed Auditors of criminal justice accounts.

The Warden stated that he would resign the position of trustee of the railway debentures.

Mr. Aylsworth, as ex-Warden, said that the matter of delivering the debentures to the North Hastings Railway Company had not been consummated. He had taken the opinion of the County Solicitor on the matter, which he read, and the effect of which is that if the railway is completed the debentures must be handed over, or if not that the County can be compelled to do so by legal process. He sent this opinion to the Treasurer, who in reply, after stating his opinion as to the points involved, expressed his desire to be directed by the Council. He also read a communication from Messrs. Bethune, Osler and Moss, Toronto, stating that they had been directed to take proceedings to compel the issue of the debentures. His own opinion was that the debentures should be issued and placed in the hands of the trustees. It would be well to take action in the matter this session.

A number of petitions were received and disposed of, and the Council then went into Committee on Ways and Means, Mr. Ashley in the chair.

Mr. O'Flynn moved for the payment of the grant of $100 made to the Madoc Model School in 1877.

Mr. Mackintosh, Public School Inspector for North Hastings, was heard in relation to the matter, explaining that the work entitling them to the grant was done in 1878 instead of in 1877, and the Government had paid their grant.

The motion was carried.

The Warden named the Gravel Roads Committee, as follows:—Messrs. Emo, Cooke, Gordon, Appleby, Sills, Ashley, Wiggins and Vankleek.

After considerable discussion, the name of Mr. Francis was added to the Committee.

The report of the Superintendent of Gravel Roads was handed in and read. The following is a summary:

The report states that Mr. Daly, the engineer of the Grand Junction Railway, had forbid him to draw gravel over that road, but Mr. Kelso, President of the Railway, authorized him to do so as the gravel was for improving the County roads, the County being a stockholder in the road. Gravel is provided here at 35c per yard. From Canifton bridge to Ross' corners 200 yards have been banked; also 100 yards on the Jamieson section, and 200 are to be banked at 50c per yard; 100 yards will be banked at Meggison's flat; 150 yards at Jas. Fargey's, at 50c per yard; 200 yards between Corby's mill and Thrasher's corners; 100 yards one mile south of Marmora Village at 40c per yard; 100 north and 100 south of the 10th concession at 50c per yard; 300 yards near the Town Hall; 550 yards at 45c and 40c on the Frankford section; on the Shannonville and Roslin road 350 yds. at 50c and 40c per yard; on the Madoc and Queensboro section 600 yards at 50c per yard; on the Richmond section 300 yards, on the Smithville and Stirling sections 400 yards. Contracts have been given out to be measured when spread. As to the snow difficulty, portions of the Hungerford, Jamieson, Smithville, Stirling, Canifton to Ross' corners, Madoc and Frankford roads had been broken, but it had been found impossible to keep the roads clear for traffic on account of the great depth of snow, it being five or six feet in depth along the road. Of the experimental fences the tight board fence has been more successful than the wire fences in preventing drifts.

The report of the County Surveyor was read, detailing operations since the last meeting.

A motion of Mr. Fitzgerald, seconded by Mr. McDavitt, for the examination of the bridge known as Fitzgerald's bridge, with the view of rebuilding the same, was withdrawn, a petition to be presented at the next session.

Mr. Aylsworth moved for the issue of the debentures for the North Hastings Railway bonus and the placing of the same in the hands of the trustees.—Carried.

Mr. Kavanagh moved, seconded by Mr. Caskey, that the Council accept the invitation of Dr. Palmer to visit the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb to-morrow afternoon.

Council adjourned till 10 o'clock to-morrow.

THURSDAY, Jan. 30.

After some general business, Mr. McDavitt gave notice of a By-law to assume the bridge over Papineau Creek, in the Township of McClure.

Mr. Murphy moved that the Finance Committee be composed of Messrs. O'Flynn, Vanderwaters, Lee, Aylsworth and the mover.

Mr. Emo moved that the Committee be composed of Messrs. Vankleek, Gordon, Sills, O'Flynn and the mover.

Mr. Murphy's motion was carried.

Mr. Fitzgerald moved, seconded by Mr. McDavitt, that $300 be granted to rebuild the bridge over Papineau Creek, on the township line between Monteagle and Wicklow.

After some discussion the motion was carried.

The matter of building a new bridge at Tyonton occupied the attention of the Council the remainder of the day.

FRIDAY, Jan. 31.

The Council met pursuant to adjournment.

The minutes of yesterday's proceedings were read and approved.

Mr. Ashley submitted the report of the Gravel Roads Committee, recommending that the report of the Superintendent be adopted; that the Superintendent be directed to both gravel on the remaining portion of the gravel roads where required during the coming season, but only in such places as the gravel can be procured during the winter cheaper than in summer; that an appropriation be made for the purpose of either purchasing land where snow drifts occur, or to pay a portion of the expense to induce farmers to erect tight board or wire fences, or for giving contracts for keeping certain sections free from snow; that the Superintendent be instructed to examine the roads assumed as gravel roads last year; that the respective Reeves take such steps as they deem expedient to render more passable the gravel roads proper by the removal of snow or cutting down the banks of some of the worst pitch-holes and report said expenditures by certified accounts to the Gravel Roads Committee at the March session.

The report was adopted, Mr. Ashley cautioning the Reeves that in taking action under the last clause they be careful in seeing that no more work is done than is necessary, and that it be done cheaply.

Mr. McDavitt introduced a By-law to assume the bridge over Papineau Creek, in the Township of McClure.—Read a first time.

Mr. Emo moved, seconded by Mr. O'Flynn, that the Council memorialize the Lieutenant-Governor in Council to allow the prisoners in gaol to be employed in labor outside.—Carried.

Mr. McDavitt's By-law to assume the bridge over Papineau Creek, was laid over until next session.

On motion, it was directed that the grant on the Papineau Creek bridge be expended under the direction of the Reeves of the municipalities concerned, the money to be paid on certificate that the work has been done.

Mr. Kavanagh moved, seconded by Mr. Parkhurst, for a grant of $150 on Egan Creek bridge, between Mayo and Faraday, the money to be expended by the Reeves and paid when they have certified to the work being done.

Mr. Emo moved to reduce the grant to $100, which amount was passed.

Mr. Kavanagh said the audit was in error in stating that his municipality was in arrears for taxes for 1876 and 1877, as he said he had the receipt for the taxes for 1876. The only item in which they were in arrears was for the railway bonus, which he had been assured it was not necessary to pay in, as the debentures had not been issued.

Council adjourned until the first Tuesday in June.

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THIS
New Horse Disease
AS COMPETENT Veterinary skill is not within our reach, I have obtained from a first-class Veterinary Surgeon, of Toronto, the thorough method of treatment, prescriptions and medicines for the present epidemic of Grease Heel, Scratches, &c. The price for the medicines is ONE DOLLAR.
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BRIDGEWATER MILLS.
J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, Jan. 18th, 1879. 95

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in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.
GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.
MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

Another Carload Just Arrived
At Cheap John's.
No Wonder Goods are SOLD SO CHEAP.
And will be sold
CHEAP! CHEAP! CHEAP! CHEAP!
No long-winded prices at Cheap John's.
IMMENSE SUCCESS

THE PHARMACY.
"X'Mas Season Compliments."
JUST RECEIVED, FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON,
A CHOICE SELECTION OF
CHRISTMAS GOODS!
THE FINEST EVER SHOWN IN THIS VILLAGE.
Also a new and varied stock of
Drugs, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs, Paints,
OILS, VARNISHES,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES, STATIONERY, &C., &C.,
In short, everything required in a first class Drug House, all of which will be offered
AT A SMALL ADVANCE ON COST.
The practice of my profession in all its branches promptly and carefully attended to. Being thankful to my many friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in the past, a continuance of the same is kindly solicited for the future.
Surgery in Store.
J. S. LOOMIS, M. D., M. C. P. S. O.

CHRISTMAS GROCERIES.

Gray & McGregor

OFFER FOR SALE A FULL SUPPLY OF

CHOICE GROCERIES

For the Holiday Season, including

NEW VALENCIA RAISINS,
" TABLE RAISINS,
" SEEDLESS RAISINS,
" CURRANTS,
PRUNES,
DRIED PEACHES,
DRIED APPLES,
SYRUPS,
PEELS, FIGS, AND ALMONDS,
S. W. SALMON,
LABRADOR HERRING,
WHITE FISH,
BOLOGNA AND PORK SAUSAGE,

THE CELEBRATED

DIAMOND BRAND OYSTERS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

Dec. 5th, 1878.

TO BE LET.

A GOOD FARM, situated at Norman's Corners, Millbridge, 15 miles north of Madoc, on the County Road. 90 acres well cleared and fenced. For particulars apply to R. M. Norman, of same place, or to

GREAM & HENDERSON,
84 Solicitors, Madoc.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of Job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

JOHN G. DEANS,

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
Fancy and Toilet Articles.
BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY,
CONFECTIONERY
LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

SIGN OF THE

BLUE BOOT!

Opposite Harper's Brick Block.

Owing to the hard times for money I am selling TEN PER CENT. BELOW FORMER PRICES, FOR CASH.

CUSTOM WORK, REPAIRING,

Etc., done in first-class style, and on short notice, as I keep none but first-class workmen.

POSITIVELY NO CREDIT!

WM. MOORE.

Madoc, November 26th, 1877.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word ½c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word ½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., *Seed for Sale*, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. GAUNS, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
JOHN RCOY, Jr., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1387,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
R. J. CRAISE, Co. Master, Stirling P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc,

On Thursday Evening, February 6th

at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Feb. 17th,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday, March 4th,

at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

Left Over.

An interesting letter from a correspondent in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and also another able article from "Publicola," are laid over for our next issue for want of space this week.

County Meeting.

At the meeting of the County Orange Lodge at L'Amable, on Tuesday, Mr. Malcolm Bristol of this village was elected County Master, and Mr. J. A. Orr re-elected County Secretary. A full report next week.

Crowded Out.

Our Parliamentary news, and other matters of considerable interest, have been crowded out of this issue to make room for a summary of the proceedings of the County Council at Belleville last week.

Tea-Meeting.

A Tea-meeting will be held at Best's Methodist Church, on Wednesday, 12th inst., to commence at 7 o'clock. Revs. Baker, Wilson, and Smith, will deliver addresses. Admission, 35 cents. Proceeds in aid of parsonage fund.

Methodist Church, Madoc.

The quarterly meeting services in connection with the above church will be held in this village on Sabbath next, 9th inst., services to commence at 10.30 a. m. The official Board will meet on the Monday following, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Mr. J. G. Deans.

Chemist and Druggist of this village, advertises in another column the receipt of the best prescriptions and medicines for the treatment of the new disease at present existing amongst a large number of horses in this as well as other sections of the country. Try him.

N. H. Teachers' Association.

The third semi-annual meeting of the above Association will be held in the Model School building, Madoc, on Thursday and Friday, February 27th and 28th. Among the names on the programme is that of James Hughes, Esq., Public School Inspector of Toronto. We will publish the programme in full in a future issue.

Visitors Coming.

We are informed that a number of the members of the Oddfellows Lodges in Belleville have intimated their intention of visiting their brethren of Madoc Lodge on Monday evening, 17th inst. They will be accompanied by their fine brass band, and as our own band is only in its infancy yet, the opportunity of hearing this Society's excellent band will no doubt be well appreciated by our citizens.

Concert.

A Concert will be given in the School House, Queensboro, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 11th, by the Bridgewater Choir. The proceeds are in aid of Bridgewater Church organ fund, on which there is still a small debt remaining. We have had the pleasure of hearing this choir on several occasions, and can safely promise a good entertainment. As they have always been ready and willing to assist at tea-meetings, etc., when called upon, we hope the public will turn out and give them a full house. Admission 25cts.; children half-price.

A Correspondent

From Bridgewater, under date of Jan. 27th, says:—There is a great deal of sickness among the horses in the shanties from the distemper, and the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Flinton, got his thumb poisoned while attending to his horse that is afflicted with the complaint. He was here to consult the Doctor. I suppose you got a taste of the cold spell on Saturday and Sunday. I don't know how the thermometer stood, but I know the wood pile (not a bad barometer) showed a considerable fall. The weather yesterday and to-day has been very mild, and will, no doubt, improve the roads.

The Elzevir Election Case.

A protest was served on Mr. Wm. Wiggins, Reeve of Elzevir, when at the County Council, on behalf of the Hon. B. Flint, who contested the election, and on Saturday Mr. Jellett went to Bridgewater with an order from the Judge, authorizing the Returning Officer to allow him to recount the ballots, which was done in the presence of Mr. Wiggins and his legal advisers, Mr. E. B. Frankish. We understand the recount makes them even, and the Judge has decided that a new election for the Township is necessary. Messrs. Flint and Wiggins will therefore have the pleasure of engaging in another contest in that municipality.

Marmora Races.

Next week, on Wednesday and Thursday, the Marmora Winter Races will be held on the ice on Crowe Lake. On the first day two races will take place, the first for a purse of $30, open to horses owned in the Counties of Hastings, Peterborough, Prince Edward, Northumberland, Durham, Victoria, Lennox and Addington; the second, a local race for a purse of $20, open only to horses owned in the Townships of Marmora and Lake. The programme for the second day consists of an open trot, free to all for a purse of $60, and a running race, open to all, for a purse of $30

Fine Workmanship.

It is rarely lately we have had an opportunity of inspecting as handsome a piece of workmanship, in the painting line, as that on Caverly's new bread cart, a job of which the painter, Mr. E. A. Maybee, of this village, may be pardoned for feeling justly proud. The scroll work on the sides and end of the box, an original design, is of pure gold leaf, and is of an exceedingly neat and showy character, while the lettering is also executed with that gentleman's usual ability and taste. It is, without doubt, the "nobbiest" work of the kind we have seen in these parts, and as we said before, Mr. Maybee may well be pardoned for feeling proud of the job.

Model School Entertainment.

The second of the series of entertainments for the purpose of raising funds to beautify the Model School grounds, was held in the school building last evening, and, although unable to be present, we learn it was even more successful than the first one. The room was crowded, and, as a consequence, the receipts showed a considerable increase over that of the previous night, the neat sum of $14.50 being realized,—$9.95 being the proceeds of the first entertainment. The programme consisted of musical selections by the Band; Songs by the Misses Taber, Miss Ross, and Miss Ketcheson, of Madoc; Miss Miller, of Eldorado, and Miss Breeze, of Belleville; and Readings by Rev. Mr. Miller, Major Rawe, and Mr. Kirk.

Madoc Township Council.

Council met on Saturday last. All the members present.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The account of Evans & Bolger for three days examining R. & N. H. Railway, in the interests of the Township of Madoc, including horse-hire and board, amounting to $31.25, was, on motion of Messrs. Caskey and Allen, ordered to be paid.

In reference to Mr. Rowell's account for printing in 1874, $95.24, the Reeve was instructed to call at the *Intelligencer* office and make the best settlement he could.

Council adjourned until after dinner, when the Collector's Roll for 1877 was taken up. As we were not present we are unable to give a further report.

Tea-Meeting and Concert.

Another tea-meeting, and in all probability the last of the season, in this village at least, will be held in the Masonic Hall, on Tuesday evening next, 11th inst., this time by the members of the Methodist Church in Madoc, for the purpose of raising funds to pay off a debt on the parsonage, and also some improvements lately added to the church. Rev. J. W. Savage, of Stirling, has consented to be present and deliver his lecture, "An Evening with the Poets," which we have heard very highly spoken of. In addition to this, addresses will be given by Revs. Wilson, of Bannockburn, on the "National Policy;" Wishart and Marsh, of Madoc, Smith, of Flinton, and Sing, of Canifton. Vocal and instrumental music by the choir, assisted by other talent. Tea will be served at 7 o'clock. Single tickets, 40 cents; double, 75 cents. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to be present.

Village Council.

Council met on Wednesday evening last, according to adjournment. Present—the Reeve, Messrs. W. Orr, J. C. Dale, and J. S. Loomis. Minutes read and approved.

An account was received from Mr. Jeff. Caverly, for services as Special Constable to date. On motion of Messrs. Loomis and Dale was laid over until the next meeting.

The Clerk submitted the draft of a By-law imposing a license fee on transient traders who may wish to do business in this village. After a long discussion it was moved by Mr. Loomis, seconded by Mr. Orr, that the By-law be laid over until the next meeting.

Mr. Geo. Reed was present and asked that the full amount of his bill, $2, be paid him for digging John Van Norman's grave and afterwards filling the same, for which he was granted $1. The Council considered they had no power to bring the account up again after it having been passed.

C. G. Wilson's account, $6.86, was presented, and also laid over.

On motion the Council adjourned to meet again on Friday evening for some special business.

The New Horse Disease.

The epidemic that is now so extensively affecting the horses in various parts of the country, is attracting considerable attention. From Mr. Wm. Bailey, of Madoc township, who gave us some particulars about the disease, we learned that a large number of horses back in the shanties had been attacked, and were obliged to quit work and go home for treatment. Some of the cases were very severe, and horses that appeared sound and well in the morning would, before night, have cracks or openings in their legs an inch deep, and also be so swollen that they could move only with the greatest difficulty. In the vicinity of Napanee two hundred cases came under the treatment of Dr. Reid, V. S., in three weeks. The following are the first symptoms of the disease:—"In the first stage, or simple form, there is merely swelling of the skin of the hind legs, which becomes hot, inflamed, tunefied, and moist with a characteristic exudation offensive to the smell. It soon assumes the ulcerative character, and cracks become raw, deep, and excessively tender. Unless the further progress of the disease is arrested, the wide and deep ulcerated cracks throw up loathsome excrescences. Renewed fungoid growths continue to be added, and the heels and legs become enormously swollen, and in some severe cases the hoof separates from the foot." It is also exceedingly contagious, and great care should be exercised by human beings coming in contact with the virus. Several parties have been thus poisoned, the disease breaking out on the hands and body in the shape of blisters.

MARRIED.

MCGREGOR—NORMAN.—On Monday, 27th ult., by Rev. M. G. Poole, Rector of Madoc, Duncan McGregor, Esq., of Perthshire, Scotland, to Anna M., second daughter of Major Ralph More Norman. All residents of Tudor, North Hastings.

DIED.

WILSON.—In Bannockburn, on Sunday last, W. H. Wilson, formerly merchant and postmaster in that village.

Deceased was interred on Tuesday, with Masonic honors, by the brethren of Madoc Lodge, No. 48, F. & A. M., of which Lodge he was a member.

SOUL MOORINGS.

Notes of a Sermon preached by Rev. H. T. Miller, at St. Peter's, Madoc, January 31st, 1879.

Hebrews vi., 19.—"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul."

The question was once asked of an old christian sailor how far it was from earth to heaven? and the reply was, "Only a cable's length." Heaven is made fast to the earth; God has come down, man has gone up, and the two natures of Christ constitute the moorings!

I. These moorings have been laid down by Christ. As the forerunner he has carried out the anchor of our hope and dropped it within the veil.

1. He did it alone. He stands out in lonely grandeur in the work of our salvation. In the temptation and in prayer, how lonely! on the mount, in the garden, before Pilate's bar, on the cross we see "Jesus only." He asked the rabble band, "Whom seek ye?" and replied, "I am he, let these go their way." Blessings shall ever be upon the head of him who was separate from his brethren. Joseph was a living link of connection between the famine stricken family and plenty, and Jesus Christ is the connecting link between God and the soul. "When he had by himself purged our sins, he sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

2. He did it once for all. He will come again but without a sin offering. "Then shall the Son of Man sit upon the throne of His glory," &c.

3. He did it not for himself, but for others. The original word "forerunner" stands for a messenger sent beforehand, a scout sent to descry an army, a quartermaster who goes to prepare quarters for soldiers, the harbinger who goes to prepare lodgings for the King's court, the herald to declare that such a person is coming, a guide that goeth to direct others.

II. These moorings have been severely tested. Storms have raged and spent their fury, but the devoted bark rides at her anchor still. Storms from Satan, incessant and mighty; storms from the world, seducing and destroying; storms from the heart, tumultuous passions rising and overcoming. Men have held on by morality, reputation, religious notions and ordinances, but in crises have drifted to destruction, but the expectation of the righteous shall not be cut off.

III. These moorings are uninjured. They have been in constant use, but they are not used up! No wear and tear, no chafing, no decay. The power is as unimpaired as when the day-spring from on high visited us; and with sure and steadfast hope we can assure the coming multitudes of men of free pardons, great peace, and everlasting security in Christ. In the shining garments of his royal priesthood he ever pleads and prevails!

IV. These moorings prove the greatness of the soul. A little anchor will hold a little ship; low instincts will do for low-born brutes, but man is noble! "Surely there is a piece of divinity in man which shall outlive the universe, and owes no homage to the sun." Think of man's origin, place in creation, capabilities, destiny, and ransom!

V. These moorings rebuke the ungodly. They are suitable, available, sufficient, yet the prayer of the wicked is "Let me drive." And God will answer the bad man's prayer, "Driven from light into darkness, and chased out of the world."—*Job* xviii., 18.

VI. These moorings demand the faith of true. We are shut up to faith. The anchor must plunge beneath the veil of water and grip the ground before it can be of any use to the distressed mariner. We muster again on the camping ground of faith. We marshall again our forces for conflict and victory. Let us be valiant, courageous men; let the great cloud of witnesses see our constancy, devotion and endurance. Let our faith grasp with undying intensity the immutable guarantee, and God will not suffer his faithfulness to fail.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

MR. EDITOR,—At a meeting of our village Council, on the 27th of January last, our Brass Band presented that honorable body with a requisition signed by fifty-one ratepayers praying for a grant of only $25 towards helping the Band. This was the first time aid was solicited from our Council and it was to be the last. Notwithstanding this, our worthy Village Fathers refused the aid unless, at least, two-thirds of the ratepayers of the village had their signatures on the requisition. Now, to give the public some idea of Brass Band business, I will make a few statements. The instruments cost $237.46, less Agent's percentage, which Mr. F. Seymour has very kindly given us as a subscription. There are twelve members in the Band, who have stock in it to the amount of $109 paid up. We have realized $163.25, including Mr. Seymour's amount, by subscription; we have had to pay for teaching and for music; we have to spend our time, which is a good deal; we don't expect to get over three or four jobs in the year, for which we may get $1.50 or $2 each for our time per day; we will be expected to turn out sometimes and help at entertainments got up for the benefit of the public, which we have done already, for which we can't expect pay; besides, we are expected to play more or less through the summer for the benefit of the public, and our most economical Council refused to grant us $25,—I rather think for fear a vote or two may turn. I believe there is where the stick is. I am sure the Band won't trouble them again for aid. I don't know, nor did I ever hear of any village or town that has a Band, which cost so little as ours. I have known Bands which have paid out two or three hundred dollars for teaching, of public money at that, and when they played before the public could not play any better than we, and we have only had $163 of private subscription, which went to pay for instruments as well as other expenses. All those who have subscribed have been very liberal indeed, and we trust that they will never regret having helped to get up the Band. Others who were able and would not help, we will excuse, probably they can't see anything in music—would not know "God Save the Queen" from "Yankee Doodle." As for our Council, if they would only let us know in time, we might head them with music and march them to the City Hall whenever they meet.

YOURS,
BAND.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly give the following a space in your paper: On the day of nomination of candidates for Reeve and Councillors in the Township of Tudor, *et. al.*, in the Orange Hall, Mr. F. M. Gunter stated to those present that the municipality did not owe the County two hundred dollars up to the end of the year 1877. While in Belleville the same week, I called at the County Treasurer's office and found our debt to be over four hundred and fifty dollars, and on my return stated that fact. The election came off in due course and a majority of the ratepayers, who recorded their votes, showed they did not want my services.

The day came for those elected to organize, and I am informed that some of the ratepayers spoke to Mr. Gunter about what I had stated in reference to the indebtedness of the township, and Mr. Gunter's very courteous reply was, that I was a d——d l——r. (Such was the information I received.)

The following is a correct copy as received yesterday from the County Treasurer.

Belleville, Jan. 29th, 1879.

Ralph M. Norman, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—The amount due by the Township of Tudor, Limerick, Wollaston, and Cashel, on Dec. 31st, 1877, with interest to that date was $454.90. This includes the proceeds of the sale of lands for taxes, which was advertised in 1877, but not sold till April, 1878.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
THOS WELLS,
C. H. Treasurer.

Now Mr. Editor that letter shows very plainly who told the *lie*. I had no interest in making a false statement, but Mr. Gunter appears very desirous of concealing the truth not only by his own false statements, but by trying to brand me as a liar. In bringing this before the public I have but one motive, viz., to show those who supported me they were not deceived by my statements. As for those who voted against me I have nothing to say only that some people like to be deceived, but, unfortunately, others have to suffer with them. It is not my intention to hold any further controversy on the above subject, but simply to vindicate my veracity. Trusting you will excuse my intrusion on your time, I remain,

Yours obediently,
RALPH M. NORMAN

Millbridge, Jan. 31st, 1879.

HUNTINGDON COUNCIL.

TOWN HALL, MOIRA, Jan. 20th, 1879.

The following persons having been declared elected as members of Municipal Council of the Township of Huntingdon for 1879 met at the time and place above mentioned, signed the necessary declarations of office and qualification, and took their seats.

Thomas Emo, Esq., Reeve, Mathew Robinson, Deputy-Reeve; W. H. Morton, John Graham, and Cotton Tummon, Councillors.

The Council was called to order by the Reeve who briefly addressed them, expressing the pleasure and satisfaction afforded him on being again called to preside over the meetings of the Council for another year, and hoped, that in the future as the past, the business would be conducted harmoniously and for the best interests of the Township. He regretted that any dispute had arisen between Messrs. Foster and Graham, as to the right of the respective parties to a seat at the Board stating that the Council had no jurisdiction in the matter, and that, if either of the parties felt aggrieved, the only remedy was to apply to the proper authority to have the matter fully investigated and settled.

On motion of Mr Robinson, seconded by Mr. Graham, the Council adjourned for one hour.

Council resumed.

A petition from W. H. Dingman, a resident of Madoc, was received, asking that he be allowed to perform his statute labor on a road leading from lot 19, in the 14th concession, which lot belongs to said Mr. Dingman.

Mr. Tummon moved, seconded by Mr. Graham, that the prayer of said petition be granted, providing the work is done to the satisfaction of the pathmaster, in whose division the said lot belongs—Carried.

The Trustees of School Section No 15 applied for the wild land taxes due said section on lot 5, in the 12th con., and lot 7, in 14th con. It was ascertained that the non-resident part of lot 5, in 12th con., belongs to School Section No. 10. One dollar and fifty cents, the amount due Section 15, on lot 7, in 14th con., was ordered to be paid.

The Trustees of School Section No. 13 applied for wild land taxes due said Section amounting to $12.39, which was ordered to be paid.

A By-law was prepared and passed appointing F. W. Brunton and John A. Salsbury Auditors of the Treasurer's account for 1878. The Intelligencer publishing Co's account, $46.50, and T. S. Carman's account, $20.45, for printing, were ordered to be paid.

Council adjourned to meet the second Monday in February.

$20,000 TO LOAN.

AT THE LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to

GEO. A. SKINNER,
87 Solicitor, &c., Stirling.

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to E. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.

SAMUEL M. TABER,
49-tf. Madoc.

VALUABLE

FARM AND MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned.

JAS. O'HARA, Jr.

Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

Cheap Bread!

8cts. PER LOAF,

AT

JNO. HARPER'S.

WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Family Groceries,

FLOUR, FEED,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

J. HARPER.

Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1878. 65

FARM TO RENT OR SELL.

BEING lot 16, in the 12th concession, of Huntingdon, containing 200 acres, 100 of which are cleared, 20 acres of cedar swamp, the remainder heavily timbered with maple and beech, and a great quantity of white oak. On the premises are a good log house and a never-failing well, also two springs. For further particulars apply to

JAS. LANDON,
on the premises
Huntingdon, Dec 24th, 1877 29

E. D. O'FLYNN,

FROM FAILING HEALTH, finding it necessary to

Close his Business

calls upon all persons indebted to him

FOR EARLY SETTLEMENT.

THE ENTIRE STOCK

WILL BE CLOSED OUT AT

Great Bargains!

FOR CASH,

COMMENCING WITH THIS DATE,

September 25th, 1878.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

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OUR PREMIUMS.

1st.—*The Phrenological Bust.*—This is made of Plaster of Paris, and so lettered as to show the exact location of each of the Phrenological Organs. The head is nearly life-size, and very ornamental, and until recently has sold for $2. This, with the illustrated key which accompanies each Bust, and the series of articles now being published in the Journal, on "*Brain and Mind*," will enable the reader to become a successful student of Human Nature.

2nd.—*A New Book Premium.—The Temperaments; or,* Varieties of Physical Constitution in Man, considered in their relation to Mental Character and Practical Affairs of Life. $1.50.

A new work: the only one on the subject of Temperaments now before the public, and treats of this important subject in a most comprehensive manner, showing its bearings on marriage, education and training of children, occupation, health and disease, etc.—The book contains about 250 pages, and 150 portraits and other illustrations; is handsomely printed and bound in extra fine muslin, and cannot be procured at less than $1.50 retail, except when taken as a Premium.

TERMS.—The *Journal* is now published at $2 a year (having been reduced from $3, for 1878), single Nos. 20c. 25c extra must be received with each subscription to pay postage on the Journal and the expense of boxing and packing the Bust, which will then be sent by express, or No. 2, the small bust or the Premium Book, which will be sent by mail postpaid.

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Madoc, November 5th, 1878.

New Butcher Shop.

The subscriber has opened in connection with his present business a shop where he will keep all kinds of Fresh Meat, of the best quality and at lowest prices.

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LIGHT AND SHADE.

Matters Grave and Gay From all Sources.

LOVE.

By Meleager, who lived about the First Century B. C.]

I cry you Love—
At earliest break of day.
But now, even now, his wings the wanderer spread
And passed away,
Leaving his empty bed.
Ho! ye that meet the boy—for such is he,
Full of sweet tears and wit; a fickle sprite,
Laughing and free,
With wings and quiver bright!
Yet know I not on whom to father Love—
For earth denies the wanton child his name,
And air above,
And the broad sea the same.
With each and all he lives at feud. Beware,
Lest while I speak, he cast
A dainty snare
Over your hearts at last.
But see! his hiding-place, his very self,
Close to my hand, behold, the archer lies,
A laughing elf
Within my lady's eyes.

WHO COULD OFFER MORE THAN THIS CHILD?

[Pittsburg Telegraph.]

The following little story is a touching one and the hero thereof is a well-known young gentleman of this city: He has been somewhat wild in his habits in the past, but for four months he had abstained from drink and spent his evenings at home. One evening, three weeks ago, he went out calling and some one gave him a glass of wine. This aroused the sleeping fiend, and he went off on a grand carouse. For three days he lost all mastery over himself, and scarcely knew where he was. On the morning of the fourth day he was comparatively sobered up. He wandered into the reading-room of one of our hotels, where he was well known, and sat down and stared moodily into the street. Presently a little girl of about ten years came in and looked timidly around the room. She was dressed in rags, but she had a sweet, intelligent face that could scarcely fail to excite sympathy. There were five persons in the room, and she went to each, begging. One gentleman gave her a five-cent piece, and she then went to the gentleman spoken of and asked him for a penny, adding, "I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day." The gentleman was all out of humor and he said crossly: "Don't bother me; go away! I haven't had anything to eat for three days." The child opened her eyes in shy wonder and stared at him for a moment, and then walked slowly towards the door. She turned the knob, and then, after hesitating a few seconds, she turned quickly and walked straight up to him who had spoken so ill-naturedly, and gently laying the five cents she had received on his knee, said with a tone of true girlish pity in her voice: "If you haven't had anything to eat for three days you take this and go and buy some bread. Perhaps I can get some more somewhere." The young fellow blushed to the roots of his hair, and lifting the miniature Sister of Charity in his arms he kissed her two or three times in delight. Then he took her to the persons in the room and to those in the corridors and and the office, and told the story and asked contributions, giving himself all the money he had with him. He succeeded in raising over $40 and sent the little kindly hearted one on her way rejoicing.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE IN NEVADA.

[Reno, Nev., Gazette.]

"I'm goin' to church to-morrow," remarked a well-known citizen of Reno, with a red face, in Sander's saloon this afternoon.

"Why?" demanded an astonished fellow old-timer.

"Well, you see," explained the gentleman, "I went last Sunday for the first time in nine years, an' I felt so much better than if I'd put in the day at pedro or poker as usual. Somehow seein' so many well-dressed, decent people in a crowd, an hearin' the parson and list'nin' to the hymns I used to know when I was a boy, made me feel sort o' tender-hearted like. An' the feelin' didn't wear away neither. I've felt so d—d good an' pious-like all the week that I could lick my weight in hoodlums this here minute. Goin' to church is the boss racket, you kin bet on that. Every leadin' citizen had ought to go to church. Martin, take sumfin yourself."

THE PLUMBER'S VICTIM.

The man stood on the bath-room floor.
While raged the storm without.
One hand was on the water valve,
The t'other on the spout.

He fiercely tried to turn the plug,
But all in vain he tried—
"I see it all—I am betrayed—
The water's froze!" he cried.

Down to the kitchen then he rushed,
And in the basement dove,
Long strived he for to turn the plugs,
But all in vain he strove.

"The hydrant may be running yet,"
He cried in hopeful tone—
Alas, the hydrant, too, was froze
As stiff as any stone.

Then came a burst—the water pipes,
The plugs—Oh, where were they?
Ask of the gentle plumber man
Who called around next day.

NOTHING TO ADD.

(Chicago Inter-Ocean, Washington Letter.)

Professor Newcombe, the astronomer, is a very solemn man, and is always absorbed, so much so that he had a general reputation for absent-mindedness. One evening he was attending a wedding with his wife, and with the rest of the guests passed up to offer his congratulations after marriage. He shook hands with the bridal couple in a solemn way, but uttered not a word.

"Why didn't you say something to them?" said his wife, respectfully.

"I don't know," replied the absorbed professor, "I didn't think I had any new facts to impart."

WHERE REVERENCE WAS FORGOTTEN.

[Portland Advertiser.]

A little fellow in one of our Sunday-schools was asked who made him, and gave the answer "God;" but when his turn came again the question, "Who made this beautiful world and all the lovely flowers and birds?" was propounded to him, whereupon he electrified the whole class and struck his horrified teacher speechless by replying carelessly: "The same old chap."

OUR FAR WEST PROVINCES.

A Historical Society has been formed at Winnipeg.

There are over 150 applications for specifications for the new sections of the Canada Pacific Railway.

Emerson is seeking a branch bank to be opened by some good solid bank.

The cottonwood telegraph poles used on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad have sprouted, and give promise of supplying a continuous line of shade trees.

Seattle, B. C., Shipped 15,827 tons of coal in the month of December, the largest shipment since the first opening of the mines. The shipments for the year 1878 amounted to 125,582 tons.

The mails from Winnipeg to the United States are detained two days at Pembina, and coming from the States one day, owing to there being no mail agent on the train south of the boundary.

There are twenty-five villages, occupied by 2,841 Mennonites, who cultivate 10,470 acres of land in Manitoba, and produce 91,509 bushels of wheat and 42,086 bushels of potatoes, besides rye, barley, oats, etc.

The grist mills at Emerson, Man., are doing a brisk business, being kept running day and night without any appearance of slackening. Emerson is largely attaining the position of the leading wheat market in Manitoba. Since the 1st of January 38 car loads—13,300 bushels—of wheat, and 3,850 bushels of flax have been shipped from that place.

The Superintendant of Police of Victoria, B. C., has issued an order compelling the clipping of John Chinaman's queue, on the ground of cleanliness. A B. C. contemporary with rustic simplicity observes:—They must attach some superstitious value to these appendages, for their antics while undergoing the tonsorial operation were ludicrous in the extreme.

TO GIVE IT A FLAVOR.

(University Magazine.)

An Irishman visiting Dublin for the first time went into a tavern and called for a glass of whiskey. It was brought to him with a slice of lemon in it. Pat surveyed it for some minutes in wondering silence, and then, calling the waiter, said in a half whisper, "what's that?" "Lemon, your honor," was the reply. "Sure I know that," said Pat, "but I never seen a lemon before in his life," "but what it there for?" "To give is it a flavor," answered the other. This was a wrinkle for Pat, who returned to the bog, and, on the first occasion of entertaining his friends, slipped a slice of potato into each man's whiskey. "What's the maning of that at all?" inquired one of the company. "Don't you know it's to give it a flavor," replied the host, affecting supreme contempt of the other's ignorance.

—The French wine crop last year fell off 48,700,000 hectolitres compared with the yield of 1877, and 8,093,000 compared with the average of the decade. Cause, phylloxera and oidium.

A PRINCE'S MARRIAGE IN OREGON.

The Fortunes of a Leader in the Austrian Revolution of 1848.

(From the Oregon Deutsch Zeitung.)

A few days ago the *Oregonian* contained a list of marriages during the year, and among them appeared the following notice: "Dec. 13.—Prince C. J. Nadasky and Marie von Reiche." The oddity of a titled wedding in Oregon led our reporter to investigate, and here follows the true story: Prince Carl Johann Nadasky, sole heir of a wealthy and influential Austrian family and a long line of illustrious ancestors, was, during the revolutionary war of 1848, a young officer in the Imperial Austrian Guard. When sentence of death was passed on Robert Blum, The famous revolutionary leader, and a favourite of the German people, the young officer was detailed to command the detachment of soldiers whose bullets were to terminate the life of the noblest and bravest man of his age. The fortitude Blum displayed at the execution, and his parting words so impressed the young soldier that a few months' study of the liberal publications of those days sufficed to lead him into the revolutionary party. But the feudal Government triumphed, and Prince Nadasky, together with many other prominent leaders, was taken prisoner and condemned to death. Through the influence of his relatives his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, and he was sent to the dark toils of an Austrian fortress.

Eight long years the Prince lived the life of a convict, until at the birth of the Crown Prince of Austria he was liberated, but banished from his country for life. He came to San Francisco and devoted himself, under the assumed name of H. Meier, to the business of a flower gardener, earning a livelihood and accumulating a small fortune. About five years ago he was married to a German lady of noble birth, who was impressed with the cultured and gentlemanly demeanour of the gardener. Not more than a year past he removed to Salem, in this State, and bought a small property for his business. But the happy pair had been blessed with a lovely boy, and the father found no rest in the thought that his dear ones were destined to lead an obscure life, away from the honors and luxury due them, and took passage for Europe. He went to Vienna, and in an audience with Emperor Francis Joseph succeeded in obtaining his pardon and being reinstated into his ancestral inheritance. Post haste he sped back to his family, and under his real name he was again married in this city to his faithful wife. The steamer Idaho, which left here Dec. 29, took the happy couple and their son back to the castles of the Prince in the beautiful mountain regions of Austria.

ECHOES FROM THE CHURCHES.

—Dr. Shaw, of Rochester, says that a Congregationalist is simply "a Presbyterian who has left his catechism at home, and forgotten where he laid it down."

—Rev. Mr. Stafford, of Ottawa, publishes a letter of protest against the barbers of the Canadian capital, who refused to shave a colored clergyman, his guest.

—The vicar of Woking complains to the London *Times* that the Cremation Society is about to establish a funeral pyre in his parish, which, by the way, is already well known for its necropolis.

—"Praise the Lord!" cried a worshipper at the St. James Street Methodist church, Montreal, when the minister told impressively how the reprieve for the Molly Maguires arrived just half a minute too late.

—It is cited as a curious fact that the public affairs of England, a Protestant country, are directed by a Jew; that in Catholic France the most important departments of the Government are directed by Protestants; and that the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Turkey is a Christian.

—The vicar of Grimstone and Wartnaby has refused to church a woman on the ground that she had been attending a chapel, though she is the sister of the church organist, daughter of the parish clerk, and the wife of a man who sings in the parish choir. The same clergyman some months ago refused to bury a nonconformist.

—Christmas services, stained glass windows and instrumental music have been tolerated by not a few congregations of the Free Church in Scotland during the past year, and a newspaper records with sadness that "a Presbytery recently passed over a complaint of introduction of instrumental music in one of its churches by saying in mild words that such an innovation is to be regretted."

—The Rev. Dr. Morris, of Lane Theological Seminary, wants to know what is to be done with the Presbyterian ministers who have embraced the belief set forth in the recent Prophetic Conference. He would, if he had his own way with them, turn them out of the Church; but the difficulty is that neither the Westminster Confession of Faith nor the Book of Discipline say anything against the holding of their views. Distasteful as these views may be to Dr. Morris and other eminent Presbyterians, the presence of the brethren who sold them will have to be endured.

TOMATOES FIRST EATEN IN AMERICA.

"Seaweed," a Newport correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, asks for further information concerning the first eating of tomatoes in America. The correspondent says: It is a Newport tradition that tomatoes were first eaten in this country about 1823, in a house still standing on the corner of Corne and Mill streets. About that time there was an eccentric Indian painter, Michael Felice Corne. He bought a stable on the street now called for him, fashioned it into a dwelling house, and there lived and died. Previous to his coming, and long after, tomatoes, then called "love apples," were thought to be poisonous. A gentleman told me to-day that in 1819 he brought them from South Carolina and planted them in his yard, where they were looked upon as curiosities, and prized for their beauty. They became later, however, a very unpleasant missile in the hands of the small-boy. A charming old lady also told me to-day that in 1824 she was sitting with a sick person when someone brought the invalid as a tempting delicacy some tomatoes. "Would you poison her?" was the exclamation of the astonished attendants; and yet Corne in his section of the town had been serving them for a year previous. As late as 1835 they were regarded as poisonous throughout Connecticut. Corne lived, between the time of coming to America, and his settling in Newport, in Salem and in Boston, and though Newporters cling to the tradition that tomatoes were first eaten there, he may have introduced them as a vegetable in either or both of those cities. He prided himself on having set the fashion of eating them here.

"There," he said, "is that potato; he grows in the dark or in the damp cellar, with his pale lank roots; he has no flavor; he lives under ground. But the tomato, he grows in sunshine; he has fine rosy color; an exquisite flavor; he is wholesome, and when he is put in soup you relish him.

PERSONAL.

Among the clergy present at the installation of the Bishop of Montreal, was Rev. W. B. Curran, of St. Thomas church, of this city.

George Husher, a young artist, died on a street in New York on Sunday night, from exhaustion and starvation. He belonged to a wealthy family in Liepsig, Germany, from whom he refused to ask assistance.

There is at present living in Griffintown, Montreal, a woman named McIlloar, aged 105. She is in good health, and promises to live many years yet.

Edmund About says that an election to the once famous French Academy is no longer coveted by any writer or author of eminence in France.

The trial of Passanante, the would-be assassin of King Humbert, has been postponed to February, on a plea of emotional insanity, in order that the doctors may examine the state of his mind.

Prince Bismarck is reported to be earnestly intent upon the passage of the law he is now preparing, to inspect all correspondence passing between his empire and foreign countries.

Father Hyacinthe meditates another visit to England and Scotland, where he will deliver a series of addresses.

Colonel the Hon. Everard Henry Primrose, the only brother of the Earl of Rosebery, has resigned his position as Brigade-Major of the Grenadier Guards to accept the appointment of military attache of the British Embassy at Vienna.

Dr. Salles Girons, director of the health establishment at Pierrefond, a voluminous writer on pulmonary diseases, and inventor of a system of inhaling mineral waters, has just died of pneumonia.

The Earl of Fife killed seventy-nine woodcocks in one day.

Mr. A. H. Stephens is said to be the best whist player now in Congress. He wrote the article on that game in "Johnson's Encyclopædia."

Paul Morphy, who used to play chess blindfolded against half a dozen antagonists, and win every time in a manner to encourage the idea of a supernatural power, has petitioned a court to eject from the house he occupies in New Orleans some tenants whom he accuses of coming into his room at night and tearing his clothes, hats and cravats. Perhaps he is afflicted by the diabolical spirits who used to play chess for him.

Prof. Wise, the veteran balloonist, says balloons may be built of boiler iron, if built large enough. He says it is a battle of cubes and surfaces. When the surface is doubled the cube is quadrupled, and a balloon 400 feet in diameter, of copper-plate, would lift up a man-of-war vessel and sail away with it. He predicts great achievements for meteorology when ballooning reaches its fuller development.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has a pen which has seen as good service as Thackeray's more famous one. It is the only one the Doctor has used for all his literary works from '57 until last September, when he dispatched it to the makers for repairs with a certificate of honorable service.

David Purkey, of Morristown, Pa., aged 25, has married his stepgrandmother, aged 60. David must have had an eye to the Purkeysites.

THE JESUIT FATHERS.

Expected Expulsion of the Order from France—A Shelter Asked in Canada.

A dispatch from Montreal says: There is the best authority for saying that the Jesuits in France have written to leading members of the order here, informing them that they expect to be expelled from France during the coming summer, owing to political troubles, and enquiring if their Canadian brethren can accommodate some of the refugees. It is estimated that there are 6,000 Jesuits in France. It is not yet known what answer the Jesuits here have sent to this enquiry.

A brief sketch of the history of the Jesuit order in Canada may not be uninteresting. The first missionaries to New France were the Recollets, mendicant friars of the order of St. Francis. In 1624 Father de Piat, of the Recollets, invited the Jesuits to the colony. The Associated Merchants opposed the scheme, which was favoured, however, by De Levis, the viceroy, and Champlain. The Jesuits had established themselves in Acadia in 1611, and prior to that, 1566, in Florida. Early in 1625 Father de Piat's invitation was accepted, and Fathers Charles Lalemant, Jean de Brebeuf, Enmond Masse, and two lay Jesuits sailed for Canada. Their landing was prohibited by the Associated Merchants for a few days, but on the 1st September they planted a cross, the symbol of dominion, at the junction of the brook Lairet with the River St. Charles, and gave the seigniory the name of Notre Dame of the Angels. Shortly afterwards, Father Rene de Rohant, son of the Marquis de Gamache, laid the foundation stone of the Jesuit College at Quebec, and the order grew rapidly in numbers and wealth. In a few years they supplanted the Recollets, and became the pioneers and spiritual lords of the colony. In 1764 the order was banished from France, Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour having fallen foul of them. The king was anxious that the French Jesuits should have a vicar or general of their own, and it was in reply to a request of this kind that Father Ricci, general of the order, sent the famous answer, *Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*, let them be as they are, or let them not be at all. Many of the fugitives came to Canada. At the British conquest of the colony, the Jesuits, with other religious bodies, were protected in their rights and property by a special article in the terms of capitulation. In 1773, Pope Clement XIV. disbanded the order, and accordingly the order fell to pieces here. It was then urged that as the order had ceased to exist, its property, which had now become vast, should be escheated to the Crown, but it was finally agreed that it should be held by the individual members of the order as *quasi* private property so long as any of them survived. The last of them, Father Cazot, died in 1804 and the property passed to the Crown and was applied to educational purposes. Ten years afterwards, in 1814, Pope Pius VII. cancelled Pope Clement's decree and issued a bull restoring the order. The brethren forthwith entered Canada for the second time, but the forfeiture of their property left them impoverished, though their influence in Lower Canada had always been great. It is estimated that they hold to-day property in Canada to the value of $800,000, but probably this is a minimum valuation.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

Prof. Tyndall's Observations on Organisms in Infusions.

(From the London Times.)

Prof. Tyndall has made a further communication to the Royal Society confirming his former observations on the appearance of organisms in vegetable and animal infusions. Early last July he took with him to the Alps fifty small hermetically-sealed flasks containing infusion of cucumber and fifty containing turnip infusion. Before sealing they had been boiled for five minutes in the laboratory of the Royal Institution. They were carefully packed in sawdust, but when unpacked the fragile sealed ends of about twenty of them were found broken off. Some of these injured flasks were empty, while others still retained their liquids. The eighty unbroken flasks were found pellucid, and they continued so throughout the summer. All the broken ones on the other hand, which had retained their liquids, were turbid with organisms. Shaking up the sawdust, which he knew must contain a considerable quantity of germinal matter, he snipped off the ends of a number of flasks in the air above the sawdust. Exposed to a temperature of 70 degrees or 80 degrees Fahr., the contents of all the flasks became turbid in two or three days.

The experiment was repeated, and after the contaminated air had entered them he exposed the flasks to strong sunshine for a whole summer's day; one batch, indeed, was thus exposed for several successive days. Placed in a room with a temperature of from 70 degrees to 80 degrees Fahrenheit, they all, without exception, became turbid with organisms. Another batch of flasks, after having their sealed ends broken off, was infected by the water of a cascade derived from the melting of the mountain snows. They were afterward exposed to a day's strong sunshine, and subsequently removed to the warm room. In three days they were thickly charged with organisms. On the same day a number of flasks had their heads snipped off in the air beside the cascade. They remained for weeks transparent, and for all the professor knows continue so.

A SPECIMEN INSOLVENT CASE.

An adjourned meeting of creditors of Horne & Burch, dry goods merchants, Stratford, was held in the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on the 7th inst., when the insolvents were examined before Mr. Thos. Miller the assignee. It appears they commenced business in August, 1877. Mr. Horne's capital was $1,000 which he got from his father-in-law; Burch represented that he was to get $1,000 from his brother, part of which he did get, but repaid it all except $250. Mrs. Horne has filed a claim for the above $1,000. A statement produced by the assignee, and sworn to by the insolvents, shows:

Direct liabilities	$22,660 61
Indirect do	1,337 23
Privileged claims	518 31
Total liabilities	$24,516 15
Nominal assets	18,384 02
Deficiency	$6,132 13

In their examination they state that they sold about $42,000 at a profit of 25 per cent. over cost showing that they must have spent together over $1,000 a month during the sixteen months they were in business. But Mr. Horne must needs spend a few weeks in summer at Portland, and Burch a few weeks in the fall with his dogs and gun on the St. Clair Flats, making lame ducks. The assignee is winding up the business. The estate will pay say 35 cents on the dollar. They bought exclusively in Toronto.—*Journal of Commerce.*

AN ARISTOCRATIC LITTLE WAIF.

Last evening about half-past nine o'clock A. J. Lee, who lived at 47 Hopkins street, found a girl baby, apparently about five months old, lying in a basket and the basket sitting in his yard. Mr. Lee's attention was called to the basket and its contents by a boy, who immediately disappeared and could not be found afterward.) It is believed he left the baby where it was found. The basket and its human contents were taken charge of by Mr. Lee, and carried into the house. The basket contained, beside the baby, a bottle of paregoric, a silver spoon, and a good supply of clothing, made up in good style. The child had a gold ring on one of its fingers, and a belt chain around its waist. The following is a copy of a note found in the basket, written in a lady's hand, without any signature:

"I am Baby Mabel Dore. Please take me and care for me, and I may be a blessing to you. Please keep a copy of the morning papers, for when I grow up to be a Miss in my teens, something may turn up that will make them of value to poor little me."

Mr. Lee will keep "Mabel Dore," and comply with the request. The baby is a little beauty.—*Cincinnati Enquirer, Jan. 15.*

THE ELECTORS CATECHISM.

It is seldom that *Blackwood* contains an article of so much undoubted smartness as "The Elector's Catechism" which opens this month's number. An introductory note describes it as having been written at the request of the secretary of a Liberal committee as a "manual of political information," which would be of no use to the general body of Liberal electors. It is divided into 13 sections:—Of patriotism, of the earnest politician, of political parties, of atrocities, of the Church of Ireland, of the Church of England, of the Church of Scotland, of Colonies, of the Empire of India, of the Divine Figure of the North, of Imperialism, etc. Here is an extract from the first section, on Patriotism:—

"Q. Who is a true Patriot?

"A. Mr. Gladstone.

"Q. Who is a false or pseudo Patriot?

"A. The Earl of Beaconsfield.

"Q. How do we know that Mr. Gladstone is a true patriot?

"A. The features of the true Patriot have been traced with rare fidelity by an incomparable pen, and cannot be improved by any later artist. Stay, here is the passage:—

What! shall a name, a word, a sound control
The aspiring thought, and cramp the expansive soul?
Shall one half-peopled Island's rocky round
A love, that glows for all Creation, bound.
No narrow bigot He—his reasoned view
Thy interests, England, ranks with thine, Peru!
War at thy doors, he sees no danger nigh.
But heaves for Russia's woes the impartial sigh;
A steady Patriot of the World alone,
The Friend of every Country—but his own.

And so on.

"Q. How on the other hand, do we know that Lord Beaconsfield is a false or pseudo Patriot?

"A. (a) Because he is 'Machiavelli,' Mephistopheles,' 'Judas,' the lineal descendant of the Impenitent Thief,' 'a malignant Spirit,' 'the evil genius of the Cabinet,' etc., etc., etc.

"(b) Because, though he fights fair, he hits hard.

"(c) Because he suffers from 'levity,' and he can laugh at a joke, especially a joke against himself.

"(d) Because he has 'dished the Whigs.'

"(e) Because he enjoys the confidence of his Sovereign.

"(f) Because he has an overwhelming majority in the House of Peers.

"(g) Because he has an immense majority in the House of Commons.

"(h) Because he has the Country at his back.

"(i) Because he has consolidated our Colonial Empire.

"(j) Because he has secured the road to India.

"(k) Because he has kept the Czar out of Constantinople.

"(l) Because, in short, by vindicating our national honour and extending our ancient renown, he has made us vain, arrogant, dogmatic, insufferable to our neighbors, and quite indifferent as well to those drastic measures of domestic reform which Mr. Forster carries in his pocket, as to the lively Interludes and entertaining Conundrums with which Mr. Gladstone enlightens and adorns *The Nineteenth Century.*"

From the section "Of Political Parties," we take the following:—

"Q. What is the Tory Party?"

"A. The party which is ignorantly and stupidly wedded to the political abuses and the religious fictions of the past.

"Q. What is the 'Past'?

"A. The Past is Nothing. What does not exist is nothing; the past does not exist; therefore the past is nothing.

"Q. What is the Liberal Party?

"A. The Party of Sweetness and Light,—the party which seeks and secures the greatest happiness of the greatest number. (No Turk, however, need apply.)

"Q. What are the Liberal Principles?

"A. The Right of Private Judgment, Toleration, Unsectarian Education, Religious Liberty, Religious Equality.

"Q. What is the Right of Private Judgment?

"A. The Right of Private Judgment is the privilege and obligation of every right minded citizen to think as Mr. Bright thinks.

"Q. What is Toleration?

"A. Toleration is the process by which this obligation is enforced.

"Q. What is Religious Liberty?

"A. Religious Liberty is the inherent and inalienable right of an advanced and earnest Liberal to punish Error and propagate the Truth.

"Q. What is 'the Truth?'

"A. Truth is the latest phase of Liberal opinion, and is to be found mainly in the writings of Mr. Gladstone, Canon Liddon, and the Rev. Malcolm McColl."

The section on "Colonies" contains a well-merited thrust:—

"Q. What are Colonies?

"A. Colonies are like plums—they drop from the parent tree when they attain maturity. It is the duty of a wise statesman to see that they do not remain after they are ripe; otherwise they will rot.

"Q. How is the separation of the Colonies from the Mother Country to be effected?

"A. A dispatch by Earl Granville or the Duke of Argyll has frequently produced a sound and healthy irritation of the Colonial mind; but it is believed that the appointment of the Right Hon. Robert Lowe to the Colonial Secretaryship would, without delay secure the object in view. In the meantime something may be done by extending Manhood suffrage among the Maoris, and giving the Fiji Islanders, under the maternal government of Sir Arthur Gordon, the benefit of cheap newspapers and Trial by Jury."

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE DR WELLS.

Rev. Dr. Wells, who died in Boston Dec. 1, 1878, at the age of eighty-five years, was a christian philanthropist of purest stamp, and was always persistent in doing what he conceived to be his duty. His character is fully portrayed in some *Reminiscences* of him charmingly told by Dr. Samuel W. Francis, of Newport, Rhode Island, a son of the late eminent Dr. John W. Francis, of New York.

Dr. Wells never ate meat on Friday's. He was a frequent guest at the house of Dr. Francis the elder, and as Dr. Wells was very abstemious, there was a constant playful struggle for and against generous living. "I remember," says Dr. Francis the younger, in his *Reminiscences*, "in particular when one morning at breakfast matters came to a crisis. Father had helped Dr. Wells to rolls, and butter, and hominy—so far, good enough; but when he came to a broiled porter-house steak (it being Friday), Dr. Wells rose in argument, and urged its non-acceptance. Father persisted; said Dr. Wells was dying by inches; why starve himself by slow torture? why not commit suicide in a more dignified manner? He would not have a coroner's jury in his house, etc. Seeing the excitement of Dr. Francis, Dr. Wells quietly submitted, and received a delicate piece of the tenderest portion of the steak. The conversation took a different channel; Hannah More, Tillotson, original depravity, Boston east winds, and various other subjects were discussed with animation and interest. From the corner of the table I saw what was going on. Dr. Wells continued to eat his roll and drink his tea, keeping his eye on father, and now and then, when conversation flagged, telling one of his admirable anecdotes. Gradually the steak disappeared—he was burying it beneath the mound of hominy; and, playing with his food, at last concealed every vestige of the meat, and laid his knife and fork across the plate. Father looked down, and seeing 'all gone,' smiled triumphantly, and said:

"The apostle is saved, his life is saved; we have, at least, got the active principle of vitality into his system. Why, boys, I can see the good effects already. There is a slight tendency to apoplexy even now in his face; his eye looks wilder,' etc.

"It was irresistible. A smile began to ripple over Dr. Well's face, and he exclaimed, with a sigh:

"Dear doctor I feel much better. You are to kind;' and looked down on his plate. He could not deceive. In a moment all was discovered, the steak exhumed, and Dr. Wells was forgiven for the immense talent evinced on so important occasion."—Editors drawer, in *Harper's Magazine for February.*

DUTY OF A TELEGRAPHER.

A woman telegrapher says: I make it a rule to read messages literally and before the writer leaves my desk. If you telegraph 'two and two make five,' it's not my place to tell you they make four. I did that once. A tall old man with a cigarette in his mouth, and a tremendous weed on his hat, gave me this message: "The Fall River boat leaves the foot of Twenty third street at 4. Send the donkeys by mail." I said, "You're mistaken, sir; the Fall River boat leaves the down-town pier at 5 o'clock, not 4." I never shall forget the look he gave me. Said he: 'Young woman, you tend to your business and I'll tend to the Fall River boat.' After that, I'd have sent the Bible backward and called my baby a boar, if a customer so wrote it on the blank."

LORNE TRANSLATED INTO BUFFALONESE.

The Admiring Work of an Ingenious Reporter, with a Great Opportunity.

(From the Buffalo Courier.)

His Excellency stepped to the window and leaning upon the open casement gazed for a time upon the boiling waters of old Niagara which rolled at his feet. This was the opportunity *The Courier* representative long had sought. Approaching his Lordship the reporter sprang his pet scheme as follows:

"I beg your pardon," said the reporter, "but I should like to enquire how you are enjoying your visit to Niagara Falls."

"Splendidly, sir, splendidly. We are all having an excellent time. The weather has been simply delightful and we could not have had a finer time during the Winter months for our visit."

"Are you well taken care of?" inquired the reporter.

"Yes indeed. We have been most carefully attended. We have everything in best of taste and style and are much pleased."

"How is her Royal Highness enjoying her first visit?"

"She is having an elegant time and is very enthusiastic over the grand scenery about the Falls, as everybody else is who visits it."

"Are you familiar with Lord Dufferin's idea of establishing an International Park on both sides of Niagara River at Niagara Falls?"

"Yes," replied the Marquis, "I am familiar with that idea to some extent."

"By the way, did you see what Governor Robinson had to say about it?" continued the reporter.

"Oh yes, I read his annual message to the New York State Legislature, and noticed what he had to say on the subject."

"What are your views on the matter, if I may be allowed the question?"

"I coincide with Governor Robinson's views. I think the plan an excellent one, and one that should be put through to a successful end."

"Is it feasible, in your opinion?"

"Certainly. Everything almost is feasible nowadays."

"How can it be done?"

"Well really I have not given the matter sufficient consideration to speak understandingly on the subject."

"In what way would you urge such a movement?"

"O, I am not prepared to say. It would take a deal of money of course, and also much time, but it certainly ought to be done." * * *

The reporter was satisfied, and thanking his Excellency for his consideration, he followed the party up the stairs, who again resumed the sleighs. * * *

His Excellency left his fur coat in the sleigh and when he walked along with his hands stuck in his short sack coat pockets he looked like the Lord he is. * * *

The ladies all appeared at dinner in full dress. Her Royal Highness wore a black silk dress with court train, the only trimming being crape. Upon her neck was a necklace of Whitby jet beads, three strands, and diamond cut. Her hair was arranged in plain bands with jet ornaments, and she looked lovely. The other ladies were also in court costumes and the gentlemen were in full dress.

ENTOMBED IN ICE.

Four Men and a Woman Shut Fast in a Newfoundland Iceberg.

[From the New York Star.]

Capt. Hubert Kane, who arriven in this city yesterday from Gloucester, Mass., in the schooner Flirt, of St. Mary's, N. J., told a very harrowing story. It is to the effect that, while ice-bound in Placentia Bay, on the south coast of Newfoundland, on the 4th inst., he descried what appeared to be a dismantled vessel apparently about two miles off his lee bow. The vessel was also ice-bound. On the following morning he proposed to walk to the vessel, more for the sake of satisfying his curiosity than anything else. The ice was frozen solid and he experienced no difficulty in obtaining the company of a number of the sailors aboard his schooner. Preparatory to starting the party were provided with axes and other articles necessary on exploring trips. After a tiresome journey, throughout which climbing over immense irregular masses of ice was the most noticeable feature, the vessel was reached and discovered to be the hull of a large brig careened over on the port side and imbedded solidly in the ice. Of the two masts only jagged stumps remained. On the stern-post was painted "Adelaide Folquet, Dieppe."

With the aid of the axes, Capt. Kane says, the men ascended the starboard side of the vessel, and upon gaining the decks a terrible sight met their gaze. Near the galley door lay the body of a man face downward, imbedded in the ice so firmly that recognition was impossible until after the corpse had been thoroughly thawed. The steps leading down to the forecastle were completely blocked up by the frozen sea-water. The axes were again called into requisition and the passageway was soon cleared. Below there was a horrifying sight to behold. Diagonally across the floor of the once cosy forecastle another body lay stretched. The appearance of the eyes, mouth and neck gave assurance that decomposition had been arrested in its course by the atmosphere of the improvised ice-box in which it lay. Another corpse was found in the forecastle, with its back nearly upright against, and firmly frozen to, an old sea chest. The head and face of the corpse also presented the appearance of a skull from which every particle of flesh had faded away, and such it would literally have been but for the frail and tightly-drawn covering of withered skin which concealed the bone.

Both of the bodies found in the forecastle were dug out of their temporrry resting place, to which they had been tightly frozen, and conveyed on deck and laid beside the body found in the galley. The entrance to the cabin was next examined and found almost frozen over, except a small aperture through which nothing but darkness was visible. The axes soon removed the icy obstruction, and an entrance into the cabin was effected. An opening was cut through two of the cabin windows, and the light which entered revealed another sickening spectacle, a sadder one by far than the others, for the body of a woman was found lying prostrate in the captain's stateroom. A few feet away protruding boots led to the discovery of another body, the upper portion of which was deeply imbedded in the thick ice which covered the cabin floor from the entrance to the opposite side.

All the bodies were arranged on deck as neatly as the circumstances allowed. The interior of the captain's stateroom contained no ice, and the exploring party found in a locket on the dead woman's neck the miniatures of a handsome man, about 35 years of age, and a pleasant looking woman of about 30—evidently the captain and his wife. On the floor of the stateroom was an ebony crucifix, with the figure of the Redeemer in ivory. The stateroom contained two religious pictures, a writing desk, a medicine chest, two fine trunks, valises, and satchels, which the explorers would not touch until the authorities had been consulted. The men gloomily made their fatiguing journey back to Placentia harbor, where they laid all the particulars of their saddening adventure before the magistrate, who at once took steps to have the bodies brought ashore, together with the ship's papers and other effects secured, until full identification has been made.

A telegram from St. Pierre announced that the Adelaide Folquet, a French brig, had last been seen when she left that port on Nov. 15, with a load of codfish, herring and dried caplin, bound for the port of Marseilles, in France.

THE TERRIBLE PLAGUE IN RUSSIA.

The origin of the plague which is now making such terrible ravages in Russia is clearly traced in the Astrakhan correspondence of the *Globe*. The epidemic appeared in the Cossack village of Vetlyan Stanitza soon after the return of two Cossack regiments from the war in Asia Minor, and was very likely brought over with their old clothes and rags. It is well known that there were many cases of typhus in these regiments during the war, but it has also been ascertained that during their return homeward no one was attacked by the disease. Prior to their homeward march the Cossacks' clothes and their effects were disinfected and well smoked, but probably the men did not expose all their rags and booty to that process, and thus many articles remained infected. The report regarding the appearance of typhus was received by the Cossack authorities toward the end of November. An army surgeon was at once dispatched to Vetlyanka. He returned with the news that there was no typhus, but that there were slight attacks of ague and febricula. Several days passed by, when suddenly news was brought of frightful mortality in the Stanitza. From fifteen to twenty persons died every day, among a population of 600. By December 10 the mortality had increased. There died, among the rest, the doctor of the Astrakhan regiment; the priest met with the same fate, his wife and children running away from fear; several of the local chiefs were also attacked. The Cossack population were seized with a panic; they ceased to approach the sick, and feared to bury the dead. It is reported that the dead bodies lay for days in the streets, with a slight covering of hay thrown over them. At last the inhabitants reached the conclusion that the disease was not typhus, but the plague.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The general dealrs of London—they do not like to be called costermongers—have just held their annual tea-party, under the superintendence of the Cowcross Mission. The ruthless progress of public improvement has of late ousted many of them out of their favorite quarter of Clerkenwell. Mr. Corduroy was the most notable general dealer present, and told how, in his younger days, he had often received 18 pence from gentlemen to betake his barrow and his lungs into another locality.

A subterranean forest of oaks has been discovered in Germany in a valley watered by the river Fulda. Dr. Moesta, a Government geologist, who made the discovery during an official exploration, pronounces the trees to be of enormous size, and to date back in their origin to a remote period. They are entirely buried beneath the surface of the valley, but several hundred of the outermost trunks that border on the banks of the Fulda have been laid bare by the gradually encroaching current of the stream. The wood has acquired a deep black color, and has become exceedingly hard. It is believed that it will make excellent material for sculpture. One trunk that was found in the bed of the river has been removed to Berlin to be placed in the national geological museum. Whether these trees are of a species now in existence or of one that is extinct has not been determined.

The London *Times*, in a recent leader, spoke of the Hebrew as "a language which possesses but a single volume of literature." A correspondent points out that there are 10,000 printed Hebrew books in the library of the British Museum, and that the catalogue of the Hebrew books and manuscripts in the Bodleian Library is a small quarto eight inches thick. It might have been thought that an Oriental language was one of the things the present editor of the "Thunderer" knew something about.

The United Presbyterian Presbytery of Edinburgh has agreed to recommend to the Synod that marriage with a deceased wife's sister shall be no longer a bar to membership in the church.

It is proposed to destroy Haworth Church, which, as all the world knows, is sacred to the memory of Charlotte and Emily Bronte. A protest has been raised, but inasmuch as Milton's house at Westminster has been demolished for business purposes, and Grasmere Church, with which are linked so many memories of Wordsworth and his friends, is to be "restored," it is not likely that the building will be saved.

AN "IMPROVED" TELEPHONE.

[From the Rochester Express.]

It is not very long since the mere possibility of the existence of such a thing as the telephone of to-day was scouted. Now an ordinary telephone is not considered anything unusual by any one. But there is a telephonic apparatus now in operation between the office of the Fire Alarm Telegraph, presided over by Mr. B. F. Blockall, and his residence at No. 42 North Union street, that puts anything before exhibited a little in the shade. It is an improvement on the transmitting instrument of the Bell telephone, and its principal novel features consist in the connecting of the apparatus with a battery. The air piece is the same as in the ordinary Bell telephone. A detailed description of the improvement would hardly be interesting, but one of its workings will. A representative of this paper called at Mr. Blackall's office this morning to find one gentleman holding the ear piece to his head while Mr. Blackall was walking about the room talking in his ordinary tone of voice to his daughter Minnie at his residence, something like a mile away. The mouth piece was against the wall, and some feet away from the speaker. In a moment the reporter was given the ear piece and Mr. Blackall went into another room, at least thirty feet away from the mouth piece, and spoke in a tone of voice very slightly raised. The answer came as promptly and distinctly as possible, and showed that his message must have been heard with perfect ease. And all this notwithstanding that the mouth of the transmitter was pointed in the opposite direction from Mr. Blackall, the sound having to strike the opposite wall and rebound, as it were, at least twelve feet, making forty-two feet in all. Afterward Miss Blackall played on her piano in another room, some twenty-five or thirty feet from the instrument. Then she whispered in the telephone with surprisingly distinct results. Taken all in all the new improvement is the most wonderful in use so far.

QUEER CAUSE FOR DEATH.

A Burr in a Human Heart.

A lady residing near Cleveland, O., died a short time ago from an unknown disease which greatly puzzled the attending physicians, the symptoms being similar to those experienced in rheumatism of the heart. After her long suffering ended in death, a *post mortem* examination revealed one of the most wonderful things known to the medical profession. A large burdock burr was found securely imbedded in the heart, against the posterior surface of the aorta, just at the point where it emerges from the body of the heart, completely covered with cystic-like tissue which had firmly enveloped all the large blood-vessels leading to and from the heart, which organ was in a high state of inflammation, the left ventricle being greatly enlarged. A feature which greatly puzzles the doctors is the fact that the large aorta about three inches from the heart is found to be worn as thin as tissue-paper for about the space of an inch, only the outer covering of the large artery remaining. This is supposed to have been produced by the close proximity of the burr in its passage towards the heart. The specimen was forwarded to the Museum of Bennett Medical College, of this city, and has been inspected by a large number of leading physicians, who unite in pronouncing it one of the most extraordinary cases on record. Yesterday a *Tribune* reporter happened in at the office of Dr. W. H. Davis, corner State and Madison streets, while several physicians were examining this medical wonder. Prof. Davis and others are of the opinion that the burr must have been breathed into the lungs while the woman was a child, as she has been a great sufferer for a number of years, during which time the burr was migrating from the bronchial tubes through the tissues to its final lodging place. —*Chicago Tribune.*

A BUSINESS-LIKE COURTSHIP.

(From the Davenport (Iowa) Democrat.)

A solitary gentleman, sixty years of age, possessing property, and being filled with a desire to have a home of his own, and a wife to keep it in order, conceived the idea of calling upon a very estimable lady whom he had heard of, but never met or spoken to, and of presenting the case for her consideration. He called at the house where the object of his choice resided, and asked to see her. She made her appearance and he made known his business. He stated briefly that he was alone in the world, desired to marry, and heard of her eminent qualifications, offered to provide her a good home, to care for her, and asked her to become his wife. In the same strictly business manner the lady responded that she had heard favorably of her present caller, she had no home of her own, and had no objection to sharing one of his providing. The happy arrangement was thus at once concluded, and the gentleman left. On Wednesday he called again for her, they walked to a minister's residence and were married. Neither of the parties had known each other previous to this unique beginning of their acquaintance. The lady is about forty years of age.

IMPORTANT CHANCERY SUITS

The following suits were up in Chancery Chambers, Toronto, on Monday:

ATTORNEY-GENERAL vs. INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE CO.—This is an information filed last week in the Court of Chancery by her Majesty's Attorney-General for the Province of Ontario at the relation of Robert George Barrett against the International Bridge Company and the Grand Trunk Railway Company seeking the assistance of the Court to compel the defendants to so change the nature of the International Bridge, crossing Niagara River from Victoria, on the Canadian side, to Blackrock, near Buffalo, on the American side, as to permit the crossing of the same by persons on foot and in carriage, setting forth that the Act incorporating the Bridge Company provides that the bridge should be so constructed. This is a matter of very great importance to all those residing in the neighbourhood of the bridge, on both sides of the river, and particularly to Mr. Barrett, the relator, who is very largely interested in the lands immediately adjoining the bridge on the Canadian side.

Re HANEY; CONSOLIDATED BANK v. HANEY.—Davidson moved for an administration order of H. R. Haney's estate. Spragge contra. Order made to administer real and personal estate with reference to St. Catharines.

THE VIOLENT DEATH OF THREE GALLANT BROTHERS.

(From the London Times.)

Few can have read of the lamentable explosion on board her Majesty's ship Thunderer without a feeling of sympathy with those who have thus lost relatives or friends. One of the killed was Lieut. Edward Daniel of the Royal Marine Artillery, a fine and promising young officer. About twenty one years ago two of his brothers were likewise suddenly deprived of life. Lieut. Daniel of the Royal Engineers, just entering on a career of promise, was thrown from a tax cart and killed near Guildford Barracks. He had a few nights previously performed in some amateur theatricals before the Queen. With her usual goodness, the Queen was pleased to convey to his parents her regret that one who had contributed so much to her amusement should have met with such an untimely end.

Then, almost immediately afterward, Midshipman Martin Daniel, of her Majesty's ship Shannon, was killed when serving with the Naval Brigade at the relief of Lucknow, I will quote the words of his Captain, the late Sir William Peel, when writing of the event, Dec. 16, 1857:

That he fell in victory, fighting for the relief of Lucknow, is what you will have already heard. It is in the repetition of that sad news you will find, I trust, some consolation for such a grevious bereavement. He had often been humming a tune of late:

"What will they say in England when the story there is told?
They'll say in dear old England, they'll say t'was nobly done."

It was in front of the Shah Nugget, and in command of an eight-inch howitzer, the noble boy was killed. The enemy's fire was very heavy, and I had just asked him if his gun was ready. He replied, "All ready, sir;" when I said, "Fire the howitzer," and he was answering, "Aye, aye, when a round shot, in less than a moment of time, deprived him of life. We buried him near where he fell, our chaplain reading the service, and in laying him in his resting place we felt—Captain, officers, and men—that we had lost one of the best and noblest of the Shannons.

And now a third son has been snatched away. The last time I saw Lieut. Edward Daniel was at the Naval College at Greenwich, nearly three years ago. Any of his messmates who may read this will remember the fine, active, manly fellow, first in all games, and in everything that was good. He was, a few days ago, the winner of the hurdle race open to the fleet at Artaki Bay.

BOYS MAKE YOUR OWN FORTUNES.

A story comes to us from Ottawa that will be read with interest by every ambitious boy in the Dominion:—Twenty years ago when the seat of government was stationed in Toronto, and the present Sir John Macdonald and the late Sir Geo. Cartier and other Canadian public men, well known to fame, ruled over departments in the Old Hospital in King street, a building long since gone the way of many other of the ancient edifices of "Little York," there lived a certain Deputy head whose official existence was one long rule of tyranny and oppression. This bad old man had for a clerk a young law student, who from day to day and month to month and year to year bore quietly and with exemplary patience the ill-treatment of his superior. A day came, however, when the gentle patience of the clerk was not proof against the domineering and insulting spirit of his ancient enemy, and there would have been blows but for the interference of another clerk in the same building. Taking his younger friend aside, he counselled still greater forbearance. "Have patience, B," he urged; "when I am Chief Justice of Upper Canada and you are minister of the Crown we'll put old Beeswax in his place!" Words spoken in jest frequently come true. Eighteen years had scarcely passed away ere the speaker sat in Osgoode Hall with the ermine! "And the other—the patient and long suffering youth" —some boy exclaims "what became of him?" Well, sir, that good and exemplary young gentleman, who bore his stripes so patiently and exercised such remarkable self-government, he, in the month of October last, was sworn of the Queen's Privy Council, and is now one of the Marquis of Lorne's advisers!! Every boy can point his own moral.—*Mail*

A CALIFORNIA LION KILLED.

From the Napa (Cal.) Reporter.

For some time Mr. D. D. Hill, who a farm in Rag Canyon, about eighteen miles in a northeasterly direction from Napa, has been missing goats from his flock every little while, and where they went or what became of them was a mystery. Last Saturday a young man named Henry Samuels started out with his rifle and dogs to solve the mystery. He soon ran across a large California lion of the male sex, and the presence of the carnivorous beast dispelled all doubt as to the fate of missing goats. Young Samuels at once opened the attack with his rifle wounding the animal, and then the dogs and lion had a tussle. The canines were soon vanquished, however, and then the angry beast made for the hunter, who boldly stood his ground and lodged another bullet in the lions body. At this fire the beast sprang into a tree, and Samuels put five more bullets into him before he died. The dead lion was brought to Napa, and on Monday was on exhibition at Mr. Marvin's stables, on First street. He was of a yellowish-dark color, measured six feet eight inches from tip of tail to nose and stood two feet ten inches high. He was quite fat (goat meat probably agreed with his digestive organs) and weighed 168 pounds. Mr. Hill estimates his loss by the depredation of this animal at about $500. Near the spot where the lion was killed were found five partially devoured goats.

CURIOSITY OF DISEASE.

A remarkable dropsy case is reported from Franklin, Delaware county. Mrs. Addie Lawton was tapped for the first time in February, 1871. Since that time she has been tapped 150 times, and 4,969 pounds of water have been taken from her. Within the last year she has had the operation performed once a week. Although a great sufferer, she is able to be up and attend to her household duties most of the time.

DRESS WARMLY AT HOME.—No defense against draughts is so perfect, says the London *Spectator*, as a common silk handkerchief tied over the head, and a silk vest or one of wash-leather put on between the shirt and waistcoat will keep the body more equably warm than a good fire. A wadded coat will enable the chilly man to sit and work anywhere indoors and so will an extra suit of thin flannel worn during the whole of the active day. Just let any one who doubts what we say try the very simple expedient, when the chilliness becomes unbearable, of putting on his dressing-gown over his ordinary clothing, and in five minutes he will be perfectly comfortable and ready for any work; while he will not suffer, as he fancies he will, when he goes out of doors. The popular notion upon that subject is a mere delusion. You are not strengthened for outdoor work by shivering indoors, but rather weakened, habitual warmth, if not too great, being one of the best preservatives of constitutional strength. A chilly man might as well refuse blankets in bed because they would increase his sense of cold when he got up, as refuse warm clothing indoors because out of doors he would not be sensible of his great-coat. The object is not to be sensible of a pleasant difference, but to be and to remain moderately and healthfully warm—to be insensible, in fact, to ordinary differences of temperature.

An English church association in Manchester has hit upon an admirable device for relieving distress. The ladies purchase materials and cut out garments for distribution among the poor, and then hire needy women to make them at low wages. The sewing women work from eleven to four, are given a good dinner and paid an English sixpence for a day's work. The advantage of this system of relieving the poor is that it brings them out of their own homes into a room which belongs to the ladies, and where the latter can exercise some beneficial influence upon the poor women whom they thus gather together. None but the really destitute care to work for such low wages, and the fact that they are thus willing to help themselves is proof that they are at least deserving of assistance. After a few days a marked improvement is discernible in the conduct and appearance of the poor women, and the ladies come to find the work more engrossing and interesting than they would ever have imagined it possible. One advantage is that the women are taken away from the depressing surroundings of their own homes, where it is difficult for a stranger to visit them and influence them for good without some feeling of being an intruder. The ladies can, however, make their own room as bright and cheerful and homelike as their taste can suggest, and they can, by reading to the women, or by music or singing, confer pleasure and benefits on them which it would be impossible to do in their own homes.

ARTIFICIAL FATTENING.

The fattening of fowls for the market has for a long time occupied the attention of poultry men in this country, but while nearly every known natural process for making the birds take on flesh has been put in practice, little or no regard has ever, I believe, been paid to the use of artificial means for the purpose of bringing about easier and more rapid results. In France and some other countries on the continent of Europe the fattening of poultry has been for years a study, until it has been reduced to a science. Nature is assisted in its work wherever it is practicable, many curious and ingenious instruments for feeding the little birds have been invented. Probably one of the most simple as well as the most effectual of these machines, is now in successful operation in the poultry establishment of a gentleman near Paris. It is constructed in the form of a small rubber pipe about four feet in length, one end of which is attached to a little pump, while the other is placed in a vessel holding the food, which is in a liquid form. The fowls are put in a large coop or cage, which is separated into compartments holding only one bird each, room enough being allowed for very little exercise. It is ascertained by experiment just how much food each fowl can digest comfortably, and the amount is marked on the coop under each division. The food consisting of a mixture of Indian meal, barley meal, milk and water, is put into the machine which is rolled up in front of the nest by means of a light truck, and the operator, opening the bird's mouth, inserts the tube and gently pumps the fluid into the crop, a small faucet being turned when a sufficient quantity has been introduced. A skillful operator will feed about 60 fowls and hour, and perform the work neatly without cruelty. After having been fed in this manner for a few times, the birds become very tractable, and rather seem to enjoy the operation. The time required to fatten the poultry treated as above, is from fifteen to twenty days, according to age and previous condition.—*Exchange.*

"DONNYBROOK FAIR."

Some Facts About Glew's Celebrated Painting, Recently Stolen in Newark, N. J.

Glew's picture of "Donnybrook Fair," which was stolen from a Newark restaurant the other evening has quite a romantic history attached to it. This is the third time it has been stolen. The artist painted the original picture in a small studio, No. 53 Beaver street, New York. The agent who had charge of it sold it to a New York furnishing house for $500. After a long search Glew's found the picture, and the seller agreed to sell it for $500. The artist by a hard struggle obtained that sum, but the owner still refused to part with it. He had the painting in his store, with $1,200 as the price marked upon it. In 1867 Glew came to Newark and continued on painting. He set about painting a new "Donnybrook Fair," which was calculated to far excel the first. This painting was spread on a large canvas, and contains portraits of O'Connell, Samuel Lover, Carleton "Zozymus" and many other celebrities. Glew worked on the painting night and day, and often with an empty stomach. To maintain himself and wife, the furniture of their home and their clothing in their wardrobe was sold. Just as he was about completing the painting, and while he was in Connecticut collecting funds due him by portraits he was robbed of his last painting. Weary and heartsick he returned to Newark, where was taken ill, and his last days were embittered by poverty and disappointment. The picture which has just been carried off was valued at $20,000.

HOW TO FIND A THIEF.

A remarkable case, as showing the amount of superstition still prevalent among the lower orders in England, came before the borough magistrates of Ludlow, Shropshire, on Tuesday. A woman named Collier was summoned under the local by-laws for using abusive language towards another named Oliver. The parties, it appeared, were neighbors, and a sheet having been lost off a garden line the practice of "turning the key and the Bible" was resorted to with a view to the discovery of the thief. The complainant said Oliver met her in the street and told her the Bible had been "turned down" to several houses where suspected persons lived, and that when Mrs. Collier's name was mentioned "the Bible fled out of their hands." The Bible was then turned to see if the sheet was stolen during the day or night, and, as the latter was indicated, Mrs. Collier called her "a —— daylight thief." The Bench dismissed the case, remarking that the superstition was "more like a relic of the past" than a belief of this "advanced age." It is curious to remark how this method of divination, very commonly practiced in the Middle Ages, has survived almost without modification. The Bible is opened at the Book of Ruth, and, balancing the key on the forefinger of each hand, which are formed in the shape of a cross, the verse is repeated commencing, "Whither thou goest I will go." Where it turns the guilty party is to be found.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

A Beetle in a Man's Ear for Three Years.

(From the Poughkeepsie News.)

Some years ago Mr. T. Muckenhoupt of this city went fishing, and, as he supposed, caught cold, which settled in his ear. At all events the hearing was seriously impaired, and for a few days there was an itching sensation. This subsided but the deafness has continued up to this time. On Saturday last, while in conversation with Dr. W. B. Hull, Mr. M. spoke of the trouble, and the doctor told him if he would come to his office he would see what was the trouble. Dr. Hull made an examination, and soon discovered there was in the ear a foreign substance of some kind. By the aid of a small pair of forceps he soon drew out what seemed to be the leg of an insect, and continuing the operation, succeeded in removing the body of a bug known as the "beetle." After its removal M. was able to hear considerable better. It is a remarkable case, and may seem somewhat incredible, but the facts are beyond question.

—Ostrich-feathers are down. At Grahamstown, in South Africa, perfect white feathers can be had for $725 a pound, fine white plumes for $200, black ones for about $70, and drab and fancy colors for $20.

—The proprietor of a building site in Wisconsin advertises his land for sale in this wise: "The town of Poggis and the surrounding country is the most beautiful which nature ever made. The scenery is celestial; also two waggons and a yoke of steers.

—The Geographical Society of Paris has taken his initiatory steps toward forming an emigration society, which will give information to those desiring to emigrate regarding all sections of the civilized world. It will describe the advantages and disadvantages of emigration in detail.

—On Christmas Day grave-robbers at Tonnerre, France, tried to break into the coffin of the Marquis de Tanlay, buried eleven years ago, in the hope of obtaining some costly jewels interred with the body. They broke into the vault and through two or three coffins, and then had to fly.

—People may live to see a vast inland sea in Africa, in the natural basin to the north of the desert of Sahara. M. de Lesseps's surveyors have found that the country through which it is proposed to cut a canal is of sand and soft earth, and entirely free from rocks or other obstacles.

—A dancing idiot, ten years of age, is a resident of Indianapolis. Ever since his birth he has been going through the motions of a waltz to silent music. He is never still in his waking hours. His mother had danced to excess at a ball just before he was born.

—Orton, the Tichborne claimant, has produced a poem about his deceased friend, Whalley, M. P., who is described as being surrounded by a choir of singing angels, while justice descends to liberate the imprisoned heir amid the cheers and tears of a rejoicing and repentant nation.

—Electric-carriage lamps a French inventor proposes to produce, so that ordinary carriages drawn by horses will be illuminated by electricity supplied by the rotary motion of their wheels, locomotives while in motion will light up the trains they draw, and steamships supply themselves with powerful lights.

—Most of the English cathedrals still bear marks of ill-usage in "the troubles." Almost the only one that did not suffer at the hands of Cromwell's army was York Minster. The famous Fairfax was in command there, and would not hear of the desecration of the pride of his native county, deeply to the chagrin those who had vowed its destruction.

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW." TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II., NO. 98. MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12, 1879. POSTAGE PREPAID.

A MEMORY.

INSCRIBED TO ALL WHO LOVE THE NAME OF ROBERT BURNS.

"Sons of the Nith! if aught in thee
Sullied thy brightness, none should see
The blemish, men should view, like me,
Thy life's short dream
And let thy faults, like swan's feet, be
Sunk in the stream."

O Robbie, this night is the night o' thy birth,
The leal Scot will hallow it a' through the earth,
The exile aweary in mind aft returns
To hame where the daisy aye whispers o' Burns.

The blast blew its wildest the night thou wast born,
The pine on the mountain was shattered and torn,
The snow-wreath had happit the glen and the brae,
And the mirk o' the midnight reached into the day.

There were folk rich wi' wisdom who looked in thy face,
They heard i' the distance thy musical grace,
And said, like a loch was the depth o' thy e'n,
For genius had lighted thy brow wi' its sheen.

O Robbie, my heart has been empty sae lang,
Syne the years that are vanish'd were loud wi' thy sang;
And down my auld cheeks rin' the tear-drops o' brine,
When I list to a lilt that was music o' thine.

They say thou had'st faults—but let him who has none
Go cast from yon mountain the uppermost stane
Man sudu'dna be judge, for he downa ken a',
And where thy feet slippit he also may fa'.

The lintie still nestles her young i' the thorn,
And the wee mousie rins 'neath the tassels o' corn,
The glory o' sunlight each sinner returns,
Like a frien' to a heart that in loneliness yearns
But though paths by the Doon, and by hedgerows of Ayr,
The sound o' thy footsteps will echo nae mair,
Thou'rt safe wi' thy harp, where nae word o' farewell
Ever wrenches the heart in "the land o' the leal."

E. B. T.

HIS NATURAL LIFE.

BY MARCUS CLARKE.

CHAPTER VIII.

This reasoning was admitted and acted upon. There were in the harness-cask about fifty pounds of salt meat, and a third of this quantity, together with half a small sack of flour, some tea and sugar mixed together in a bag, and an iron kettle and pannikin, were placed in the whale boat. Rex, fearful of excesses among his crew, had also lowered down one of the two small puncheons of rum which the store-room contained. Cheshire disputed this, and stumbling over a goat that had been taken on board from Philip Island, caught the creature by the leg, and threw it into the sea, bidding Rex take that with him also. Rex dragged the poor beast into the boat, and with this miscellaneous cargo pushed off to shore. The poor goat, shivering, began to bleat piteously, and the men laughed. To a stranger it would have appeared that the boat contained a happy party of fishermen, or coast settlers, returning with the proceeds of a day's marketing.

Laying off as the water shallowed, Rex called to Bates to come for the cargo, and three men with muskets standing up as before, ready to resist any attempt at capture, the provisions, goat and all, were carried ashore. "There!" says Rex, "you can't say we've used you badly, for we've divided the provisions." The sight of this almost unexpected succor revived the courage of the five, and they felt grateful. After the horrible anxiety they had endured all that night, they were prepared to look with kindly eyes upon the men who had come to their assistance.

"Men," said Bates, with something like a sob in his voice, "I didn't expect this. You are good fellows, for there ain't much tucker aboard, I know."

"Yes," affirmed Frere, "you're good fellows."

Rex burst into a savage laugh. "Shut your mouth, you tyrant," said he, forgetting his dandyism in the recollection of his former suffering. "It ain't for your benefit. You may thank the lady and child for it."

Julia Vickers hastened to propitiate the arbiter of her daughter's fate. "We are obliged to you," she said, with a touch of quiet dignity resembling her husband's; "and if I ever get back safely, I will take care that your kindness shall be known."

The swindler and forger took off his leather cap with quite an air. It was five years since a lady had spoken to him; and the old time when he was Mr. Lionel Crofton, a gentleman sportsman, came back again for an instant. At that moment, with liberty in his hand, and fortune all before him, he felt his self-respect return, and he looked the lady in the face without flinching.

"I sincerely trust, madam," said he, "that you will get back safely. May I hope for your good wishes for myself and my companions?"

Listening, Bates burst into a roar of astonished enthusiasm. "What a dog it is!" he cried. "John Rex, John Rex, you were never made to be a convict, man!"

Rex smiled. "Good-bye, Mr. Bates, and God preserve you!"

"Good-bye," says Bates, rubbing his hat off his face, "and I—I—damme I hope you'll get safe off—there!—for liberty's sweet to every man!"

"Good-bye, prisoners," says Sylvia, waving her handkerchief; "and I hope they won't catch you, too."

So, with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, the boat departed.

In the emotion which the apparently disinterested conduct of John Rex had occasioned the exiles, all earnest thought of their own position had vanished, and, strange to say, the prevailing feeling was that of anxiety for the ultimate fate of the mutineers. But as the boat grew smaller and smaller in the distance, so did their consciousness of their own situation grow more and more distinct; and when at last the boat had disappeared in the shadow of the brig, all started, as if from a dream, to the wakeful contemplation of their own case.

A council of war was held, with Mr. Frere at the head of it, and the possessions of the little party were thrown into common stock. The salt meat, flour and tea were placed in a hollow rock at some distance from the beach, and Mr. Bates was appointed purser, to apportion to each, without fear or favor, his stated allowance. The goat was tethered with a piece of fishing line sufficiently long to allow her to browse. The cask of rum, by special agreement, was placed in the innermost recess of the rock, and it was resolved that its contents should not be touched except in case of sickness, or in last extremity. There was no lack of water, for a spring ran bubbling from the rocks within a hundred yards of the spot where the party had landed. They calculated that, with prudence, their provision would last them for nearly four weeks.

It was found, upon a review of their possessions that they had among them three pocket-knives, a ball of string, three pipes and a fig of tobacco, a portion of fishing-line, with hooks, and a big jack-knife, which Frere had taken to gut the fish he had expected to catch. But they saw with dismay that there was nothing which could be used axe-wise among the party. Mrs. Vickers had her shawl, and Bates a pea-jacket, but Frere and Grimes were without extra clothing. It was agreed that each should retain his own property, with the exception of the fishing-lines, which were confiscated to the commonwealth.

Having made these arrangements, the kettle, filled with water from the spring, was slung from three green sticks over the fire, and a pannikin of weak tea, together with a biscuit, served out to each of the party, save Grimes, who declared himself unable to eat. Breakfast over, Bates made a damper, which was cooked in the ashes, and then another council was held as to future habitation.

It was clearly evident that they could not sleep in the open air. It was the middle of summer, and though no annoyance from rain was apprehended, the heat in the middle of the day was most oppressive. Moreover, it was absolutely necessary that Mrs. Vickers and the child should have some place to themselves. At a little distance from the beach was a sandy rise, that led up to the face of the cliff, and on the eastern side of this rise grew a forest of young trees. Frere proposed to cut down these trees, and make a sort of hut with them. It was soon discovered, however, that the pocket-knives were insufficient for this purpose, but by dint of notching the young saplings, and then breaking them down, they succeeded, in a couple of hours, in collecting wood enough to roof over a space between the hollow rock which contained the provisions and another rock, in shape like a hammer, which jutted out within five yards of it. Mrs. Vickers and Sylvia were to have this hut as a sleeping place, and Frere and Bates, lying at the mouth of the larder, would at once act as a guard to it and them. Grimes was to make for himself another hut where the fire had been lighted on the previous night.

When they got back to dinner, inspirited by this resolution, they found poor Mrs. Vickers in great alarm. Grimes, who, by reason of the dent in his skull, had been left behind, was walking about the sea-beach, talking mysteriously, and shaking his fist at an imaginary foe. On going up to him, they discovered that the blow had affected his brain, for he was delirious. Frere endeavored to soothe him, without effect; and at last, by Bates's advice, the poor fellow was rolled in the sea. The cold bath quelled his violence, and, being laid beneath the shade of a rock hard by, he fell into a condition of great muscular exhaustion, and slept.

The damper was then portioned out by Bates, and, together with a small piece of meat, it formed the dinner of the party. Mrs. Vickers reported that she had observed a great commotion on board the brig, and thought that the prisoners were throwing overboard such portions of the cargo as were not absolutely necessary to them, in order to lighten her. This notion Bates declared to be correct, and further pointed out that the mutineers had got out a kedge-anchor, and, by hauling on the kedge-line, were gradually warping the brig down the harbor. Before dinner was over, a light breeze sprung up, and the Osprey, running up the union-jack reversed, fired a musket, either in farewell or triumph, and, spreading her sails, disappeared round the western horn of the harbor.

Mrs. Vickers, taking Sylvia with her, went away a few paces, and, leaning against the rugged wall of her future home, wept bitterly. Bates and Frere affected cheerfulness, but each felt that he had hitherto regarded the presence of the brig as a sort of safeguard, and had never fully realized his own loneliness until now.

The necessity for work, however, admitted of no indulgence of vain sorrow, and Bates setting the example, the pair worked so hard that by night-fall they had torn down and dragged together sufficient brush-wood to complete Mrs. Vickers' hut. During the progress of this work they were often interrupted by Grimes, who persisted in vague rushes at them, exclaiming loudly against their supposed treachery in leaving him at the mercy of the mutineers. Bates also complained of the pain caused by the wound in his forehead and that he was afflicted with a giddiness which he knew not how to avert. By dint of frequently bathing his head at the spring, however, he succeeded in keeping on his legs, until the work of dragging together the boughs was completed, when he threw himself on the ground, and declared that he could rise no more.

Frere applied to him the remedy that had been so successfully tried upon Grimes, but the salt-water inflamed his wound and rendered his condition worse. Mrs. Vickers recommended that a little spirit-and-water should be used to wash the cut, and the cask was got out and broached for that purpose. Tea and damper formed their evening meal; and by the light of a blazing fire their condition looked less desperate. Mrs. Vickers had set the pannikin on a flat stone, and dispensed the tea with an affectation of dignity which would have been absurd, had it not been heart rending. She had smoothed her hair, and pinned the white shawl about her coquettishly; she even ventured to lament to Mr. Frere that she had not brought more clothes. Sylvia was in high spirits, and scorned to confess hunger. When the tea had been drunk, she fetched water from the spring in the kettle, and bathed Bates's head with it. It was resolved that, on the morrow, a search should be made for some place from which to cast the fishing-line, and that one of the number should fish daily.

The condition of the unfortunate Grimes now gave cause for the greatest uneasiness. From maundering foolishly, he had taken to absolute violence, and had to be watched by Frere. After much muttering and groaning, the poor fellow at last dropped off to sleep, and Frere, having assisted Bates to his sleeping place in front of the rock, and laid him down on a heap of green brush-wood, prepared to snatch a few hours' slumber. Wearied by excitement and the labors of the day, he slept heavily, but toward morning was awakened by a strange noise.

Grimes, whose delirium had apparently increased, had succeeded in forcing his way through the rude fence of brush-wood, and had thrown himself upon Bates with the ferocity of insanity. Growling to himself, he had seized the unfortunate pilot by the throat, and the pair were struggling together. Bates, weakened by the sickness that had followed upon his wound in the head, was quite unable to cope with his desperate assailant, but, calling feebly upon Frere for help, had made shift to lay hold upon the jack-knife of which we have before spoken. Frere, starting to his feet, rushed to the assistance of the pilot, but was too late. Grimes, enraged by the sight of the knife, tore it from Bates's grasp, and, before Frere could catch his arm, plunged it twice into the unfortunate man's breast.

"I'm a dead man!" cried Bates, faintly.

The sight of the blood, together with the exclamation of his victim, recalled Grimes to consciousness. He looked in bewilderment at the bloody weapon, and then flinging it from him, rushed away toward the sea, into which he plunged headlong.

Frere, aghast at this sudden and terrible tragedy, gazed after him, and saw from out the placid water, sparkling in the bright beams of morning, a pair of arms, with outstretched hands, emerge; a black spot, that was a head, uprose between these stiffening arms, and then, with a horrible cry, the whole disappeared, and the bright water sparkled as placidly as before. The eyes of the terrified Frere traveling back to the wounded man, saw, midway between this sparkling water and the knife that lay on the sand, an object that went far to explain the maniac's sudden burst of fury. The rum cask lay upon its side by the remnants of last night's fire, and close to it was a clout, with which the head of the wounded man had been bound. It was evident that the poor creature, wandering in his delirium, had come across the rum cask, drunk a quantity of its contents, and been maddened by the fiery spirit.

Frere hurried to the side of Bates, and, lifting him up, strove to staunch the blood that flowed from his chest. It would seem that he had been resting himself on his left elbow, and that Grimes, snatching the knife from his right hand, had stabbed him twice in the right breast. He was pale and senseless, and Frere feared that the wound was mortal. Tearing off his neck-handkerchief, he endeavored to bandage the wound, but found that the strip of silk was insufficient for the purpose. The noise had roused Mrs. Vickers, who, stifling her terror, made haste to tear off a portion of her dress, and with this a bandage of sufficient width was made. Frere went to the cask to see if, haply, he could obtain from it a little spirit with which to moisten the lips of the dying man; but it was empty. Grimes, after drinking his fill, had overturned the unheaded puncheon, and the greedy sand had absorbed every drop of liquor. Sylvia brought some water from the spring, and Mrs. Vickers bathing Bates's head with this, he revived a little. By-and-by Mrs. Vickers milked the goat—she had never done such a thing before in all her life—and the milk being given to Bates in a pannikin, he drank it eagerly, but vomited it almost instantly. It was evident that he was sinking from some internal injury.

None of the party had much appetite for breakfast, but Frere, whose sensibilities were less acute than those of the others, ate a piece of salt meat and damper. It struck him, with a curious feeling of pleasant selfishness, that now Grimes had gone, the allowance of provisions would be increased, and that if Bates went also, it would be increased still further. He did not give utterance to his thoughts, however, but sat with the wounded man's head on his knees, and brushed the settling flies from his face. He hoped, after all, that the pilot would not die, for he should then be left alone to look after the women. Perhaps some such thought was agitating Mrs. Vickers also. As for Sylvia, she made no secret of her anxiety.

"Don't die, Mr. Bates—oh, don't die!" she said, standing, piteously, near, but afraid to touch him. "Don't leave mamma and me alone in this dreadful place!"

Poor Bates of course said nothing, but Frere frowned heavily, and Mrs. Vickers said reprovingly. "Sylvia!" just as if they had been in the old house on distant Sarah Island.

In the afternoon Frere went away to drag together some wood for the fire, and when he returned he found the pilot near his end. Mrs. Vickers said that for an hour he had lain without motion, and almost without breath. The major's wife had seen more than one death-bed, and was calm enough; but poor little Sylvia, sitting on a stone hard by, shook with terror. She had a dim notion that death must be accompanied by violence. As the sun sunk, Bates rallied; but the two watchers knew that it was but the final flicker of the expiring candle. "He's going!" said Frere at length, under his breath, as though fearful of awaking his half-slumbering soul. Mrs. Vickers, her eyes streaming with silent tears, lifted the honest head, and moistened the parched lips with her soaked handkerchief. A tremor shook the once stalwart limbs, and the dying man opened his eyes. For an instant he seemed bewildered, and then, looking from one to the other, intelligence returned to his glance, and it was evident that he remembered all. His gaze rested upon the pale face of the affrighted Sylvia, and then turned to Frere. There could be no mistaking the mute appeal of those eloquent eyes.

"Yes, I'll take care of her," said Frere.

Bates smiled, and then, observing that the blood from his wound had stained the white shawl of Mrs. Vickers, he made an effort to move his head. It was not fitting that a lady's shawl should be stained with the blood of a poor fellow like himself. The fashionable fribble, with quick instinct, understood the gesture, and gently drew the head back upon her bosom. In the presence of death the woman was womanly. For a moment all was silent, and they thought he had gone; but all at once he opened his eyes, and looked round for the sun.

"Turn my face to it once more!" he whispered; and as they raised him, he inclined his ear to listen. "It's calm enough here, God bless it," he said; "but I can hear the waves a-breaking hard upon the bar!"

And so his head drooped, and he died.

As Frere relieved Mrs. Vickers from the weight of the corpse, Sylvia ran to her mother. "Oh, mamma, mamma!" she cried, "why did God let him die when we wanted him so much?"

Before it grew dark, Frere made shift to carry the body to the shelter of some rocks at a little distance, and, spreading the jacket over the face, he piled stones upon it to keep it steady. The march of events had been so rapid, that he scarcely realized that since the previous evening two of the five human creatures left in this wilderness had escaped from it. As he did realize it, he began to wonder whose turn it would be next.

Mrs. Vickers, worn out by the fatigue and excitement of the day, retired to rest early; and Sylvia, refusing to speak to Frere, followed her mother. This manifestation of unaccountable dislike on the part of the child hurt Maurice more than he cared to own. He felt angry with her for not loving him, and yet he took no pains to conciliate her. It was with a curious pleasure that he remembered how she must soon look up to him as her chief protector. Had Sylvia been a few years older, the young men would have thought himself in love with her.

The following day passed gloomily. It was hot and sultry, and a dull haze hung over the mountains. Frere spent the morning in scooping a grave in the sand, in which to inter poor Bates. Practically awake to his own necessities, he removed such portions of clothing from the body as would be useful to him, but hid them under a stone, not liking to let Mrs. Vickers see what he had done. Having completed the grave by mid-day, he placed the corpse therein, and rolled as many stones as possible to the sides of the mound. In the afternoon he cast the fishing-line from the point of a rock he had marked the day before, but caught nothing. Passing by the grave, on his return, he noticed that Mrs. Vickers had placed at the head of it a rude cross, formed by tying two pieces of stick together.

After supper—the usual salt meat and damper—he lighted an economical pipe, and tried to talk to Sylvia. "Why won't you be friends with me, missy?" he asked.

"I don't like you," said Sylvia. "You frighten me."

"Why?"

"You are not kind. I don't mean that you do cruel things, but you are— Oh, I wish papa was here!"

"Wishing won't bring him," says Frere, pressing his hoarded tobacco together with prudent forefinger.

"There! That's what I mean! Is that kind? 'Wishing won't bring him!' Oh, if it only would!"

"I didn't mean it unkindly," says Frere. "What a strange child you are!"

"There are persons," says Sylvia, "who have no Affinity for each other. I read about it in a book papa had, and I suppose that's what it is. I have no Affinity for you. I can't help it, can I?"

"Rubbish!" Frere returned. "Come here, and I'll tell you a story."

Mrs. Vickers had gone back to her cave, and the two were alone by the fire, near which stood the kettle and the newly made damper. The child, with some show of hesitation, came to him, and he caught and placed her on his knee. The moon had not yet risen, and the shadows cast by the flickering fire seemed weird and monstrous. The wicked wish to frighten this helpless creature came to Maurice Frere.

"There was once," said he, "a castle in an old wood, and in this castle there lived an ogre, with great goggle eyes."

"You silly man!" said Sylvia, struggling to be free. "You are trying to frighten me."

"And this ogre lived on the bones of little girls. One day a little girl was traveling the wood, and she heard the ogre coming. Haw! haw! Haw! haw!"

"Mr. Frere, let me down!"

"She was terribly frightened, and she ran, and ran, and ran, until all of a sudden she saw——"

A piercing scream burst from his companion. "Oh! oh! What's that?" she cried, and clung to her persecutor.

On the other side of the fire stood the figure of a man. He staggered forward, and then, falling on his knees, stretched out his hands, and hoarsely articulated one word—"Food!" It was Rufus Dawes.

The sound of a human voice broke the spell of terror that was on the child, and as the glow from the fire fell upon the tattered yellow garments, she guessed at once the whole story. Not so Maurice Frere. He saw before him a new danger, a new mouth to share the scanty provision, and snatching a brand from the fire, he kept the convict at bay. But Rufus Dawes, glaring round with wolfish eyes, caught sight of the damper resting against the iron kettle, and made a clutch at it. Frere dashed the brand in his face. "Stand back!" he cried. "We have no food to spare."

The convict uttered a savage cry, and, raising the iron gad, plunged forward desperately to attack this new enemy; but, quick as thought, the child glided past Frere, and snatching the loaf, placed it in the hands of the starving man, with, "Here, poor prisoner, eat!" and then, turning to Frere, she cast upon him a glance so full of horror, indignation, and surprise, that the man blushed and threw down the brand.

As for Rufus Dawes, the sudden apparition of this golden-haired girl seemed to have transformed him. Allowing the loaf to slip through his fingers, he gazed with haggard eyes at the retreating figure of the child, and as it vanished into the darkness outside the circle of fire-light, the unhappy man sunk his face upon his blackened, horny hands, and burst into tears.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. DAWES.

The coarse tones of Maurice Frere roused him. "What do you want?" he asked.

Rufus Dawes, raising his head, contemplated the figure before him, and recognized it. "Is it you?" he said, slowly.

"What do you mean? Do you know me?" asked Frere, drawing back. But the convict did not reply. His momentary emotion passed away, the pangs of hunger returned, and greedily seizing upon the piece of damper, he began to eat in silence.

"Do you hear, man?" repeated Frere, at length. "What are you?"

"An escaped prisoner. You can give me up in the morning. I've done my best, and I'm beat."

This sentence struck Frere with dismay. The man did not know that the settlement had been abandoned!

"I can not give you up. There is no one but myself and a woman and child on the settlement." Rufus Dawes, pausing in his eating, stared at him in amazement. "The prisoners have gone away in the schooner. If you choose to remain free, you can do so as far as I am concerned. I am as helpless as you are."

"But how do you come here?"

Frere laughed bitterly. To give explanations to convicts was foreign to his experience, and he did not relish the task. In this case, however, there was no help for it. "The prisoners mutinied and seized the brig."

"What brig?"

"The Osprey."

A terrible light broke upon Rufus Dawes, and he began to understand how he had again missed his chance. "Who took her?"

"That double-dyed villain, John Rex," says Frere, giving vent to his passion. "May she sink, and burn, and——"

"Have they gone, then?" cried the miserable man, clutching at his hair with a gesture of hopeless rage.

"Yes; two days ago, and have left us here to starve."

Rufus Dawes burst into a laugh so discordant that it made the other shudder. "We'll starve together, Maurice Frere," said he; "for while you've a crust, I'll share it. If I don't get liberty, at least I'll have revenge!"

The sinister aspect of this famished savage sitting with his chin on his ragged knees, rocking himself to and fro in the light of the fire, gave Mr. Maurice Frere a new sensation. He felt as might have felt that African hunter who, returning to his camp-fire, found a lion there. "Wretch!" said he, shrinking from him, "why should you wish to be revenged on me?"

The convict turned upon him with a snarl. "Take care what you say! I'll have no hard words. Wretch! If I am a wretch, who made me one? If I hate you and myself and the world, who made me hate it? I was born free—as free as you are. Why should I be sent to herd with beasts, and condemned to this slavery, worse than death? Tell me that, Maurice Frere—tell me that!"

"I didn't make the laws," says Frere; "why do you attack me?"

"Because you are what I was. You are free! You can do as you please. You can love, you can work, you can think. I can only hate!" He paused as if astonished at himself, and then continued, with a low laugh, "Fine words for a convict, eh! But, never mind, it's all right, Mr. Frere; we're equal now, and I shan't die an hour sooner than you, though you are a free man!"

Frere began to think that he was dealing with another madman. "Die! There's no need to talk of dying," he said, as soothingly as it was possible for him to say it. "Time enough for that by-and-by."

"There spoke the free man. We convicts have an advantage over you gentlemen. You are afraid of death; we pray for it. It is the best thing that can happen to us——Die They were going to hang me once. I wish they had. My God, I wish they had!"

There was such a depth of agony in this terrible utterance that Maurice Frere was appalled at it. "There, go and sleep, my man," he said. "You are knocked up. We'll talk in the morning."

"Hold on a bit!" cries Rufus Dawes, with a coarseness of manner altogether foreign to that he had just assumed. "Who's with ye?"

"The wife and daughter of the commandant," replied Frere, half afraid to refuse an answer to a question so fiercely put.

"No one else?"

"No."

"Poor souls!" said the convict, "I pity them." And then he stretched himself, like a dog, before the blaze, and went to sleep instantly.

Maurice Frere looked at the gaunt figure of this addition to the party, and was completely puzzled how to act. Such a character had never before come within the range of his experience. He knew not what to make of the fierce, ragged, desperate man, who wept and threatened by turns—who was now snarling in the most repulsive bass of the convict gamut, and now calling upon Heaven in tones which were little less than eloquent. At first he thought of precipitating himself upon the sleeping wretch and pinioning him; but a second glance at the sinewy, though wasted, limbs forbade him to follow out the rash suggestion of his own fears. Then a horrible prompting—arising out of his former cowardice—made him feel for the jack-knife with which one murder had already been committed. The stock of provisions was so scanty, and, after all, the lives of the woman and child were worth more than that of this unknown desperado! But, to do him justice, the thought no sooner shaped itself than he crushed it out. "We'll wait till morning, and see how he shapes," said Frere to himself; and pausing at the brush-wood barricade, behind which the mother and daughter were clinging to each other, he whispered that he was on guard outside, and that the absconder slept. But when morning dawned, he found that there was no need for alarm. The convict was lying in almost the same position as that in which he had left him, and his eyes were closed. His threatening outbreak of the previous night had been produced by the excitement of his sudden rescue, and he was now incapable of violence. Frere advanced and shook him by the shoulder.

"Not alive!" cried the poor wretch, waking with a start, and raising his arm to strike. "Keep off!"

"It's all right," said Frere. "No one is going to harm you. Wake up."

Rufus Dawes glanced around him stupidly, and then remembering what had happened, with a great effort he staggered to his feet. "I thought they'd got me," he said; "but it's the other way, I see. Come, let's have breakfast, Mr. Frere. I'm hungry."

"You must wait," said Frere. "Do you think there is no one here but yourself?"

Rufus Dawes, swaying to and fro from weakness, passed his shred of a cuff over his eyes. "I don't know any thing about it. I only know I'm hungry."

Frere stopped short. Now or never was the time to settle future relations. Lying awake in the night, with the jack-knife ready to his hand, he had decided on the course of action that must be adopted. The convict should share with the rest, but no more. If he rebelled at that, there must be a trial of strength between them. "Look you here," he said. "We have but barely enough food to serve us until help comes—if it does come. I have the care of that poor woman and child, and I will see fair play for their sakes. You shall share with us to our last bit and drop; but, by Heaven, you shall get no more."

The convict, stretching out his wasted arms, looked down upon them with the uncertain gaze of a drunken man. "I am weak now," he said. "You have the best of me;" and then he sunk suddenly down upon the ground, exhausted. "Give me drink!" he moaned, feebly motioning with his hand.

Frere got him water in the pannikin, and having drunk it, he smiled, and lay down to sleep again. Mrs. Vickers and Sylvia, coming out while he still slept, recognized him as the desperado of the settlement.

"He was the most desperate man we had," said Mrs. Vickers, identifying herself with her husband. "Oh, what shall we do?"

"He won't do much harm," returned Frere, looking down at the notorious ruffian with curiosity. "He's as near dead as can be."

Sylvia looked up at him with her clear child's glance. "We mustn't let him die," said she. "That would be murder."

"No, no," returned Frere, hastily; "no one wants him to die. But what can we do?"

"I'll nurse him!" cried Sylvia.

Frere broke into one of his coarse laughs, the first one that he had indulged in since the mutiny. "You nurse him! By George, that's a good one!" The poor little child, weak and excitable, felt the contempt in the tone, and burst into a passion of sobs. "Why do you insult me, you wicked man? The poor fellow's ill, and he'll—he'll die, like Mr. Bates. Oh, mamma, mamma, let's go away by ourselves."

Frere swore a great oath, and walked away. He went into the little wood under the cliff, and sat down. He was full of strange thoughts, which he could not express, and which he had never owned before. The dislike the child bore to him made him miserable, and yet he took delight in tormenting her. He was conscious that he had acted the part of a coward the night before in endeavoring to frighten her, and that the detestation she bore him was well earned; but he had fully determined to stake his life in her defense, should the savage who had thus come upon them out of the desert attempt violence, and he was unreasonably angry at the pity she had shown. It was not fair to be thus misinterpreted. But he had done wrong to swear and more so in quitting them so abruptly. The consciousness of his wrong-doing, however, only made him more confirmed in it. His native obstinacy would not allow him to retract what he had said—even to himself. Walking along, he came to Bates' grave, and the cross upon it. Here was another evidence of ill-treatment. She had always preferred Bates. Now that Bates was gone, she must needs transfer her childish affections to a convict. "Oh," said Frere to himself, with pleasant recollections of many coarse triumphs in love-making, "if you were a woman, you little vixen, I'd make you love me!" When he had said this, he laughed at himself for his folly—He was turning romantic!

When he got back, he found Dawes stretched upon the brush-wood, with Sylvia sitting near him.

"He is better," said Mrs. Vickers, disdaining to refer to the scene of the morning. "Sit down and have something to eat, Mr. Frere."

"Are you better?" asked Frere, abruptly.

To his surprise, the convict answered quite civilly, "I shall be strong again in a day or two, and then I can help you, sir."

"Help me? How?"

"To build a hut here for the ladies. And we'll live here all our lives, and never go back to the sheds any more."

"He has been wandering a little," said Mrs. Vickers. "Poor fellow, he seems quite well behaved."

The convict began to sing a little German song, and to beat the refrain with his hand. Frere looked at him with curiosity. "I wonder what the story of that man's life has been," he said. "A queer one, I'll be bound."

Sylvia looked up at him with a forgiving smile. "I'll ask him when he gets well," she said, "and if you are good, I'll tell you, Mr. Frere."

Frere accepted the proffered friendship. "I am a great brute, Sylvia, sometimes, ain't I?" he said; "but I don't mean it."

"You are," returned Sylvia, frankly; "but let's shake hands, and be friends. It's no use quarrelling when there are only four of us, is it?"

And in that way was Rufus Dawes admitted a member of the family circle.

Within a week from the night on which he had seen the smoke of Frere's fire, the convict had recovered his strength, and had become an important personage. The distrust with which he had been at first viewed had worn off, and he was no longer an outcast, to be shunned and pointed at, or to be referred to in whispers. He had abandoned his rough manner, and no longer threatened or complained, and though at times a profound melancholy would oppress him, his spirits were more even than those of Frere's, who was often moody, sullen, and overbearing. Rufus Dawes was no longer the brutalized wretch who had plunged into the dark waters of the bay to escape a life he loathed, and had alternately cursed and wept in the solitudes of the forests. He was an active member of society—a society of four—and he began to regain an air of independence and authority. This change had been wrought by the influence of little Sylvia. Recovered from the weakness consequent upon his terrible journey, Rufus Dawes had experienced for the first time in six years the soothing power of kindness. He had now an object to live for beyond himself. He was of use to somebody; and had he died, he would have been regretted. To us this means little; to this unhappy man it meant every thing. He found, to his astonishment, that he was not despised, and that, by the strange concurrence of circumstances, he had been brought into a position in which his convict experiences gave him authority. He was skilled in all the mysteries of the prison sheds. He knew how to sustain life on as little food as possible. He could fell trees without an ax, bake bread without an oven, build a weather-proof hut without bricks or mortar. From the patient he became the adviser; and from the adviser, the commander. In the semi-savage state to which these four human beings had been brought, he found that savage accomplishments were of most value. Might was Right, and Maurice Frere's authority of gentility soon succumbed to Rufus Dawes' authority of knowledge.

As the time wore on, and the scanty stock of provisions decreased, he found that his authority grew more and more powerful. Did question arise as to the qualities of a strange plant, it was Rufus Dawes who could pronounce upon it. Were fish to be caught, it was Rufus Dawes who caught them. Did Mrs. Vickers complain of the instability of her brush-wood hut, it was Rufus Dawes who worked a wicker shield, and plastering it with clay, produced a wall that defied the keenest wind. He made cups out of pine knots, and plates out of bark-strips. He worked harder than any three men. Nothing daunted him, nothing discouraged him. When Mrs. Vickers fell sick, from anxiety and insufficient food, it was Rufus Dawes who gathered fresh leaves for her couch, who cheered her by hopeful words, who voluntarily gave up half his own allowance of meat that she might grow the stronger on it. The poor woman and her child called him Mr. Dawes.

Frere watched all this with dissatisfaction that amounted at times to positive hatred. Yet he could say nothing, for he could not but acknowledge that, beside Dawes, he was incapable. He even submitted to take orders from this escaped convict—it was so evident that the escaped convict knew better than he. Sylvia began to look upon Dawes as a second Bates. He was, moreover, all her own. She had an interest in him, for she had nursed and protected him. If it had not been for her, this prodigy would not have lived. He felt for her an absorbing affection that was almost a passion. She was his good angel, his protectress, his glimpse of heaven. She had given him food when he was starving, and had believed in him when the world—the world of four—had looked coldly on him. He would have died for her, and, for love of her, hoped for the vessel which should take her back to freedom and give him again to bondage.

But the days stole on, and no vessel appeared. Each day they eagerly scanned the watery horizon; each day they longed to behold the bowsprit of the returning Lady-bird glide past the jutting rock that shut out the view of the harbor—but in vain. Mrs. Vickers' illness increased, and the stock of provisions began to run short. Dawes talked of putting himself and Frere on half allowance. It was evident that, unless succor came in a few days, they must starve.

Frere mooted all sorts of wild plans for obtaining food. He would make a journey to the settlement, and, swimming the estuary, search if haply any casks of biscuit had been left behind in the hurry of departure. He would set springes for the sea-gulls, and snare the pigeons at Liberty Point. But all these proved impracticable, and with blank faces they watched their bag of flour grow smaller and smaller daily. Then the notion to escape was broached. Could they construct a raft? Impossible, without nails or ropes. Could they build a boat? Equally impossible for the same reason. Could they raise a fire sufficient to signal a ship? Easily; but what ship would come within reach of that doubly desolate spot? Nothing could be done but wait for a vessel, which was sure to come for them sooner or later; and, growing weaker day by day, they waited.

One day Sylvia was sitting in the sun reading the English History, which, by the accident of fright, she had brought with her on the night of the mutiny. "Mr. Frere," said she suddenly, "what is an alchemist?"

"A man who makes gold," was Frere's not very accurate definition.

"Do you know one?"

"No."

"Do you, Mr. Dawes?"

"I knew a man who once thought himself one."

"What? A man who made gold?"

"After a fashion."

"But did he make gold?" persisted Sylvia.

"No, not absolutely make it. But he was, in his worship of money, an alchemist, for all that."

"What became of him?"

"I don't know," said Dawes, with so much constraint in his tone that the child instinctively turned the subject.

"Then alchemy is a very old art?"

"Oh yes."

"Did the Ancient Britons know it?"

"No, not so old as that."

Sylvia suddenly gave a little scream. The remembrance of the evening when she read about the Ancient Britons to poor Bates came vividly into her mind, and though she had since re-read the passage that had then attracted her attention a hundred times, it had never before presented itself to her in its full significance. Hurriedly turning the well-thumbed leaves, she read aloud the passage which had provoked remark:

"The Ancient Britons were little better than barbarians. They painted their bodies with woad, and, seated in their light coracles of skin stretched upon slender wooden frames, must have presented a wild and savage appearance."

"A coracle! That's a boat! Can't we make a coracle, Mr. Dawes?"

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT THE SEA-WEED SUGGESTED.

The question gave the marooned party new hopes. Maurice Frere, with his usual impetuosity, declared that the project was a most feasible one, and wondered—as such men will wonder—that it had never occurred to him before. "It's the simplest thing in the world!" he cried. "Sylvia, you have saved us!" But upon taking the matter into more earnest consideration, it became apparent that they were as yet a long way from the realization of their hopes. To make a coracle of skins seemed sufficiently easy, but how to obtain the skins? The one miserable hide of the unlucky she-goat was utterly inadequate for the purpose. Sylvia—her face beaming with hope of escape, and with delight at having been the means of suggesting it—watched narrowly the countenance of Rufus Dawes, but she marked no answering gleam of joy in those downcast eyes. "Can't it be done, Mr. Dawes?" she asked, trembling for the reply.

The convict knitted his brows gloomily.

"Come, Dawes!" cried Frere, forgetting his enmity for an instant, in the flash of new hope, "can't you suggest something?"

Rufus Dawes, thus appealed to as the acknowledged head of the little society, felt a pleasant thrill of self-satisfaction. "I don't know," he said; "I must think of it. It looks easy, and yet—" He paused as something in the water caught his eye. It was a mass of bladdery sea-weed that the returning tide was wafting slowly to the shore. This object, which would have passed unnoticed at any other time, suggested to Rufus Dawes a new idea. "Yes," he added, slowly, with a change of tone, "it may be done, I think I see my way."

The others preserved a respectful silence until he should speak again. "How far do you think it is across the bay?" he asked of Frere.

"What, to Sarah Island?"

"No, to the pilot station."

"About four miles."

The convict sighed. "Too far to swim now, though I might have done it once. But this sort of life weakens a man. It must be done, after all."

"What are you going to do?" asked Frere.

"To kill the goat."

Sylvia uttered a little cry; she had become fond of her dumb companion. "Kill Nanny! Oh, Mr. Dawes! What for?"

"I am going to make a boat for you," he said; "and I want hides and thread and tallow."

A few weeks back Maurice Frere would have laughed at such a sentence; but he had begun now to comprehend that this escaped convict was not a man to be laughed at, and though he detested him for his superiority, he could not but admit that he was superior.

"You can't get more than one hide off a goat, man?" he said, with an inquiring tone in his voice—as though it were just possible that such a marvellous being as Dawes could get a second hide, by virtue of some secret process known only to himself.

"I am going to catch other goats."

"Where?"

"At the pilot station."

"But how are you going to get there?"

"Float across. Come, there is no time for questioning. Go and cut down some saplings, and let us begin."

The lieutenant-master looked at the convict prisoner with astonishment, and then gave way to the power of knowledge, and did as he was ordered. Before sundown that evening, the carcass of poor Nanny, broken into various most unbutcherly fragments, was hanging on the nearest tree; and Frere, returning with as many young saplings as he could drag together, found Rufus Dawes engaged in a curious occupation. He had killed the goat, and, having cut off its head close under the jaws, and its legs at the knee-joint, had extracted the carcass through a slit made in the lower portions of the belly, which slit he had now sewed together with strings. This proceeding gave him a rough bag, and he was busily engaged in filling this bag with such coarse grass as he could collect. Frere observed, also, that the fat of the animal was carefully preserved, and the intestines had been placed in a pool of water to soak.

The convict, however, declined to give information as to what he intended to do. "It's my own notion," he said. "Let me alone. I may make a failure of it." Frere, on being pressed by Sylvia, affected to know all about the scheme, but to impose silence on himself. He was galled to think that a convict brain should contain a mystery which he might not share.

On the next day, by Rufus Dawes' directions, Frere cut down some rushes that grew about a mile from the camping-ground, and brought them in on his back. This took him nearly half a day to accomplish. Short rations were beginning to tell upon his physical powers. The convict, on the other hand, trained by a woful experience in the boats to endurance of hardship was slowly recovering his original strength.

"What are they for?" asked Frere, as he flung the bundles down.

His master condescended to reply. "To make a float."

"Well?"

The other shrugged his broad shoulders. "You are very dull, Mr. Frere. I am going to swim over to the pilot station, and catch some of those goats. I can get across on the stuffed skin, but I must float them back on the reeds."

"How the deuce do you mean to catch 'em?" asked Frere, wiping the sweat from his brow.

The convict motioned for him to approach. He did so, and saw that his companion was cleaning the intestines of the goat. The outer membrane, having been peeled off, Rufus Dawes was turning the gut inside out. This he did by turning up a short piece of it, as though it were a coat-sleeve, and dipping the turned-up cuff into a pool of water. The weight of the water, pressing between the cuff and the rest of the gut, bore down a further portion; and so, by repeated dippings, the whole length was turned inside out. The inner membrane having been scraped away, there remained a fine transparent tube, which was tightly twisted, and set to dry in the sun.

"There is the catgut for the noose," said Dawes. "I learned that trick at the settlement. Now, come here."

Frere, following, saw that a fire had been made between two stones, and that the kettle was partly sunk in the ground near it. On approaching the kettle, he found it full of smooth pebbles.

"Take out those stones," said Dawes.

Frere obeyed, and saw at the bottom of the kettle a quantity of sparkling white powder, and the sides of the vessel crusted with the same material.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Salt."

"How did you get it?"

"I filled the kettle with sea water, and then heating those pebbles red-hot in the fire, dropped them into it. We could have caught the steam in a cloth and wrung out fresh water, had we wished to do so. But, thank God, we have plenty."

Frere started. "Did you learn that at the settlement, too?" he asked.

Rufus Dawes laughed, with a sort of bitterness in his tones. "Do you think I have been at the settlement all my life? The thing is very simple; it is merely evaporation."

Frere burst out in sudden, fretful admiration. "What a fellow you are, Dawes! What are you—I mean, what have you been?"

A triumphant light came into the other's face, and for the instant he seemed about to reply by some startling revelation. But the light faded, and he checked himself with a gesture of pain.

"I am a convict. Never mind what I have been. A sailor, ship-builder, prodigal, vagabond—what does it matter? It won't alter my fate, will it?"

"If we get safely back," says Frere, "I'll ask for a free pardon for you. You deserve it."

"Come," returned Dawes, with a discordant laugh, "let us wait until we do get back."

"You don't believe me?"

"I don't want favor at your hands," he said, with a return of the old fierceness. "Let us get to work. Bring up the rushes here, and tie them with a fishing-line."

At this instant Sylvia came up. "Good afternoon, Mr. Dawes. Hard at work? Oh! what's this in the kettle?"

The voice of the child acted like a charm upon Rufus Dawes. He smiled quite cheerfully.

"Salt, miss. I am going to catch the goats with that."

"Catch the goats! How? Put it on their tails?" she cried, merrily.

"Goats are fond of salt, and when I get over to the pilot station, I shall set traps for them baited with this salt. When they come to lick it, I shall have a noose of catgut ready to catch them—do you understand?"

"But how will you get across?"

"You will see to-morrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNITED STATES CURRENT NEWS.

—Broken Heart is a station on the Minnesota railroad.

—A dime, a nickel and a penny were found in the crop of a Montpelier rooster last week. The cat of a resident of East Berlin, Me., swallowed a $5 gold piece, and the village butcher offered $2.50 for her. While Mr. James Rubey, Bartonia, Ind., was feeding his hogs he dropped his pocketbook among them, and ere he was aware of his loss, they had contracted the currency $394.

—An angry father in Hardin county, Iowa, his daughter having eloped with the man of her choice, pursued the fugitives, and after a tremendous chase overtook the wagon in which were a young man and a closely veiled woman. He discovered that it was another young man and his daughter's next friend, who had obligingly diverted pursuit, while the real true lovers had gone off by another road at their leisure and got married.

—It is not often that a man has presented to him the choice which, according to the New London *Telegram*, is open to Wesley Bishop. Bishop, says the *Telegram*, will have the option of being hanged either for the murder of his wife, Harriet Bishop, or for the murder of his friend, Charles H. Cobb, jr. The prosecutor is confident that he can convict Bishop of murder in the first degree in either case. Bishop's choice in the matter is not known. Probably he would rather not be hanged at all.

—A young merchant at Waverly, Iowa, when packing eggs about a year ago for shipment to the East, wrote his name and address on one with the request that the person to whom it finally came would write him and advise him of the fact. In due course came the letter from a young lady in New York; it was acknowledged, a correspondence sprang up, photographs were exchanged, and the merchant is coming to New York in a few days to take home the young lady as his wife. As a mere matter of gratitude they will suck eggs for the rest of their lives.

—When California was first discovered it was considered a desert and good for nothing but the gold found in the mines. A few years' experience and trial have demonstrated it to be not only a food-producing country, but likewise a food-exporting State. It produces sheep, horses, cattle, grain and hay to much more than supply the home demand. Yet to the traveller and the casual observer California presented a much more barren and uninviting aspect than New Mexico. It is not so good as the Canadian Northwest territory, however.

—A young gentleman of eighteen at Springfield, Mass., with an annual income of $156, wedded secretly a school-young lady of seventeen. On Sunday he called at her residence and his unconscious mother-in-law said her daughter was not at home. The husband forced his way in to see for himself; the old lady called for a neighbor to put him out, and the bride darted forth and threw herself into the arms of her husband, who brandished aloft a copy of the *Boys of New York* and shouted: "Behold my lawful wedded wife!" But they fired him out, and his lawful wedded wife was ignominiously chastised and sent supperless to bed.

THE NEW BISHOP OF DURHAM.

Lord Beaconsfield has made a bishop, and a bishop of the first rank. He has nominated Canon Lightfoot of St. Paul's to succeed Dr. Baring as Bishop of Durham. Dr. Lightfoot was born in 1828 at Liverpool, and was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1851. He became a chaplain to the Queen and Hulsean Professor at Cambridge ten years afterwards, and after serving as Examining Chaplain of the Archbishop of Canterbury he was made a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1871. He has written ably on the Pauline theology, and in 1871 attracted attention by an essay on a "Fresh Revision of the English New Testament." The see of Durham comes next after London and just before Winchester in the order of precedence, and as the Bishops of Durham held palatine rights and privileges, they are entitled to surround their mitres with a ducal coronet. The diocese includes Durham, Northumberland and Hexham, and the income of the see is now fixed at £8,000 sterling a year. The episcopal palace of Bishop Auckland, near Durham, is a noble residence, and the cathedral of the see, standing haughtily with its martial towers on a height which overlooks the city, is one of the most striking and picturesque ecclesiastical edifices in existence. Dr. Baring during his seventeen years' incumbency of the see has made the path of popularity straight before his successor, who will only need to do and be all that Dr. Baring was not. The Bishop of Durham holds the patronage of all valuable canonries in his cathedral, of the archdeaconries and of forty-seven livings, many of them of great value. One party have had their own way in this important diocese ever since Dr. Baring took charge of it. He has been almost as tyrannical to his clergy as was Bishop Marsh, of Peterborough, who was smashed up by Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review*. He has taken little interest in the University. His feuds with the Dean and Chapter are a standing topic, and it is years since he has preached in his cathedral. Everybody from the North has a story about him. One of the most widely circulated relates how a child who had been playing in Auckland Park boasted on returning home that she had seen and been spoken to by "the Lord Bishop." "What did he say?" "Oh, he frowned and said: 'Get off the grass!'"

A TERRIBLE MALADY.

A correspondent gives an account of 30 young women who were said to be possessed by devils in a village in Italy, and who "crowed like cocks, mewed like cats, and barked and howled like dogs and wolves." The latest procurable copy of the *Giornale di Udine* says that the Prefect of that province sent a special delegate to the villages where the afflicted women live, to gather all the particulars of the phenomenon. The delegate's investigations reduce the number of the "possessed" to twenty—twelve in the village of Chraisis and eight at Verzignis. The greater part of the stricken women vary in ages from 18 to 25; two only are over 45, and one is hardly 12. At the Villa of Verzignis there is also a man affected by this horrible mania. In the day time the victims enjoy peaceful intervals, during which their actions are regular and becoming. Toward sundown they begin to perform the most extravagant antics, in the course of which they speak incoherently and indecently, accompanying the words with yells and immodest gestures, which is all the more remarkable in persons who had thereto led innocent lives. According to the Prefect's delegate, who is also a physician, the affliction is an extremely mysterious one, and he cannot attribute it to a simple hysterical phenomenon, proceeding from the use of improper food, or any other natural causes.

—The death is announced of Mr. C. Ortman, of Waterloo Township, lately doing business in Berlin. He leaves a large number of sorrowing friends.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—In Europe steel and iron rails are now nearly the same price.

—Archdeacon Gray, in his recent book on China, says that in a residence of a quarter of a century at Canton he did not meet one honest mandarin.

—Many people get their best health in later life. The nonogenarian poet Rogers said he never had three consecutive days of health till past 40.

—Colonel R. W. Jamison, recently re-elected to the City Attorneyship of Macon, Ga., blew out his brains rather than continue to suffer from dyspepsia.

—Of 450 lawyers in Glasgow not one held stock in the City of Glasgow Bank, and only one or two of the 270 public accountants in the city lost money by the failure.

—The *Messager de Paris* puts French oyster beds at 35,000, distributed over 26,000 acres, and which last season produced 651,000,000 oysters valued at 23,000,000 francs.

—One Montgomery, of Killine, County Down, dropped dead the other day; his wife fell dead on seeing him fall, and her sister expired of heart disease on receiving news of the double catastrophe.

—Chicago means——— No, it means "Wood Gone," or "No Forest," the Indians almost half a century ago having styled it "Tuck-Chicago"—tuck, wood or timber; Chicago, gone, absent or without.

—The school trustees of Cariboo, N. S., refused to let the young people have a ball in the school-house. Next night the young people placed a keg of powder in the cellar, and touched off the fuse. There came a burst of thunder sound—that school-house, where was it?

—Thirty years ago a gentleman named Orr left a sum of money producing about £25 a year to be divided annually at New Year's among the shortest, tallest, youngest and oldest brides married during the preceding twelvemonth at the Established Church of St. Cyrus, Scotland.

—Mr. Norman Lockyer took the trouble not long ago to calculate the height of the mountains measured by the dimensions of the sun and moon in a collection of landscapes. In one picture, by a very popular artist, he found the principal mountain towering to a height of 105 miles, while round it nestled little hills from ten to forty miles high.

—Two men have come to grief at Rochester who were operating on a novel "lay." One would assail a lady on a dark street and the other come up as the chivalrous rescuer, drive off the hellish ruffian, protect the lady on her homeward way and agree not to mention the occurrence to her husband or father in consideration of a *douceur*. They had worked the business successfully in New Haven, Conn.

—The baby-carriage is condemned by the Berlin physicians in cases where the little one sits facing the nurse and is pushed backwards. The natural desire of the eye is to draw nearer to what it sees, and the practice of reversing this normal order of things and causing surrounding objects to recede is liable to affect injuriously the development of both sight and brain.

—Mr. Nathan Lyon, of St. Paul, said that Misses Emma Faber and Mary Hendricks were too proud to stoop to the duties of farmers' daughters, and promised them each a $50 silk dress if they would drive or lead a cow through the streets of the Minnesota metropolis. Accordingly at high noon Miss Faber took the cow in tow with Miss Hendricks, armed with a broomstick, acting as rear-guard, and thus they escorted the animal down Third street and earned their silk dresses.

RAILROAD NOTES.

It is stated that the rolling mills at Black Rock are to be leased to the Grand Trunk Railway Company for a term of years; that they will put in a "rail mill" and establish car shops.

The Ratepayers' Association of London have petitioned in favor of the bill for the sale of the London & Port Stanley bonds, now before the Legislature, and ask that in the event of the sale the proceeds be applied in reduction of the indebtedness of the city of London, and for no other purpose whatever.

The Michigan Legislature has some very important measures before it. Amongst others:

A bill to amend section 1 of an act entitled "An Act to authorize and empower the board of control of Stamp lands, to aid in the construction of a railway from the Straits of Mackinac to Marquette Harbor, on Lake Superior," approved March 21st, 1873, as amended by an act approved March 24th, 1878, and also by an act approved May 14th, 1877.

A bill to regulate the lighting of railroad passenger cars, and to repeal Act No. 33 of session laws of 1875, approved March 17, 1875, entitled "An Act to prohibit the use of naphtha or any product of coal oil or petroleum for lighting passenger cars."

A bill entitled "An Act to amend the charter of the Michigan Central Railroad in regard to the election of directors."

A bill relative to actions against railroad companies for negligence.

Joint resolution for the relief of the Chicago & Lake Huron Railroad Company.

A bill to amend Section 1 of an Act, entitled "An Act relative to the issuing of false, fraudulent and part-paid shares of the stocks of railroad companies, and to repeal Sections 4 and 5 of Act No. 229 of the session laws of 1863, being Section 7,757 of the compiled laws of 1871." The bill was read a first and second time by its title and referred to the Committee on Railroads.

WHITBY, Feb. 5.—At the annual meeting of the Whitby, Port Perry & Lindsay Railway Co. James Austin was elected President. The net earnings of the company for the past year exceed those of the previous year by nearly $30,000, more than sufficient to pay the interest on the company's bonds for $10,000 per mile.

R. D. Day, one of the oldest and most popular conductors on the Canada Southern Railway, has resigned his position and accepted the superintendency of the Detroit Coupe Company's business.

We hear that Lieut.-Col. de Gray, Vice-President of the Great Western Railway, is on his way from England to this city, and that Messrs. Spriggs and Peers, of the G. W. R. staff, have gone to New York to meet him and accompany him here. The Lieut.-Col. has come here on business of special importance, it has not transpired what it is. Of course there are rumors as to what the business is; but at this early stage it would be premature

AN EAGLE CARRYING OFF A PIG.

(From the Fort Worth (Texas) Democrat.)

For several days past the resident farmers in the northwestern portion of this county have marked the presence of an eagle skimming the heights in their neighborhood, and a Mr. Stringer, a Tarrant County knight of the gun, anxious to capture this king of birds, shouldered his fowling-piece yesterday morning and laid for the bird on the open prairie, at a point about two miles northwest of the town, where a small herd of young pigs were innocently grazing on the green sward. The bird came soaring along, and when a point had been reached nearly perpendicular to the head of the swine, as it were, the old "National" swooped down and around the surface of an inverted imaginary pyramid, and sinking its talons deep in the interior composition of a thirty-pound pig, started heavenward. The ascension was tedious and slow, and gave ample time for Stringer to draw a bead, and when a height of thirty or forty feet had been reached, he banged away and bored a hole clean through our American monstrosity. The pig and eagle tumbled tolerably well together to the surface—both dead.

AFTER THE BLOCKADE.

"This," said the wild-eyed stranger as the train rushed past two ancient trees and the sad remains of a once beautiful rail fence; this is the spot where four weeks ago we staid three days and three nights, snow bound, unable to leave the train."

"Gracious," said the little man in the next seat, "pray how did you live all that time?"

Oh, we managed to get along all right, all except a couple of babies who were being weaned, they suffered for the want of milk."

"Dear me," said the little man in a sympathetic voice, "and of course no milk to be had."

"No, though they would have been spared but for the brutal, unnatural conduct of the engineer; some of the boys offered to milk the cow-catcher but he wouldn't let 'em." Then the wild-eyed stranger pretended to pick a cinder from his off eye.

—When you meet an acquaintance and "shake," the meeting may be described as a "hand-to-hand encounter."

—"An agricultural paper tells how to "dress a hog." The best plan is to make his clothes very large, especially around the waist.

—Above-scholar: The veterinary surgeon

C. F. AYLESWORTH, P.L.S. & C.E.,
INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS
Madoc. 1

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

DR. NASH,
OF BRIDGEWATER, will open an office at Madoc, (Mson's Hotel,) on Tuesdays and Fridays. Office hours from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m

G. D. RAWE,
CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

WM. WRAY,
TOWNSHIP CLERK, HUNGERFORD, Commissioner in C. P., Conveyancer, &c.
TWEED, - ONTARIO.

GREAM & HENDERSON,
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, NOTARIES, Attorneys, Conveyancers, &c., Madoc.
OFFICE IN VICTORIA BLOCK.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, BELLEVILLE. MONEY to loan on farm property at very low rates.
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P. G. DUNCAN,
AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. 25.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, - STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Custom House.
Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

FRALECK & BLAIR,
BARRISTERS, &c., No. 27 Campbell St., (opposite New Opera House,) Belleville.
E. B. FRALECK. | HUGH BLAIR.
N. B.—Money to loan at 8 and 8½ per cent on straight loans. 10

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, will continue his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

DR. W. A. DAFOE,
GRADUATE of Toronto University, and of the University of Trinity College; Fellow of Trinity Medical School, (by examination); Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh; Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh; Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Office in Victoria Block, Madoc.

EVANS & BOLGER,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, P. L. S. | T. O. BOLGER, P. L. S., C. E. & A.
N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Moon's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Solicitors in Chancery, Insolvency, Mechanics' lien cases, Conveyancers, &c., &c.
OFFICE—Corner of Bridge and Front Sts., over Clarke's Drug Store, Belleville, Ont.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.
Money to loan on improved farm security. Interest 7½ per cent., per annum. 16

MADOC LIVERY STABLES.
J. SHALTRY, PROPRIETOR
FIRST-class conveyances always on hand, and charges moderate. Give me a call.

CLIPPER MILLS.
ALL kinds of Lumber, Lath, and Shingles, constantly on hand, or cut to order on the shortest notice at the Clipper Steam Saw and Shingle Mills.
Also CASH paid for
PINE AND CEDAR SHINGLE BOLTS, AND BASSWOOD LOGS.
POSITIVELY NO CREDIT.
F. J. DRAKE.
Hog Lake, July 3rd, 1878.

MODEL SCHOOL MADOC.
ALL BOOKS
Required by Pupils
CAN BE OBTAINED AT
PUBLISHERS' PRICES,
AT
C. G. WILSON'S
DRUG STORE.

MONEY TO LOAN!
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.
To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?
APPLY TO
The Canada Landed Credit Company,
EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST
and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.
For further particulars apply to
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.
Madoc April 2nd, 1872. 1
Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.
A. F. WOOD.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, FEBRUARY 12, 1879.

ORANGE COUNTY MEETING.

As we anticipated a few weeks ago the County Meeting at L'Amable was a great success, both as regards attendance and the harmony and smoothness with which the proceedings were conducted. There are twenty-seven Lodges in North Hastings, and nearly all of these were represented at the meeting, the front townships especially turning out well, considering the long distance they had to go, viz., some fifty miles from this village. The Worshipful County Master, R. J. Craige, Esq., of Stirling, presided, and among those present were Jas. Haggerty and J. N. Moore, Past County Masters, I. McQuigge, District Master, No. 1; A. Thompson, District Master, No. 2; S. Tummon, District Master, No. 3; J. F. Morrill, District Master, No. 4; and J. B. Cleak, District Master, No. 5. The following brethren were unanimously elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:—

Malcolm Bristol, County Master.
R. J. Craige, " Deputy Master.
J. B. Cleak, " Chaplain.
Jas. A. Orr, re-elected Secretary.
Jas. Cook, " Treasurer.
John McCaw, Co. D. of C.
Wm. Gay and Thos. Armstrong, Co. Lecturers.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Bro. Craige for the able manner in which he had filled the office of County Master for the past two years.

A resolution was unanimously passed, pledging those present not to support any candidate for Parliamentary honors who would not on the hustings promise to support the Orange Incorporation Bills.

A hearty vote of thanks was also tendered by those present to Bros. Tait, Bentley, and Cleak, and Mr. W. H. Jarman, for the very kind manner in which they had attended to the wants of the brethren while in L'Amable.

We can heartily endorse the latter motion, which was carried unanimously. The gentlemen named did all in their power to make their visitors comfortable during their stay, and we believe fully succeeded. In fact every one seemed well pleased, and the general expression of opinion was that they had a "jolly good time."

Queensboro, Marmora, and Stirling were proposed for holding the next annual meeting in, and it was finally decided that it should be held in Stirling.

The 12th of July will be celebrated by Districts.

In conclusion, we believe we are justified in saying that it was one of the best, if not THE best, meetings ever held in the County, and we do not know of one who regretted, or will regret, his long and tedious drive to L'Amable to attend it.

IN THE FIELD.

In this week's issue will be found the address of A. F. Wood, Esq., to the electors of North Hastings. If long service in municipal matters, and a ten years' occupancy of the Warden's chair, the duties of which are admitted on all hands as having been discharged with marked ability, gives any claim upon a constituency, then Mr. Wood can certainly claim a right to the consideration of the electors of North Hastings. His address is frank, and his position unmistakeable. While avowing himself a Conservative and with sympathies for that Party, he at the same time states his intention of not being used as a party follower for factious purposes, but will use his judgment as any intelligent man should. There is the right kind of ring in this, and we wish there was more of it in the Legislatures of the country. We are aware that there are a large number of the electors who are in sympathy with Mr. Wood's views, and who think that if he is elected he will make an efficient and intelligent representative, and we are not departing from our non-political position when we say we think so too. We are not aware how many or who all the candidates may be, (if rumour is true there will be plenty of them), but from what we can learn we think Mr. Wood's prospects are very flattering.

To Certain Gentlemen whose Names I will not now mention.

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—Another general election is on hand for the Local House, and with it such distinction-seekers as yourselves have, as usual, the effrontery to force yourselves on the attention of the public; the audacity to ask it's favor without meriting it; the hardihood to sacrifice the enjoyment of your private life for a season to the entertainment, the mockery and the jeers of an all-thankless public.

Now for your own sake and, if possible, to prevent you from offering yourselves up to the amusement of the hard-hearted electors, I desire, or rather will have a little conversation with you.

In my opinion, at any Parliamentary election, there always are several classes of candidates for the membership with very different merits. Our class is composed of men who, by their abilities, have attracted the attention of the public, and are known to be capable of honorably serving the constituencies that are fortunate enough to have such representatives. Another class whose pretensions I cannot but be heartily ashamed of, is composed of those miserable, self-worshiping men, who, though possessed of no remarkable abilities, have been of service to their party in former election contests, and who are narrow-minded and mean enough to think that this entitles them to demand the membership of the constituency, or, at least, the support and assistance of the whole party, to which they have given their support, should they bring forward and proclaim themselves candidates for that honor. Another class is composed of stupid men whose imperious desires for fame demand the gratification which has been unkindly put beyond their reach by nature who most uncompromisingly refused to endow them with any mental faculties. For their presumption those unfortunates are more to be pitied than blamed, and he acts the true part of a philanthropist, though his prospects of success are very doubtful, who presists in pointing out to them the foolish course they are pursuing, and they ever should, and, I suppose, ever would be grateful to him who succeeds in persuading them not to offer themselves up as sacrifices to public derision. But, as they are an inoffensive class of men whose inordinate desire for fame makes them either wholly insensible, or wholly indifferent to shame, and, in fact, amounts to a kind of harmless insanity, we may as well let them pass. The second class requires a little more consideration. They are too well acquainted with their own abilities to have any pretensions to fame, but still they have a much higher opinion of themselves than any one else has. They are a mean, servile race who adopt every contemptible artifice by which they can get themselves into the favors of those who walk in a higher sphere of life than themselves, and are constantly boasting of their connection with big guns, or bugs, or, perhaps, asses. Such conduct provokes the contempt of all their observers, who, if they have the least perception, know that the greatest ambition of these self-worshipping gentlemen is to gain distinction. They know that they have not sufficient ability to perform anything that would distinguish them, and therefore each of them may be justly supposed to say to himself—"I cannot get distinction by any undertaking I might accomplish, so without any necessary exertion I will endeavor to execute my scheme of ambition, and there is no easier and no surer way of getting distinction then by being a candidate for parliamentary honors." Yes, to be sure, gentlemen, you may distinguish yourselves; and so did the miserable man who was hanged the other day; and, I believe, there is no man so dull and stupid but he may obtain a dishonorable distinction. I will have done with you by asking on what grounds you seek our support? Do you ask it as a tribute to your merit, or as a personal favor? If the former is your ground for asking, be assured that you will not get our support without showing real and deserving merits. If the latter, remember that those who show themselves most desirous of office are usually the most unsuccessful in obtaining it, and that you will not get our favor for unperformed services.

As to the third class I would merely advise them to be very moderate in their desires, and not to stand too high in their own imagination, nor show themselves over-eager for office, or their canvass having started from pride in their own merits, and having traveled through the crosses, thwarts, checks, rebukes, and abuse of an unfavorable, fault-finding public, and being continually opposed by objection, exception, and difficulty, may end in disappointment.

In conclusion I may say that I thoroughly despise all cunning and deceitful self-seekers; that I have an utter contempt for any man who endeavors to force himself into the service of the public; that I know all you self-conceited, presumptious gentlemen who are desirous of becoming candidates in the coming election for the Local House, and that if you persist in pressing your foolish claims I will persevere in so far as I am able to tear to rags those flimsy screens with which you think to hide your selfish motives.

MARMORA.

The Goose that lays the Golden Eggs.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

This must be an extraordinary bird, and some skeptical people might doubt its existence; but, allegorically speaking, it is a verity: and the Allegory applies to the Dominion of Canada in general, and the Province of Ontario in particular. This goose, too, in addition to the rich quality of her eggs, is the most prolific of all bipeds, whether web-footed or square-toed, the number of her eggs is "numerous innumeros," unnumbered numbers. Let us just count over a few of them: There is the Lieut. Governor of Ontario, his salary is, I believe, $10,000 a year, with other perquisites worth probably $2,600: if this is not a golden egg I don't know anything about gold. Then, around this big egg circles a number of smaller ones, in the shape of salaries to Aids, Secretaries, &c. Then there is the Attorney-General (Premier), his egg is worth $5,000 a year, besides some understrappers in his department, making it a couple of thousands more. The other members of the Cabinet draw salaries ranging from $5,000 down to $3,000, besides their clerks and assistants who are all paid in gold. But what we, the people, have most interest in, and most right to challenge, is the indemnity to members of the Legislature. These men are our delegates, sent there to represent and guard our interests; but when or where they got the right to appropriate to themselves about $18 a day for such services as they render, I am weary of conjectures. They say that is requisite to keep up the *respectability* of their position. We remember when such men as Sir Allan MacNab served the country in that same House; their pay then was $3 a day, yet I believe that in point of respectability Sir Allan and his cotemporaries were quite equal to anything we have to show, and as legislators and statesmen, the head and shoulders above them. "There were giants in those days," in our degenerate days we have only a race of pigmies. In the recent debate in the House on the subject of members indemnities, it was amusing and instructive to hear the loaving corruptionists declaim against reduction. "$800—it is little enough; we could make more at home attending to our own business. If we cannot get that we will throw it overboard altogether, and give our services free as they do in England." "O, yes," says another, "I go for abolishing the allowance altogether." This is big talk, but all *froth*. Where does it come from? —from men who know that their race is run, and that when the present House is dissolved they will never more occupy seats in that chamber. Having gorged and glutted themselves at the public crib, they are quite willing to starve their successors. We, the people who pay all these bills, don't want them to serve for nothing. We have amongst us neither the wealth, the capital, the public spirit, nor the patriotism of England, and we are quite willing to allow our public servants a fair remuneration for their services, but a man that cannot live respectably on five dollars a day is no fit representative of a poor and struggling people. That they lose anything in their own private business by it *is a fallacy*. Their business goes on just the same; if they are lawyers, it "draws water to their mill,"—they make money out of it in their offices. And with our present facilities for travel, they all can and do attend to their own business affairs quite successfully. That transaction of clearing the galleries, closing the doors, and holding a secret session to vote more money in their own pockets was one of the most cool and impudent pieces of rascality that was ever perpetrated. The Newgate calender could scarcely furnish a parallel to it. Every man of whatever party that participated in that *deed of darkness* should be black-balled, and forever disqualified for holding any office of trust or honor, and we hope the people will remember them at the next election. The fact is, we cannot stand such malpractices much longer. The resources of the country will not bear it. Our forests, the chief sources of our wealth, are nearly cut away, and in a few years Canada will not have timber enough for domestic consumption. Our Crown Lands are nearly all sold that can be sold; what remains we can scarcely give away in free grants. Our Inland Revenue is becoming so oppressive that it must be mitigated; so the poor old goose that lays the golden eggs is getting exhausted; her vital powers are decaying, and we, as a Dominion, sinking in debt deeper and deeper every year, with nothing to show for it. What must be the consequences? Bankruptcy, ruin, and disgrace. By the time we get down into hopeless insolvency, our credit gone in England, and the mother country ashamed of her recreant offspring, ready to cut us adrift. By that time our powerful and energetic neighbors will have their war debt paid off, and their financial prosperity restored, and some fine morning the great American Eagle will come over and gobble up the poor goose, eggs and all.

PUBLICOLA.

P. S. In my next I shall endeavor to show how these calamities may be averted.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M.A.

NOTICE.
ALL PARTIES indebted to the undersigned are requested to pay the same to Mr. Allen Moon, Madoc, or to Mr. A. M. Williams, Exchange Hotel, Stirling, before the 1st day of March next, and save costs.
W. C. REID.
98-4t.

HIDES, FURS AND SHINGLES.
I WILL pay the highest price in cash for any of the above, and will be in Madoc village every Wednesday and Saturday to attend to the same. Apply at Sydmer Ross & Co's.
S. SARGENT.
Madoc, Feb. 12th, 1879. 98-2m.

FOR SALE!
LOT 27, 4th Concession of Madoc, 200 acres, for sale. Apply to the undersigned. Any person found trespassing on the above lot will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.
DR. GEO. A. CARSON,
Proprietor.
Whitby, 5th February, 1879. 98.

Note Lost.
LOST, OR STOLEN, a note for $100, made by John Power, in favor of Stuart Cook or order, dated on or about the 23rd June, 1876, payable one year after date, with interest at 8 per cent. per annum. All persons are hereby cautioned against negotiating the same in any way.
CHAS. COOK,
ISAAC A. BLAKELY,
Executors of the estate of the late Stuart Cook.
Madoc, 10th Feb. 1879. 98-4t.

TO THE ELECTORS —OF— North Hastings.

Having been urged by many old and influential friends in the Riding to become a candidate at the next election for the Ontario Legislature, and having received assurances from all parts of the Riding of a hearty support, I have decided to announce myself as a candidate.

An experience of nineteen years in the County Council, ten of which I filled the Warden's chair, has given me an opportunity to become intimately acquainted with the wants and resources of the Constituency, and should be of value to me in trying to serve the Riding if returned as a member to the Legislature.

If elected I shall seek as a Conservative to work with the Conservative Party—for the general interests of the Province and for North Hastings particularly, while at the same time I will not be a party hack or yield up my judgment at the beck of a party leader, for the purpose of a factious party policy.

I shall consider it my bounden duty to do all in my power to develope the vast resources of the northern part of this County, consisting as they do of large agricultural districts, forests of timber, and extensive beds of minerals, and to aid generally in such legislation as will advance the best interests of the Province.

Your obedient servant,
A. F. WOOD.
MADOC, Feb'y 8th, 1879.

Boots and Shoes.

We will receive during the present week our Spring Stock of Boots and Shoes, to which we would invite special attention

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, Feb. 12th, 1879.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER
Prospectus for 1879.
REDUCED TERMS!
ENLARGED PAPER!!
BEST WRITERS!!!
—AND—
$25,000 worth of Farm, Garden, and Flower Seeds, From the Rural Experimental farm and Horticultural Grounds
DISTRIBUTED FREE
To every Subscriber who applies.
The seeds are saved from rare, hardy, new varieties, and most of them
Cannot Be Procured Elsewhere,
and equal in value the yearly subscription price. Send stamp for sample copy illustrating and describing the seeds.
A new Era in Agricultural and Horticultural Journalism.
"The Head of the Rural Press."
So admitted by our highest authorities.
The Subscription Reduced from $250 to $2 per Year
ONE PRICE TO ALL.
HONESTLY DEVOTED TO THE WELFARE OF ITS READERS.
No Sectional Prejudices—A Journal for the Entire Country.
FEATURES:
Our Free Seed Distribution: our enlarged paper; its clear, sharp type; the reputation of its writers; the liberality of its management and the reduction of its prices are downright evidences of the truth of what we assert.
Field Crops, Small Fruits, Grapes, Apples, Pears, Stock and Poultry, Bees, Dairy, The Household, The Best Methods, Literature, News, Markets.
Send for it; compare it with others of its class—then judge for yourself!
WHAT OTHERS SAY:
Dr. E. Lewis Sturtevant, Boston:
"The RURAL NEW-YORKER has the best list of contributions of any paper of its class in the country and is doing a noble work."
Prof. W. J. Beal, Mich. Ag'l College:
"The RURAL is now the *best* paper."
Charles Downing:
"I am glad for the public, as well as for yourselves, that the RURAL has so much improved."
B. Peckman Mann:
"For years I have taken the leading agricultural journals, and they all seem tame to me when compared with the RURAL NEW-YORKER."
Prof. H. M. Shelton, Kansas Ag'l College:
The RURAL NEW-YORKER has *more influence* and is more quoted than all the rest put together."
Ex-Gov. Furnas, Nebraska:
"The RURAL is most welcome to my table and family."
S. Rufus Mason, Nebraska:
"I feel that I do not flatter anybody when I say that it is the *best* journal of its kind I *ever saw*."
AND THE PRESS SAY:
"It stands at the head of the strictly agricultural and horticultural periodicals in the country."—*Germantown Telegraph.*
"The RURAL NEW-YORKER deserves all the success it seems to gain."—*Gardener's Monthly.*
"It does not owe a dollar and has half a million at its back."—*Buffalo Express.*
And hundreds more of like character.
Premium lists, etc., sent free to all who wish to act as agents.
RURAL NEW-YORKER,
78 Duane St., New York.

REMOVED!!
N. D. PETERS,
Having removed to a more commodious room in
DALES' BLOCK,
(One door north of the Hardware store), will have pleasure in furnishing his customers with
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY,
Provisions, Crockery,
Stationery, &c.
FARMERS' PRODUCE
Taken in exchange for goods.
Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1878.

Boots and Shoes.
ALL KINDS OF
HOME-MADE WORK
FOR SALE,
OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,
—AT—
MORRICE'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC

PHOTOGRAPHS.
LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS
in all the different styles and sizes.
CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.
D. MORRICE.

S. L. NASH, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Graduate of the University of Michigan, U. S., and University of Victoria College, Canada
BRIDGEWATER, ONT.

1879. THE WEEKLY GLOBE.
With the close of its present volume, THE TORONTO GLOBE completes the thirty-fifth year of its publication; and its conductors feel that they can look back with satisfaction and just pride on the part it has taken, and the beneficial influence it has exercised, in all the prominent political movements and contests for good government, since the day of its establishment. The unequalled and unswerving support it has throughout received among all classes of the Canadian public, is at once the best reward, and the highest possible testimony to the efficiency and fidelity to public interests with which it has been conducted. As in the past, so in the future, shall the earnest efforts of its conductors be put forth in favour of whatever tends to secure just and economical government, the material prosperity of the masses, and the promotion throughout the land of religion, good morals, education, temperance, and social happiness.

Heartily convinced that Canada could hold no position higher or better, or more conductive to material progress, than that she now enjoys as the foremost self-governed Province of the British Empire, the conductors of THE GLOBE will continue zealously to sustain whatever tends to the perpetuation of the happy existing relation.

Thoroughly believing that the best policy for Canada is that which shall promote increased traffic with foreign countries, and that system of taxation the best which falls most lightly on Industry and the Industrial classes, THE GLOBE will continue to advocate energetically the abolition of Custom-duties on raw materials, and the maintenance of a revenue tariff pressing lightly or not at all on the necessaries of life, but heavily on articles of luxury. It will continue to oppose the imposition of Custom-duties framed specially to punish Foreign Countries for actual or imaginary hostility in their commercial policy; or specially to exclude British and foreign manufacturers from the country; or specially to keep certain branches of industry in existance that cannot be sustained without forced contributions from the earnings of the rest of the community.

THE GLOBE will continue to give special attention to the deeply important subjects of European Immigration, Railway and Canal Improvement, the Development of the vast Mineral, Timber and Fishery resources of the Dominion, and the speedy Settlement of our Wild Lands.

Agriculture, as the chief industrial interest of the Dominion, receives that constant and anxious attention to which its vast importance entitles it; and all measures for the advancement of its prosperity or injuriously affecting its progress will be watched with care and fully discussed. To the manufacturing and mechanical interests much space will continue to be devoted, and nothing of importance affecting them will be allowed to pass unheeded.

News from all parts of the world, up to the latest moment of publication—Parliamentary Debates, Federal and Provincial—Markets and Financial Reports at home and abroad—and Letters of Special Correspondents from all points of interest—will be gathered with all the care and energy that has kept THE GLOBE for so long a series of years in the front rank of Canadian journals.

Special Cable Despatches from the London Office of THE GLOBE will continue to be received when incidents of importance to Canada transpire in any part of the British Isles.

The Illustrated Biographies of prominent Public Men that have given such general public satisfaction will be continued during the coming year by able and experienced writers. The sketches of Natural Scenery, views of the principal Canadian cities and towns, and views of the most notable public buildings of the Dominion, with copious letter-press descriptions attached to each, and sketches of the early history of each place, will also be continued by first-class artists.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence, Science Notes, and Educational affairs will continue prominent features in each number.

The Answers to Correspondents, on every variety of subjects, which have proved so valuable and interesting to crowds of readers, will be kept up with increased vigor.

The annual subscription to THE WEEKLY GLOBE will remain as heretofore, only TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, *net postage free* to all parts of Canada and the United States, payable invariably in advance. The

CLUB RATES FOR 1879
WILL BE AS FOLLOWS:—

	Per Copy.
5 copies and under 10, at the rate of	$1 90
10 copies and under 20, at the rate of	1 80
20 copies and over, at the rate of	1 75

Any one is at liberty to get up a club on his own responsibility. Each club paper may be addressed separately, and may be for any Post-office. Parties getting up clubs will be supplied with specimen copies of the paper gratis.

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THE
"Scientific American."
PATENTS. In connection with the Scientific American the Messrs Munn & Co. are Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, have had 34 years experience, and now have the largest establishment in the world. Patents are obtained on the best terms. A special notice is made in the Scientific American of all inventions patented through this Agency, with the name and residence of the Patentee. By the immense circulation thus given, public attention is directed to the merits of the new patent, and sales or introduction often easily effected.

Any person who has made a new discovery or invention, can ascertain, free of charge, whether a patent can probably be obtained, by writing to the undersigned. We also send free our Hand Book about the Patent Laws, Patents, Caveats, Trade-Marks, their costs, and how procured, with hints for procuring advances on inventions. Address for the Paper, or concerning Patents,
MUNN & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.
Branch Office, cor. F & 7th streets, Washington, D. C.

O'Flynn & O'Hara.

New Partnership.
ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return my grateful thanks to the public, for their unswerving patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.
JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,
Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers,
Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.
HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.
The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.
OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT.
WE HAVE ON HAND
Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,
of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,
LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,
in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.
GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.
MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

IMMENSE SUCCESS
At Cheap John's.
No Wonder Goods are SOLD SO CHEAP.
Another Carload Just Arrived
And will be sold
CHEAP! CHEAP! CHEAP! CHEAP!
No long-winded prices at Cheap John's.

THE PHARMACY.
"X'Mas Season Compliments."
JUST RECEIVED, FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON,
A CHOICE SELECTION OF
CHRISTMAS GOODS!
THE FINEST EVER SHOWN IN THIS VILLAGE.
Also a new and varied stock of
Drugs, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs, Paints,
OILS, VARNISHES,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES, STATIONERY, &C., &C.,
In short, everything required in a first-class Drug House, all of which will be offered
AT A SMALL ADVANCE ON COST.
The practice of my profession in all its branches promptly and carefully attended to. Being thankful to my many friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in the past, a continuance of the same is kindly solicited for the future.
Surgery in Store.
J. S. LOOMIS, M.D., M.C.P.S.O.

CHRISTMAS GROCERIES.

Gray & McGregor

OFFER FOR SALE A FULL SUPPLY OF

CHOICE GROCERIES

For the Holiday Season, including

NEW VALENCIA RAISINS,
" TABLE RAISINS,
" SEEDLESS RAISINS,
" CURRANTS,
PRUNES,
DRIED PEACHES,
DRIED APPLES,
SYRUPS,
PEELS, FIGS, AND ALMONDS,
S. W. SALMON,
LABRADOR HERRING,
WHITE FISH,
BOLOGNA AND PORK SAUSAGE,
THE CELEBRATED
DIAMOND BRAND OYSTERS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

Dec. 5th, 1878.

TO BE LET.

A GOOD FARM, situated at Norman's Corners, Millbridge, 15 miles north of Madoc, on the County Road. 90 acres well cleared and fenced. For particulars apply to R. M. Norman, of same place, or to
GREAM & HENDERSON,
84 Solicitors, Madoc.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to
GEORGE DUNCAN.
Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)
Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.
22 GEORGE CHOWN.

JOHN G. DEANS,

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
Fancy and Toilet Articles.
BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY,
CONFECTIONERY
LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

SIGN OF THE

BLUE BOOT!

Opposite Harper's Brick Block.

Owing to the hard times for money I am selling TEN PER CENT. BELOW FORMER PRICES, FOR CASH.

CUSTOM WORK, REPAIRING, Etc., done in first-class style, and on short notice, as I keep none but first-class workmen.

POSITIVELY NO CREDIT!

WM. MOORE.

Madoc, November 28th, 1877.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425, Held on the first Tuesday in each month. FRANK H. GAUES, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. W. J. WRIGHT, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. ENFLY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321. Meets the first Wednesday in each month. W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every second Monday in each month. JOHN MCCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133. Meets first Friday in each month. B. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1387, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
R. J. CRAIGE, Co. Master, Stirling P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, February 6th** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Feb. 17th,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday, March 4th,

at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

Short Stops.

Remember the Model School Entertainment next Tuesday evening. A good programme is being prepared.

The business card of Messrs. Denmark & Northrup, Barristers, Belleville, will be found in our advertising columns.

An original article, by Rev. H. T. Miller, read by him at the Model School entertainment, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 4th, will appear in our next.

We have been requested to announce that Sacramental Service will be held in Best's Church, Madoc, on Sunday next, 16th inst., commencing at 10.30 a. m.

Mr. Sargent announces in this issue that he will attend in Madoc every Wednesday and Saturday for the purpose of purchasing hides, furs, and shingles. See advt.

From Messrs. J. M. Thorburn & Co., 15 John Street, N. Y., we have received a sample of the celebrated Beauty of Hebron Potato, said to be earliest and finest kind in the world.

Those of our subscribers with whom we have agreed to take wood in payment of their subscription to the REVIEW, would oblige by bringing it in at once. Our present supply is limited.

Madoc Township Council.

The next meeting of the Township Council will be held on Monday, 24th inst., for the purpose of appointing pathmasters, pound-keepers, &c.

Sale Register.

On Wednesday, Feb. 26th. Farm Stock, Implements, and Household Furniture, belonging to Mr. Joshua Broad, jr., lot 20, 2nd con., Madoc. Sale at 11 o'clock a. m.

New Literary Paper.

The second number of a new paper started in Toronto, called *The Canadian Literary Gem*, has been received. As its name indicates it is to be chiefly devoted to literature, and the copy before us is in every respect a very creditable sample. We should be glad to have it on our exchange list. $1 a year. Findley & Co., Publishers, Toronto.

Flowers.

To inhale the fragrance of sweet-scented, odorous roses and geraniums at this season of the year is quite an agreeable luxury. We are indebted to Major Rawe for a bouquet of the above specimens from his conservatory, as fresh and blooming and redolent as the heart could wish. The rose is of the Dufferin variety, an exceedingly beautiful one. Thanks.

Speaks for Itself.

A subscriber to the REVIEW in Manitoba writes to know when his subscription expires, and says he intends to renew when his time is up, and that the REVIEW is the best out of several papers which he receives. We may add that nineteen new names were added to our subscription list last week. If each of our present subscribers would send us *one* new one, (which they could easily do), it would place the paper on a good-paying foundation.

ROSE-BELFORD'S CANADIAN MONTHLY.—The February number of this first-class Canadian Magazine is to hand and fully bears out the reputation of its predecessors. The contents embrace a new story by Wilkie Collins, "Fallen Leaves;" an able article from the pen of Sir Francis Hincks, on "The Political Destiny of Canada;" The Monks of Thelema, Under one Roof, The Hadji Said, Something more about Volcanos, A Plea for the Militia, Papers by a Bystander, &c., &c. Send for a sample copy. Price 25 cents.

Grand Lodge, O. Y. B.

Mr. Jas. A. Orr, of the REVIEW, left for London this week to attend the Grand Lodge of O. Y. B. now in session at that place, as North Hastings District representative. Mr. D. Wright is also there, representing the Madoc Lodge.

The Rural Seed Distribution.

We have to thank the proprietors of the *Rural New-Yorker* for the presentation of a package of choice seeds, the same as they present free to each of their subscribers. The varieties are numerous, ten of which can not be purchased in America or Europe, and are among the finest hardy plants in cultivation. As this is but the first of a series of free distributions for the year, those of our readers who would like to avail themselves of the opportunity of securing this valuable assortment of seeds, which are raised on the *Rural* Experimental Farm, should subscribe at once. Samples may be seen at this office.

Tea-Meeting Adjourned.

In consequence of the severe storm last night, the attendance at the Methodist tea-meeting, in the Masonic Hall, was small. As there was a large quantity of first-class provisions on hand, it was decided to have an adjourned meeting to-morrow (Thursday) evening, in the same place. A. F. Wood, Esq., has kindly consented to act as chairman. Rev. Mr. Savage will deliver his popular lecture, "An Evening with the Poets," and Revs. Wishart and Marsh will also be present. Vocal and instrumental music by the Church Choir and others, Miss Gorman being also expected to favor the audience with a few songs. Tea served at 7 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; children, 15 cents.

Village Council.

Council met on Friday night last. All members present.

The By-law for licensing of transient traders, pedlars, &c., created a considerable amount of discussion.

Dr. Loomis moved, that the matter be left over until the next regular meeting, and that in the meantime the Reeve get the opinion of Mr. Harrison as to the real meaning of a transient trader.—No seconder.

Mr. Dale considered that as the matter had been left over for two meetings it had better be disposed of now. An opinion from Mr. Harrison would cost more than they would, perhaps, get in a year.

After some further discussion, the Council went into committee of the whole, on the By-law.—Dr. Loomis in the chair. The By-law was adopted clause by clause. Committee rose and reported progress. In Council the By-law was read a third time, duly passed, and numbered 5.

Jeff. Caverly's account for special services as constable, $21.40, was, on motion of Messrs. Sutton and Loomis, laid over until Constable Sills would be present.

The grant to Mr. Asselstine of $1.50 per week, was ordered to be continued, at the discretion of the committee.

The Auditors' Report was presented and adopted, and, on motion of Messrs. Dale and Orr, the sum of $6 each was ordered to be paid the auditors.

The salary of the Assessors, J. Caverly and P. Sinclair, was fixed at $10 each.

The matter of the Collector's salary was laid over.

On the matter of the Clerk's salary, Dr. Loomis moved, seconded by Dr. Sutton, that the Clerk receive $50 per year, without perquisites, with the exception of registering births, marriages and deaths.

The Reeve suggested that it be $75 a year, and furnish his own stationery.

Mr. Dale thought there might be such a thing as false economy, and approved of the Reeve's suggestion. He moved in amendment that the Clerk receive $75 a year, and furnish his own stationery. No seconder.

The first motion was changed to $60 and carried.

Moved by Mr. Dale, that the Treasurer's salary be the same as last year.—No seconder.

Moved by Dr. Sutton, seconded by Dr. Loomis, that he receive $30.—Carried.

Some discussion took place as to publishing the Auditors' Report in the REVIEW, when it was moved by Dr. Sutton, seconded by Mr. Orr, that it be posted up in the Town Hall.—Carried.

Council adjourned until the first Monday in March.

FROM MANITOBA.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—As a great number of your readers are interested in this great West of ours; and as I have lately been over the completed portion of the greatest work now under way on the American Continent, namely, the Canada Pacific Railway, I endeavor to give you a sketch of the work. It is the greatest because of its length, it being a thousand miles longer than the Union and Central Pacific of the United States, and also greater because that for nearly its entire distance of almost 3,000 miles it must be built through a literal wilderness. It also surpasses all other public undertakings in the immensity of its rock excavations, also because that in its construction up to the present time there has been no railway base from which to operate.

This great national highway has its proposed eastern terminus at a point two hundred miles east of Ottawa, at the confluence of the Ottawa and Montreal Rivers. Its course for the first six hundred miles as surveyed is in an almost due west direction, the line running at a considerable distance to the north of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron and striking the shore of Lake Superior at a point about due north of Marquett, in the State of Michigan, thence it follows the coast until it reaches Thunder Bay. Here is one of the finest harbors in America, and a smart, flourishing city called Prince Arthur's Landing. From this point the present operations on the eastern side have been conducted during the past three years. From Thunder Bay the line bears gently northward for about 400 miles until it strikes the Red River at Selkirk, 22 miles north of the city of Winnipeg, where it makes quite an abrupt curve in the same direction in order to make or reach a pass in the Rock mountains, and also to avoid Lake Manitoba. Thence its course is west, crossing the Saskatchewan River at about the 107 meridian, (running through one of the finest countries in the world,) from whence it still further bends to the north-west until it strikes the Athabasca River at a point about 325 miles north of the International line. It is now at the foot hills of the Rockies, and more than 2,000 miles from the starting point. It enters the main range of the Rockies through the Yellow Head Pass,—a most wonderful opening left by nature in this great rocky chain. A meadow-like expanse, laying full a vertical mile lower than the lofty peaks around it, opens through the range, and ends on its further side in one of the most remarkable valleys in the world. Sunk deep among the towering mountains around it, for 40 miles the road follows this valley which winds its way towards the Pacific coast, on Bute Inlet, one of the arms of the Pacific. Here it ends, 2,916 miles from Montreal.

It was my privilege recently to go over a portion of this great work, to note the tremendous energy being displayed by the Government and Contractors in pushing it forward, and to gain from personal inspection the way the contractors have of overcoming the tremendous difficulties. Mr. Alex. Isbister and myself took up our position in the cab of the locomotive, securing, thereby, an excellent opportunity of viewing the road-bed and the surrounding country. The line was directly north and as straight as an arrow. A fog the evening before which had been followed by a sharp breeze had fringed tree and shrub and tall grass with myriads of icy crystals, which sent back the rays of the morning sun in a thousand flashes of light. The air was bracing, not to say cold. We rushed along at the rate of 25 miles an hour over a track as smooth as a parlor floor, and through a beautiful country. As we neared Selkirk the poplar woods began to be interspersed with spruce and other coniferous trees, and the prairie country to give place to a wooded region. From this point runs the main line, and our direction was now east for 78 miles, all evidences of civilization vanished here and we entered a wilderness as vast and solemn as it was ever my lot to pass through (not excepting our famous expedition on Fort Garry in 1870.

The remainder of this communication is, unavoidably, crowded out this week.

$20,000 TO LOAN.

AT THE LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to
GEO. A. SKINNER,
87 Solicitor, &c., Stirling.

THIS

New Horse Disease

AS COMPETENT Veterinary skill is not within our reach, I have obtained from a first-class Veterinary Surgeon, of Toronto, the thorough method of treatment, prescriptions and medicines for the present epidemic of Grease Heel, Scratches, &c. The price for the medicines is ONE DOLLAR.
JOHN G. DEANS,
Druggist, Madoc.

N.B.—Kaspar's Blood Purifier for Horses and Cattle just received. 97-4t.

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.

SAMUEL M. TABER,
49-tf. Madoc.

VALUABLE

FARM AND MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned,
JAS. O'HARA, Jr.

Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

Cheap Bread!

8cts. PER LOAF,

AT

JNO. HARPER'S.

WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Family Groceries,

FLOUR, FEED,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

J. HARPER.

Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1878. 65

FARM TO RENT OR SELL.

BEING lot 16, in the 12th concession, of Huntingdon, containing 200 acres, 100 of which are cleared. 20 acres of cedar swamp, the remainder heavily timbered with maple and beech, and a great quantity of white oak. On the premises are a good log house and a never-failing well, also two springs. For further particulars apply to
JAS. LANDON,
on the premises.

Huntingdon, Dec. 24th, 1877. 39

John Robertson's

New advertisement

will appear next week.

OATS! OATS!

HIGHEST CASH PRICE
PAID FOR
ANY QUANTITY OF OATS!
AT THE
BRIDGEWATER MILLS.
J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, Jan. 18th, 1879. 95

NOTICE.

I AM prepared to take any number of good Sheep on shares, also I will take ten of the best milch Cows on shares. I have the best ram in the county, and lots of feed.
FRANCIS NEWELLS.
Tudor, Oct. 18th, 1878. 82

THE HIGHEST PRICE
PAID FOR
CHOICE DAIRY BUTTER,
AT
JOHN COOK'S,
Grocer and Provision Merchant,
FRONT STREET, - BELLEVILLE.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
—AND—
Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to
H. HOLDEN,
95-6m Shannonville.

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,
CLOCKS, and
JEWELRY,
ALWAYS ON HAND,
CHEAP FOR CASH.

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence

☞ KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can hear and see one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Mitchell, Ont

E. D. O'FLYNN,

FROM FAILING HEALTH, finding it necessary to

Close his Business

calls upon all persons indebted to him

FOR EARLY SETTLEMENT.

THE ENTIRE STOCK

WILL BE CLOSED OUT AT

Great Bargains!

FOR CASH,

COMMENCING WITH THIS DATE,

September 25th, 1878.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

YOUR CHOICE.

TWO GREAT OFFERS

TO SUBSCRIBERS TO THE

Phrenological Journal

AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH.

This publication is widely known, having been before the reading world forty years, and occupying a place in literature exclusively its own, viz. the study of HUMAN NATURE in all its phases, including Phrenology, Physiognomy, Ethnology, Physiology, etc., together with the "Science of Health," and no expense will be spared to make it the best publication for general circulation, tending always to make men better physically, mentally, and morally

OUR PREMIUMS.

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Madoc, November 5th, 1878.

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THE SUGAR BEET INDUSTRY.

Address of Ernest Th. Gennert, Esq., Before the State Agricultural Society of New York.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1879.

At the instance of the State Agricultural Society Mr. Ernest Th. Gennert, Manager of the Maine Beet Sugar Company of Portland, Me., delivered a lecture here to-day on that industry. George W. Hoffman, Esq., occupied the chair and introduced the lecturer, whose discourse elicited hearty applause and commendation.

INTRODUCTORY.

Mr. Gennert said that the beet sugar industry has, since it assumed the proportion of an industry at all, developed to such an extent wherever it has been introduced, that it is considered in most countries in Europe the most important industry, and as the consumption of sugar not only increases with the increase in population, but also with the progress of civilization, it cannot be surprising that this interest has assumed in less than fifty years such gigantic proportions. In order to understand the difficulties which we find we have to meet in introducing this industry on the continent of North America, let us look at the exact nature of this important industry.

THE NATURE AND SOURCES OF SUGAR.

Sugar is an organic substance containing carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and, as it has never been produced in any artificial way, not even in minute quantities, it cannot be denied that it is a product of the soil. It is an agricultural product, and as such it has long ago been acknowledged. Sugar has to be produced in the field, the farmer has to make it, the manufacturer only extracts it from the sugar-containing plants which the farmer produces. The principal plants which contain sugar in large proportions are the sugar cane and the sugar beet; all the rest together, such as the sugar maple, sugar palm and others, form but a small fraction in the sugar supply of the world. In former years the sugar cane was looked upon as the only plant from which sugar could be extracted; and wherever, in former times, this has been the case, the industry was invariably allied with human or negro slavery, and wherever slavery ceased to exist the production of sugar also ceased, to a large extent. We have seen this on the different islands of the West Indies, later in Louisiana, and still later in Peru, where, in order to produce sugar on a large scale, the very worst form of human slavery was introduced—that of the Chinese Coolies. It is therefore but reasonable to expect whenever slavery ceases to exist in Cuba, the production of sugar will cease to exist also or be immensely decreased; and as Cuba so far has supplied a large proportion of the sugar produced from cane, some other country will have to come forward to take its place. Beet sugar, on the other hand, has been an offspring of science and has been ever closely allied to it. The production of beet sugar only assumed the proportion of national industry after science had become the handmaid of agriculture. Wherever we find the beet sugar industry flourish, we find it combined with scientific, with national farming, from which it is inseparable; one can not exist without the other. This compels us to investigate the state of our agriculture, to understand what the beet sugar industry has to expect from it. As the whole beet sugar industry is decidedly of an agricultural nature, we have to treat it as such, and we will soon find what is the greatest and in fact the only difficulty to be overcome to the successful production of one hundred million dollars worth of sugar in the United States.

A DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY.

This difficulty, this obstacle, lies in our low state of farming, in farming land by the quantity instead of making less land, with less labor applied, very productive. It lies in the mistake we make to consider ourselves a prosperous agricultural nation, when we ship year after year the fertility of our land to Europe, until we will find ourselves face to face with the Pacific Ocean. It sounds very deceptive when our daily papers tell us that we have shipped so many million bushels of corn, wheat and other grain to Europe. We ship so many million pounds of meat, butter and cheese to foreign countries; but it sounds quite different when we learn that the average crop of wheat per acre this year in Tennessee has been four bushels; in Ohio, which was once the garden of the United States, ten bushels; and in the whole United States it has been for many years eleven bushels. It is undoubtedly gratifying to learn that we can make as good cheese as any nation in the world, Holland, Switzerland and England, not even the celebrated Lamburg, excepted, but it is quite another thing when we learn that nearly one half the year our cows stand dry, simply because dry hay and ice water will produce neither much milk nor cream.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

How then is the state of farming in countries where the beet sugar industry flourishes? We can find in Europe no state or even district where beet sugar had not brought with it remunerative well paying farming in general. We find this in every country but perhaps in none more so than in Belgium. To say nothing of all her other industries, the beet sugar industry in Belgium is in the most flourishing condition. Though a rather mountainous country, of which the iron and coal industries give best evidence, she exports large quantities of sugar besides supplying her own needs. The state of New York, if cut up, could be turned into half a dozen Kingdoms of Belgium. We find here the beet sugar interest the most prosperous farming in Europe. According to statistics, to every two acres of land under cultivation, there is kept in Belgium one head of cattle or its equivalent in sheep or swine. A farmer who cultivates eighteen to twenty acres of land there not only makes a good living, but he accumulates money. How many can say so here in America? Many American farmers may shake their heads and think farm products must underlie a different law in Europe from what they do in America. Farm products bring about the same price the world over, adding freight to transport them from one point to another. If wheat is worth one dollar a bushel in America or Russia, it is worth no more in England, France or Germany with the addition of 20 cents for freight and other charges. Statistics show that a yield of forty bushels has been the average of many years together in all the wheat producing countries in Europe, and we may say safely $1.20 cents has been the average price. If then the European farmer finds it more profitable to raise sugar beets and sell them to the sugar factories at from $3.60 to $4 per ton, where they average a crop of wheat amounting to $48, how much more profitable it must be to the American farmer, when all the gross income he has from an acre of wheat is $11, of which the smallest part, if any, is net profit? In most places in the United States, the common saying is, "The more wheat a farmer tries to grow, the poorer he will grow." It must be accepted as a principle, that what one farmer does under ordinary conditions, another can do, and what ten farmers can do, ten, twenty and hundreds more can do under the same conditions, if they will only try. What then has been the result obtained by many farmers who have tried to raise sugar-beets during the last year? In giving these figures, I will be very careful to give the full name and post-office address of the parties to enable any farmer to apply to them for more particular information than I am able to give in this short address.

First of all the lecturer read a letter from a pioneer in sugar-beet culture, originally a ship-owner. He became a convert to the beet sugar industry while going to France in his own ships, but since the decline of the American shipping interest, he has taken to farming and does it more thoroughly than one who has been a farmer all his life-time. The letter was read.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER.

My plan work is much behind, but within a fortnight I will try to take off my memoranda on the sugar beet culture. The experience of my neighbors shows widely different results. All the way from nothing to 11, 24, 30 to 40 tons to the acre. This last, by Mr. Rich. N. Bailey, I am getting the exact date of and means to investigate very closely and thoroughly. He spares no labor nor manure, has excellent soil and is very prompt in sowing, weeding, thinning and cultivating between the rows. He feeds out his beets to his cattle, all of them, hogs and even hens, to each and and all. He thinks he can't sell at $4 a ton; might sell for $5, deliver at railroad station, three miles distant from his farm. He growls over the transportation cost only, and considers the crop worth more for his cattle. They all do. (I sold my own for 30 cents per bushel of 60 pounds.) They say if all the sugar, 12 per cent, and all the water, 80 per cent., is extracted from the root, the 8 per cent. left can be of no great value, and so they very much prefer the entire root, without costly truckage, for their stock. At the same time they all admit that there is more reliable cash value out of the beets at twenty tons to the acre than from potatoes, corn, grain, hay, or any other crop they can raise, and that if good tillable land is chosen, well worked, fined and manured, promptly thinned and kept positively clean of weeds, the very day they can be detected in the setting sunlight, greening the ground, there is no trouble or uncertainty about a good heavy crop every time, worth from a $100 to $125 per acre. So they think, and so I know, after some years drill at raising beets, I was all alone in this town at beet raising for some years, beating everybody of course. But I beat it into them, and now they begin to beet me—and I am heartily glad of it, and so are the cattle. Mr. Bailey says that water in the beets at a reasonable temperature is better than the cold water in the brook or spring in winter, and the shivers that go with it, and that they don't drink near as much when fed regularly with roots as they do on dry hay and other such fodder. The crops of corn, hay, potatoes and all the cereals are subject to great loss through many contingencies. Heavy winds, pouring rains, blight, rust, mildew, rot, bug, worm, and beetle league together sometimes, and down goes the whole in quantity, quality and value, faster than one can breathe, far below the cost of production. The humble beet, firmly planted in the ground, laughs at the wars of the elements, the bugs, beetles, weevils and the thousand unnamed skip-jacks, each requiring some separate sort of 'pothecary stuff to circumvent, and goes steadily on renewing its broken foliage, and quietly gathering up the sweets of future reliable usefulness. It cannot be long ere farmers will realize these facts and plant one acre at least with a crop, which ordinary brains and prompt labor will always conduct to a satisfactory issue. It is a crop which utilizes thoroughly the handy fingers and perfect eyes of children, who can do great things in a beet bed, for a small reward. This is the place for all, old or young, on the farm, who can do no hard work on most crops but can very ably take care of this. It is a crop that yields more absolute money to the household than any other I know of—per acre—no outlay but the seed, perhaps two dollars. Two dollars out in the spring, one hundred back in the fall. Please show us the crop which yields so large a return for the land, manure and labor on so small cash outlay. There must be 50,000 farms in the State of Maine. Almost every one can raise the sugar beet. Suppose 20,000 of them raise each one acre of beets—say 20 tons. They would grow then 400,000 tons yielding $2,000,000 to the farmers. This crop would make at least 40,000 tons of sugar, or eighty million pounds, worth six million four hundred thousand dollars. They can do it beyond all possible doubt, and if they do not within the next five years, then are their owners blind beyond redemption. There is no experiment about it; the raising of the beets and the making of the sugar are well established facts. I hope to live long enough to see an end to imported sugars in Maine, and the hard earned money of the Maine farmer stop at home where it belongs.

Yours, etc.,
Alex. Johnston.

ANOTHER EXTRACT: YIELDS OF BEETS.

Here is an extract from the *Register at Rural News*: "Messrs. Smith & Powell, of Syracuse Nursery, have given us the measurement of a crop of beets raised in 1876 on one acre of land. The variety is known as the yellow ovoid. The variety was thoroughly sub-soiled and well taken care off. The crop weighed 118,400 lbs., or about 59 tons, or at 60 lbs. per bushel would amount to 1,973½ bushels. Successful nursery men who know that a deep, well prepared soil is the best for trees, often furnish some of the finest specimens of profitable farming, in the heavy crops which they obtain from vacant portions of their land, which should encourage farmers to give up superficial, and adapt thorough, culture.

OTHER AUTHORITIES.

James H. Gregory makes in a treatise on root culture the following statements.

"The crop of Mr. Albert Fehring, of Binghampton, Mass., was sixty tons of roots, and if the tops were in the usual proportion of one-third, they weighed twenty tons more giving the enormous yield of eighty tons of green feed from one acre of ground. The crop raised on Deer Island, in Boston harbor, was about seventy tons to the acre, with a like proportion of tops; the total yield must have been over a hundred tons. In the sewage farms of England eighty tons of roots have been raised on one acre of land. Fehring applied 15 loads of manure to his acre of ground; of the quantity of the Deer Island crop I regret not to have dates."

MR. G.'S FACTS.

"Mr. K. M. Chrysler, of North Hector, N. Y., reports that he has raised of Lane's Imperial and Vilmovis sugar beets 40 tons per acre. Mr. Richard N. Bailey, of Wiscasset, Maine, reports 40 tons per acre; Mr. Albert Fehring, of Hingham, Mass., reports 50 tons per acre; Messrs. Smith & Powell, of Syracuse, New York, report 60 tons per acre. I could give many more names, which have raised from 35 down to 15 tons last year, which was very unfavorable for any root crops. W. W. Harris, of Cumberland, Me., raised 26 tons per acre, on which he applied $18 worth of Stockbridge Fertilizer per acre; he is president of the State Board of Agriculture, and will give information to any one who applies for it. He expresses his conviction if he had doubled the quantity of manure he would have doubled his beet crop. Mr. Libby, President of the First National Bank of Portland, had 25 tons raised on his farm. The manager of the farm belonging to the Reform school in Cape Elizabeth, near Portland, raised two acres which yielded fully as much as either of the former. With proper cultivation and manuring, there is no good reason why every farmer who tries should not raise twenty or more tons per acre. The influence this would exert on American farming in general can hardly be estimated in dollars and cents. A twenty ton beet crop would not only give the farmer $100 in cash, but would give him besides from seven to eight tons of the very best of green feed in the form of tops and leaves, which may be kept all winter and fed to cattle with fine cut straw, making a most excellent feed for milch stock. The proof that these pictures have not been overdrawn is best furnished by the facts ascertained as to what the introduction of beet sugar has done in other countries. There is an illustration, which, though old and often repeated, is like an eternal truth, always new."

On a public occasion, the following inscription was placed on a triumphal arch:—

Before the introduction of the beet sugar industry the arrondisement of Valenciennes produced 695,000 bushels of wheat and fattened 700 oxen. Since the manufacture of beet sugar was introduced, the arrondisement of Valenciennes has produced 1,157,750 bushels of wheat and has fattened 11,500 oxen.

A farm of 832 acres, the product of which with ordinary farming amounted to $8,000 per year, with six years of beet sugar culture produced $44,200 per annum.

INFERENCES.

Considering these facts well, it cannot be surprising that many countries have offered assistance to the introduction of the beet sugar industry, foremost among which we find the Province of Quebec, the State of Maine and even Australia. I have laid before you, continued Mr. Gennert, the advantages which necessarily must accrue to the farming community at large and to each individual farmer who can muster courage enough to try a hundred dollar beet crop on at least one acre, instead of a eleven dollar wheat crop. Allow me to allude in a few brief words to the technical or business part of the beet-sugar question.

WAYS AND MEANS.

Although the most important parts in the manufacture of beet sugar are sugar beets, these alone are not sufficient; otherwise it would have been long ago a flourishing industry in the Dominion of Canada, where sugar beets have been raised by the hundreds of acres, and have been offered by the thousands of acres if parties could be induced to establish a sugar factory there. But the manufacture, refining or handling of sugar requires large sums of money, and in the heretofore uncertain state capitalists are very shy to invest money in any enterprise, especially where, as in the beet sugar business, agriculture forms an indispensible and large part of the success. The Maine Beet Sugar Company has solved the question, "will it pay to raise sugar beets?" most effectually. Taking it for granted that every farmer that tries an acre of sugar beets will, at least, put this one acre into proper and thorough cultivation, the figures quoted will convince any one that he can count on a gross income of $100 from that one acre.

THE SACCHARINE CHARACTER OF U. S. GROWN BEETS.

The next question asked and to be solved is: Do beets grown on American soil contain as much sugar as those grown in Europe, and do they contain some ingredient or substance which will make the profitable working of the same on a large scale into sugar. These questions have been conclusively answered by the success which the Maine Beet Sugar Company has met with in its working. On the 21st day of October the Company began the work of manufacturing sugar from beets, and within nine days after having the first beet go into the machinery, the company turned out of all grades of sugars from standard granulated common sugars, or melado 94,497 pounds. The quantity of beets consumed to produce this amount of sugar has been 450 tons, and as they were used with tops and even dirt on, many having adhering rotten leaves to them, it must be admitted that the result so far obtained has been fully as good as in the best sugar manufacturing countries, and better than in France. It is one of the peculiarities of the American beet that the heads or leaf-crown contain almost as much sugar as the beet itself, and more than the average beet of France. The question of the complete financial success of the Maine Beet Sugar Company therefore was and is centered in the supply of beets. Had this company had but sixty days supply of beets, it would have earned a profit of not less than fifty per cent. The quality of the sugar and the quantity extracted were satisfactory in the highest degree and the ease with which it was done could not have been surpassed. But as every new industry, which has to start on a very large scale and cannot be worked with small or cheap machinery, and which requires large quantities of raw material to work, has to overcome extraordinary difficulties not only in the working itself, but most of all in the procurement of raw material, the Maine Beet Sugar Company adopted, in addition to the process of working green or fresh beets, the somewhat old method of working

DRIED BEETS.

A drying establishment has been erected in the most northern part of the State of Maine where the beets have been sliced and kiln dried preparatory to transporting them to the sugar factory in Portland.

Beets treated by this process are reduced in weight, five to one, so that an ordinary good ox team can haul ten tons of beets after they have been dried. The drying process has been adapted to the peculiarities of our country. In Europe, the drying of sugar beets is done with cokes, while here in this country, far away from communication, where wood is plenty and cheap coke is not only very expensive but impossible to procure, wood is used for the fuel. After some little experimenting the success of the drying apparatus can be best understood by comparing figures. According to authentic figures one ton of beets converted into dry ones costs in Germany $9.12. This has been the average of four years, and includes everything; while the beets dried in Aroostook County, in the State of Maine, cost the Maine Beet Sugar Company, delivered in their sugar works at Portland, $7.15. I do not mean to assert the working of dried beets to be the best method to be adopted in America, yet it certainly facilitates the drawing of beet supply from a large territory, enables farmers who live a long distance from transportation to avail themselves of this way of raising sugar beets. It cannot be denied there are objections to this method of sugar making; yet it is calculated to facilitate the introduction of the beet sugar industry into America. The Maine Beet Sugar Company has dried this season five hundred tons, and when the whole season's work has been finished they will be converted into sugar, producing probably an additional 125,000 pounds of sugar and bringing the whole production of the Maine Beet Sugar Company during the first season up to a quarter of a million of pounds

If any sensible man can show a reason why American farmers would not be benefited by the beet sugar industry, as all the European farmers have been, I am one who would like to see the proof, and if any farmer can tell why it would be a disadvantage for him to try to raise an acre of sugar beets, I should like to hear it. Every American farmer will have hard work and very small returns until he cultivates root crops in regular rotation on his farm. The progress of civilization will force the introduction of the beet sugar industry; a hundred millions of dollars will soon be insufficient to pay for the annual importation of raw sugars; but large as this sum is, it is but small compared with the general improvement the introduction of beet growing will bring to general farming; wherever introduced the sugar beet has proved herself the queen of farm crops, and sooner or later the United States has to acknowledge her superiority.

The delivery of Mr. Gennert's lecture elicited hearty cheers, dealing as it did with points on which information was wanted, or on which misunderstandings existed.

LIBEL SUITS AGAINST NEWSPAPERS.

(From the New York Herald.)

No respectable newspaper traduces private character except by inadvertence or misinformation, and for its own sake as well as for the sake of the person injured every respectable journal cheerfully makes the *amende honorable* as soon as it is convinced that it has fallen into an error.

The law of libel perhaps needs some slight amendment so far as it relates to the public press. A perfectly equitable law would exempt the press from damages for truthful statements published in the exercise of its ordinary functions. A member of Congress on the floor or a lawyer speaking in court frequently makes libelous statements, and yet is not subject to prosecution, because such freedom is a necessary incident of his duties. A great deal of the news necessarily printed by the press touches the character of individuals, and the press ought not to be punished for things which are incidental to the ordinary discharge of its duties if the publication is made in good faith and without malice. Still we have little complaint to make of the existing law of libel when it is administered in a spirit of equity. It would be insufferable for the press to destroy private character with impunity. But in cases where it promptly corrects errors of inadvertence or where injurious truth is printed without malice, there is no justice in awarding damages, and it is satisfactory to know that upright courts and honest juries are more and more inclined to take this equitable view of the subject.

The greater portion of libel suits against the press are instigated by shysters for the purpose of extorting blackmail. It is expected that a newspaper will consent to pay a few hundred dollars to save itself the trouble of a lawsuit, and if the trick does not succeed the suits are seldom brought to trial. It is the duty of the press to withstand all such blackmailing operations, never consenting to be bought off, but relying on the justice of courts and juries.

WESTERN LEGAL NOTES.

In the Court of Chancery, Toronto, on Tuesday:—

Re Welland Canal Enlargement.—Mr. Spragge, on behalf of the Minister of Public Works, asks for an order directing the issue of an advertisement directed to the parties interested in the portion of land taken possession of by the Crown for the purpose of the enlargement of the Canal, to come in and prove their claims, under the statute. Order granted.

Sienright v. Sienright.—Mr. Boyd Q. C., and Mr Suelling for the plaintiff moved on notice for an injunction restraining the defendants, Lotisa Sienright and William Sienright, for entering or interfering with the dwelling house. Mr. Moss and Mr. Wilson for the defendants. Order to go referring it to the Master at Chatham to set apart the house and furniture so as to give to the plaintiff and defendants apartments in security if possible until the hearing or further order, the parties to hold the apartments set apart by the Master free from molestation from either party, the Master to have access to the house for this purpose. Costs reserved.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.

A Young Lady Selects Her Pall-Bearers and then Takes Poison.

Mitchell, Feb 1.—On Thursday a daughter, aged eighteen, of Mr. Thomas Mutton, a well-to-do farmer of Fullarton, died under the following circumstances. On Wednesday afternoon she was seized with vomiting, which continued at intervals all the evening and during the night. About one o'clock on Thursday morning she asked her mother for some water, and, shortly after drinking it, she expired. Search showed that a package of Paris green had been opened, and some of it mixed in a cup. There were also traces of its having been spilled. A letter in the deceased's pocket named six young gentlemen whom she wished to be pall-bearers, and closed by bidding "good-bye to all." Two youths stated at the inquest that she had asked them on the Sunday previous if they would carry her to the grave that week, and, thinking she was joking, they laughingly answered that they would. Their names were on the list of pall-bearers she left behind. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that death was the result of a dose of Paris green administered by her own hand. No possible cause is known or can be thought of for the poor girl committing the rash act. She was good-looking, intelligent, bright and lively and generally beloved.

—"Oils and pomade are no longer used on the hair." This is a sensible edict of fashion. Hereafter a young man can help a young lady to say nothing in particular on Sunday evening without having his vest soiled.

FRANCE'S NEW PRESIDENT.

Interesting Sketch of his Career.

Francis Paul Jules Grevy, who has just been elected President of the French Republic, in the place of Marshal McMahon, who has resigned, was born at Montsous Vaudrez, Jura, August the 15, 1813. After being graduated from the College of Poligny he read law in Paris, and was a student there in the days of July, 1830, when Charles X. threw away the crown of France over a game of whist at Versailles. He flung himself ardently into the revolution, and was with the corps which stormed the barracks of the Rue de Babylone. Like most thorough-going Republicans he was soon disappointed by the rule of the Citizen King, and he earned distinction early as a defender of those members of the Radical party who were prosecuted by the Government. He made his first famous plea in the case against two companions of Barbes. Throught the monarchy of July he remained faithful to his connections, and after the flight of Louis Philippe, in 1848, he was made a commissioner of the Provisional Government for his department. He fulfilled the difficult duties of the post with such tact and moderation and so carefully avoided compromising himself in the quarrels of the Republican factions that he became the most popular man in the Jura. In the election for members of the Assembly he was made a Vice-President and a member of the Judiciary Committee. He spoke often and made a high reputation as a debater. He took an independent position, but as a rule voted with the Extreme Left. He proposed that the Executive should be chosen by the National Assembly and hold office at its pleasure, with the title of President of the Council of Ministers, but the proposition was defeated by a vote of 643 to 158. After the presidential election of December 10 M. Grevy opposed the policy of Louis Napoleon and especially the expedition to Rome. He was re-elected to the Corps Legislatif, and without making common cause with the Radicals, became one of the principal opponents of the Government. He protested against the law of May 31 and opposed the revision of the constitution. After the coup d'etat of December, 1851, he gave himself up entirely to the practice of his profession, and in 1868 he became *battonnier* of the Order of Advocates. In the same year, and again in 1869 and 1871, he was elected a member of the Corps Legislatif. The election of 1868 was the first since 1852 in which the Government had been completely routed, and M. Grevy was then returned by a majority so decisive that at the ensuing election no official candidate was opposed to him, and he received eight-ninths of all the votes cast. He was chosen President of the Assembly in March 1871, and held that position down to April 1873, when he declined the invitation of President Thiers to serve longer in that capacity. Ever since the establishment of the Third Republic he has been looked upon as the natural head of the Conservative Republicanism of France.

FISH IN THE RIVER THAMES.

Important Action by the Oxford County Council.

Our esteemed correspondent at Woodstock, writing on Saturday last, says: "At the concluding meeting of the first session of the County Council, the report was received of a Select Committee appointed to inquire into the existence of dams on the river Thames, to the effect that, having taken such evidence as could be obtained relating to the matter, they found that there are several dams not properly constructed, and that by reason of these obstructions fish, which are known to be in great abundance at the mouth of the river and for many miles above the same, are prevented from reaching that portion of the river which passes through Oxford county, and where, up to within the last ten years, they were known to be in large quantities. The Committee, therefore, recommended that a committee, consisting of Messrs. Burgess, Cook and Totten, be authorized to make such representations to the Fishery Superintendent as will tend to remove the evils complained of. The Committee on Roads and Bridges reported in respect to the Cedar Creek and other bridges, stating that they had taken local legal opinion on the matter, but not being satisfied with that opinion they recommended that the matter be laid over to June session, to afford an opportunity of getting other opinion, and that in the meantime the Cedar Creek bridge be paid for by Woodstock and West Oxford. The report was adopted."

WHOLESOME AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. Beecher's Plea for Base-Ball Boating, Dancing, Theatres and Billiards.

(From the New York Times.)

A lecture on "Amusements," delivered by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher last evening, at the Lexington avenue Opera House, was a source of amusement to a very large audience, and of profit to the Northeastern Dispensary, for the benefit of whose treasury it was given.

Mr. Beecher commended the ball field, boating, running and billiards as means to amuse and make happy the tired man. Woe be to the man, he said, who refills from the cup! God gives us the wine all around and above us with which to refill the exhausted fountains of vitality. Frivolity was a good thing at times. He would rather have it than the saintliness which is like a heavy wagon body that presses down upon the axles, and is heavily jolted by every small pebble over which the wheels roll. Frivolity may, then, be likened to springs put under a wagon body. Returning to his discussion of exercises, he said each man must choose the one adapted to overcome the weakness caused by his business. It would be absurd for a letter-carrier, after his day's work, to take a long "constitutional." What he wants is company, cheerfulness, pleasant surroundings, while he rests. It would be equally absurd for a man engaged all day upon some abstruse problem to engage at night in a game of chess, taxing his mental faculties still more. For him should be the oar, the walk, the dance. Men ought to choose their exercises, the amusements, as they do their food. What disagrees with them must be avoided. Mr. Beecher believed in the theatre, the opera, and a hundred other forms of amusement, but each of them is not adapted to the use of all men. Dancing is good, when a man also does something else beside dance, and card-playing is a healthy amusement if one does not make a business of it. Billiards he also believed in, and he would like to have a billiard-table put in the household of every well-to-do family. What are wanted are more billiard-tables in proper places and fewer in improper places. He gave an amusing account of his visit to the first billiard tournament held in this city twenty years ago, and of the wonder caused by his appearance thereat. Referring to the controversy which has been carried on by advocates of the pulpit and of the stage, he wished to heaven it would cease, and that both pulpit and stage should be permitted to go on and be judged by their results. No man should be allowed to carry a conscience for his fellows. In conclusion he pleaded for home pleasures, and warned his hearers against compelling young people to go clandestinely in search of amusement.

A WINDSOR ROMANCE.

An Elopement and its Happy Denouement.

The Detroit *Tribune*, 5th, says: "Yesterday afternoon Windsor society was shaken to its very foundation by reports of an elopement in high life. The principals in the affair are Pascal McLeod, co-proprietor of the Great Western Hotel, corner of Sandwich and Goyeau streets, and Miss Fraser, daughter of Capt. Fraser, for years one of the most popular and widely known captains on the lakes. The circumstances of the affair are woven into quite a pretty little romance. For the past six months Capt. Fraser has been staying at the Great Western Hotel, of which Pascal McLeod and his father are proprietors. His only child, a daughter, has for some time past been attending a convent in Chatham. Her vacations were spent with her father in Windsor, and it was during these visits that a feeling, first of friendship and then of love, sprang up in the heart of young McLeod, and he wooed the idol of his being with all the persistency imaginable. She gradually succumbed, and a short while ago, on graduating from school, she consented to become his wife. The old captain, on being consulted in the matter, refused point blank to give his consent. Astonished at the blunt refusal, the unhappy pair set about seeking the causes of the worthy captain's antipathy to their union. They finally learned that his opposition was mainly based on religious belief. He is a Romanist; his daughter had been reared under the care of the Romish Church, and he had, therefore, firmly resolved not to allow McLeod, who is a Protestant, to obtain her hand. The young lady and her lover at last grew desperate, and yesterday morning they called at Justice Bartlet's office, in the Town Hall, and applied for a marriage license. "Ha' ye the young woman's father's permission?" said the magistrate, quite formally. "Well, no, not exactly," stammered the young man. "Weel, mon, I con na' gie ye the license," firmly replied the magistrate. A hasty whispering between the now wretched pair then followed, when suddenly their countenances lighted up simultaneously, and as they passed through the open door each looked at the other and smiled. About twenty minutes later a closely covered hack was seen driven on to the ferry Fortune, but no one knew that safely seated within the carriage were Mr. McLeod and Miss Fraser. Three hours afterward they walked up Sandwich street as Mr and Mrs. McLeod, having been united in the bonds of holy wedlock by a Justice of the Peace in Justice alley, Detroit. It is said that the wrath of the irate parent knew no bounds, but it is hoped that ere long he may be induced to look with favor upon his son-in-law. Mr. McLeod is a steady, industrious and highly respected young man and much thought of in the society in which he moves. His bride is a handsome brunette, 18 years, highly educated, and endowed with many excellent qualities.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The papooses at the Indian village of Pashawba, Minn., slide down hill barefoot.

—In China one of the delicacies at the tables of the rich consists of half-hatched eggs.

—A Justice of the Peace at Hochelaga, a suburb of Montreal, is also the village lamplighter.

—The proprietors of the London *Telegraph* print several copies of that journal on special paper for the royal palaces.

—Prof. David Swing will not have to preach in a theatre next year, as his Chicago friends are going to build for him a lecture hall costing $150,000.

—"A Guzzling Preacher" the *New Covenant* (Universalist) calls Mr. Spurgeon, being unaware that Neal Dow's story has been thoroughly refuted.

—An attempt is being made to reopen the edifying Bagot will case at Dublin, the opponents of the widow denouncing the original trial as a miscarriage of justice.

—In spite of all that was said about the popularity of the new Earl of Leitrim a force of forty police has just been marched into the Fannet portion of the estate and the old barracks are being put in order for permanent occupation.

—The Edinburgh Town Council, as well as the U. P. Presbytery, adopted resolutions recently in favor of legalizing marriages with the sisters of deceased wives, though the orthodox minority in the latter august body vehemently quoted Leviticus xviii., 18.

—Prof. L. S. Arnold reports that of sixteen oleomargarine factories known to him in this country, thirteen had failed, though backed with an aggregate of $1,800,000 to begin with. He thinks that the remainder are running on a very small profit, if any.

—A solar telegraph is used in communicating with the Faulkner's island light-house, off Guilford, Conn., combinations of quick and long flashes forming words and conveying messages. The keepers of the light are sometimes shut off from the shore for months during the winter and find the telegraph handy.

—Francis J. Oliver of Somerville, Mass., kept a candy store, and about the sweetest thing in it was Grace Mathews, the clerk. Although Mr. Oliver was 77 years old, and she only 20, he thought she meant it when she promised to marry him. He gave her $50 to buy a wedding dress and she went out as though to make the purchase but never returned.

—Rev. Dr. Jeter of Richmond told this story at his own expense: Many years ago an artless stranger, whom I casually met, said to me: "I hear you preach every Sunday. You are the gratest preacher I ever did hear." "Ah," said I, "you have not, I suppose, heard Mr. M. preach." (At that time Mr. M. was attracting great attention by his sermons.) "Yes," he replied, "I have heard Mr. M. several times. He is a great preacher; but he is not so great a preacher as you are. You have the mournfulest voice of any man ever did hear."

—London *Truth*:—"One day, as he was musing on these things in sore perplexity, he entered his wife's dressing room and saw a box of pastilles on the table. The lid was marked 'Lavender drops.' Mechanically Jenny's husband opened the box and put one of the pastilles in his mouth. They were large white things like *dragées*, but instantly John Ameroy had crunched one his mouth was filled with undiluted alcohol of fearful strength. So again he had his wife's secret. She got drunk off the pastilles, specially prepared by a roguish chemist for persons like herself, and innocently styled 'Lavender Drops.'"

—During the lifetime of Lady Augusta Stanley, Her Majesty was a frequent visitor at the Deanery, and there on several occasions met Mr. Carlyle. Mr. Carlyle, (who, by the bye, refused the Grand Cross of the Bath at the same time when Mr. Tennyson declined a baronetcy) is no courtier, and his unsophisticated manners more than once amused the Queen. One day, being perhaps "hard of hearing," and wishing to hear Her Majesty's remarks distinctly, he came close to her, dragging a chair after him, and having made himself cosey by her side, proceeded to question her as to her historical likes and dislikes, instead of waiting till he was himself questioned.

—When the daily occupation is monotonous and unengrossing, a full supply of excitement for the leisure hours may be desirable, but where the mental powers have been taxed to their utmost through the hours of labor, it is absolutely necessary to health and happiness that they be entirely released for at least a portion of the time that is left. It is not enough that the usual amount of time be spent in the absolute rest of sleep, if every waking hour be filled to the brim with eager, serious occupation. It is not enough that certain hours be secured from absolute work, if they are still permeated with energetic thought, intense feeling, or exciting pleasures. The mind needs rest from effort in its waking hours—a time when it may rightly lay aside its activity and enjoy being acted upon by calm and gentle influences.

—The *Christian Mirror* has a note from the Rev. C. D. Crane, who was surprised by hearing sung in the church where he was worshipping a hymn in which Toplady's "Rock of Ages" is parodied and disowned as no longer expressive of the advanced Christian's experience. Instead of singing "Simply to Thy cross I cling," the new believer says:

To that cross I cling no longer,
Doubts and fears no longer feel,
Faith and hope and love are stronger,
Jesus' blood doth fully heal.
Now my song is not, "I'm clinging,"—
That to me would now be loss,
When mind, heart and soul are singing,
"I am resting at the cross."
Chorus—I was clinging,
Now I'm resting,
Sweetly resting at the cross.

Presently, suggests a critic, these people will get beyond praying, and will sing:

I was praying,
Now I'm having,
Surely having all I want.

—Lord Carlisle, so favorably known in this country as Lord Morpeth, having passed here the greater part of 1844, kept a very accurate journal of his days' doings from 1843 to his death, which has been edited by his sister, the Hon. Caroline Lascelles, and printed for private circulation among his family and friends. His intimate friendship and constant association with the most eminent persons of his time of every country give to it a special charm and interest. Lord Carlisle gives an interesting account of the funeral of Campbell, the poet, at Westminster Abbey. The pall bearers were: Sir Robert Peel, Lords Aberdeen Brougham, Campbell, Leigh, Dudley Stuart, and the late Duke of Argyll. The Macallumore, while putting on his scarf, observed in shocking taste: "There never was a greater farce. He was an old drunkard." There was an immense crowd, honorable to his fame, but many men of note, among them Macauley, Sheil, Hobhouse, Milnes, were shut out from all near approach by Brougham, from a jealously of Campbell's having been the first progenitor of the London University. He was buried in the middle of the transept, not far from the statue of Addison. There was a large attendance of Poles.

—If you should want to send money through the mail, no matter how small the amount, register the letter. There is always a danger of money being lost if you don't register.

—Mistress: I think you will suit me very well, but I wish to know if you have a follower? Maid: No, mum, I 'aven't at present, but I really can't say as to how soon I shall 'av one.—*Fun*.

—The ice trade, which is strictly an American enterprise, began about seventy years ago, and from a small beginning has grown to a great business. The exportation of ice was first undertaken by Frederick Tudor of Boston, who sent a small cargo to Martinique in 1805. Ice was not shipped to New Orleans until 1820.

SMASH-UP ON THE C. S. RAILWAY.

Welland, Feb. 2.—This morning about 5:15 freight train No. 13, C. S. R., mostly empties, bound west, was left standing on the Lyons Creek bridge, about one and a-half miles east of Welland, when the engine ran to the tank near Welland station for water. While there No. 119 special, also mostly empty cars, ran into the rear of the former train, causing great destruction of property and the serious, if not fatal, injury of Geo. Tyler, brakesman on No. 13. Eighteen cars were entirely destroyed. The locomotive of the rear train ran into the caboose of the other and both were burned so as to be entirely useless, nothing being left of the caboose except the trucks. The fire occurred about the middle of the bridge, which was also considerably burned, being saved only by the exertion of farmers living in the immediate vicinity of the collision. One car of clocks was so smashed up as to be a total loss, and a car of dry goods was badly damaged. The escape of the engineer and fireman of 119 was almost miraculous, as they knew nothing of their danger until the engine was stopped, having been almost telescoped into the caboose. The usual signals were not seen. By eight o'clock a.m. Superintendent Skinner was on the ground and a telegraph office established in an inverted car. Timber, rails and other material were brought, and by well directed exertions the *debris* was removed, the bridge repaired, and traffic resumed by five p. m. The brakesman Tyler was attended by Dr. Cook, of Welland. His leg is badly broken near the ankle, and it is feared that amputation will be necessary. About six p. m. he was removed to St. Thomas.

THE GREAT BENEFIT OF LUNCHEON.

New York Paper

A large list might be made out of eminent men who have died from not eating luncheon. Pitt ruined himself by long fasts, while immersed in affairs and oblivious of all else, and to come nearer home, it was in the same manner that President Orton, of the Western Union, did himself incalculable harm. If the machine is not kept well oiled it will inevitably run down. When we see men long past middle life able to cope with those in their prime, we may rest assured that they have not been negligent of their physical needs. Pitt died at 47, Byron, who played tricks with his health, at 36. Palmerston who began official life nearly as young as Pitt, but played a noble knife and fork, died in harness at 80, and rode twenty miles the year of his death. And as for Bismarck's appetite, his biographer has given us ample information as to its marvellous excellence and the extraordinary care which, whether in peace or war, the prince takes a cater for it. No luncheons are omitted there. Some of the hardest worked business men in London largely add to their days by keeping hunters at a point a few miles distant; and taking a "ride to the hounds" once or twice a week; and now that we have rapid transit, New York business men might easily do something of the kind by keeping a saddle-horse in some neighboring village, and getting a ride in the surrounding country every other day. This is far better than pounding perpetually around the Park, and by keeping a horse a week or two in one place, and a week or two in another, they would command variety, and get acquainted with a large range of the delightful country which surrounds us. Nature is sternly revengeful, and those who will not take trouble to please her may rest assured that they will always have to pay the penalty. That this fact should not, even in the nineteenth century, have been thoroughly realized by man is a strong proof of his being still deeply impregnated with that foolishness which Solomon so constantly harps upon and bewails.

LAKE AND RIVER NAVIGATION.

New Yorkers afraid of the Welland Canal.

Albany, Jan. 30.—In the Legislature, Mr. Hurd, of Buffalo, called upon a resolution introduced by him several days ago, requesting the Representatives of New York in Congress to urge the appropriation of sufficient money to deepen the channels of St. Mary's River and the Detroit River—connecting the great lakes. He then said that obstructions in these rivers would not permit the passage of vessels drawing more than fourteen feet of water. Shippers were desiring to dispatch larger vessels, carrying the grain of the West to Buffalo and other Eastern ports, but the obstructions rendered this impossible. Several valuable vessels had been lost on these shoals during the past summer. In the interest of commerce Congress should make a large appropriation toward the work of deepening the rivers named.

Erastus Brooks said the resolution was important, inasmuch as the Welland Canal would be completed in 1881, and then vessels of large size could go unchecked from Chicago to Montreal. The Welland Canal would compete seriously with the Erie Canal for the commerce of the West, and every precaution should be taken by residents of the United States to retain their trade.

Ex-Speaker Sloan said that the deepening of the channels of the rivers mentioned in the resolution was palpably needed in the interest of commerce. The resolution was then passed by a unanimous vote.

FROZEN TO DEATH.

Sad Fate of a Galt Man.

The Galt *Reporter* gives details of the lamentable death of Mr. John Marshall, son of Mr. Thos. Marshall, living four miles from Galt, met with on Sunday last. Messrs. Cherry Bros., of Glenmorris mills, had asked a number of parties to go to their mill on Saturday last and assist them in cutting away some ice which was a hindrance to the working of their mill. Marshall was amongst these, and he got very wet, particularly about the feet. He left his companion at a cross-road, and started to walk home. On Sunday morning, at ten o'clock, he was found by Mr. Robt. Scott, who was on his way to church. He was lying on the side of the road, not far from Mr. Alex. McPhail's, and was then so badly frozen that he was in a dying condition. Mr. Scott carried him into Mr. McPhail's, and everything was done it was possible to do until medical aid could be obtained. Dr. Richardson arrived quickly, but from the first the case was hopeless and about six o'clock in the evening he breathed his last. When first taken into Mr. McPhail's an examination of his person showed that his legs were frozen quite solidly to above the knees, and his hands quite frozen to above the wrists. In removing his boots it was found that his feet and legs were covered with ice, showing that when he started to walk home his feet were very wet. There can hardly be a doubt that over-work, getting wet and the extreme cold of the night caused this most unfortunate death. Imperceptibly to himself, as he went along, his feet became frozen, and when aware that they were so, his bodily strength was so much exhausted and he was so much benumbed by the intense cold, that beyond a few struggles, which the snow on the road so plainly showed, he was scarcely capable of exertion. A few minutes of lying down completed the work of the cold, and he passed into a state of unconsciousness which was but the forerunner of death. At the inquest a verdict was given in accordance with the above facts.

GATHERING STATISTICS.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

When Mr. Layard, the Oriental traveller, was traveling in the East he had occasion to gather some statistics, and wrote to a friend, a Turkish cadi, for his assistance. The reply so forcibly illustrates the state of mind often encountered in what we are accustomed to think more highly civilized communities, and is so pertinent to the present discussion, that, although far from new, we venture to reproduce it. The missive runs in part as follows:

"My Illustrious Friend and Joy of my Liver! The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place I have neither counted the houses nor have inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules and another stores away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But, above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it. Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! Seek not after the things that concern thee not. Thou camest unto us and we welcomed thee; go in peace."

—Hereafter every loaf of bread sold cinnati must have its weight stamped.

—There are nearly three hundred Justices of the Peace in Middlesex county. Several of them can't write their own names correctly.

—"Who is the Father of Lies?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. And a good little boy on the front row replied: "Please, sir, Deacon Pillsbury is the father of 'Lize.'"

Dr. J. J. McKenzie, a native of Pictou county and Professor of Physics in Dalhousie College, N.S., died at his residence in Dartmouth yesterday morning after a week's illness.

ASAEL INMAN'S SILENT LIFE.

The Remarkable Career of a Man Who "Swore Off" Talking

Utica, N. Y., Feb. 3.—Asael P. Inman, whose funeral took place two miles east of Utica this morning, was a highly eccentric character. Seventy years ago he built a log-cabin on one of the hills that slope to the Mohawk River. He was then sixteen years of age, had a wife and $30. Some time during the first year of his wedded life Inman informed his wife that he intended to preserve silence for the remainder of his days. This conclusion was the result of an excited dialogue which Inman overheard between his father and a near relative. Expressing a belief that more harm than good was wrought by speech, he announced his determination to place a permanent padlock on his lips. This was in 1810.

The following year his first child was born. When that interesting event was approaching a near climax Inman rode seven miles in the night to Fort Herkimer in quest of a physician. He carried slate and pencil, wrote a statement of the situation, and returning with the medicine man, received the announcement of his paternal responsibilities in silence. The following year—in 1812—when the yeoman of Central and Northern New York were summoned to the defense of Sackett's Harbor, Inman reported for duty at a post near Adams, Jefferson county, riding alone nearly 100 miles through the forests to the recruiting station. Producing his slate, he wrote: "I come to fight—not to talk."

Some years ago Inman had occasion to visit Buffalo, and as a suit in law was in prospective he went prepared for a siege. Entering one of the leading hotels in Buffalo, the old gentleman wrote: "Best room. No meals. I burn wood, thought you might not have enough, so I brought some along." The big trunk, packed with wood, was taken up to his room, and it sufficed to keep the eccentric warm and cook his simple meals during his sojurn in Buffalo. Kerosene oil was a pet aversion. His theory was that the glare strained his eyes, while the oil left an unhealthy taint in the atmosphere. He was never known to sit by a coal fire, and always avoided gas, and his son, from whom I gather these details, assures me that rather than sit in a car heated by a coal fire, the old gentleman preferred to ride twenty-six miles on the platform on a bitter cold day in winter.

His wife, who survives him, says that no woman ever had a kinder husband. The relations between the couple were always pleasant, and Mrs. Inman has remarked to her neighbors: "If Asael talked as much as I do, the Lord knows what might happen." Mrs. Inman is 88 years old, and vigorous. She states that during the first few years of her husband's silence he would frequently mutter in his sleep.

Some of his writing replies to the questions acquaintences curious to know why he preferred silence to speech are worthy of mention. One retort frequently used was: "A good listener is to be preferred to a poor talker." Another was: "I want to prove that a man can be happy and hold his tongue." Another: "I am trying to think of something good enough to say out loud." A clergyman once asked him whether he didn't think the Lord gave him his tongue to be used. The pencilled reply was: "The Lord gave me a mind that tells me when to use my tongue."

In 1842, while traveling with his wife in a stage between Syracuse and Rochester, the vehicle was halted in front of a small country tavern. A child was sleeping on the porch. Inman looked out, saw a large black snake crawl to the side of the infant. Grasping his wife's arm he shouted: "See!" and, pointing to the snake, sprang from the stage, pursued the reptile some distance, and finally killed it.

He leaves a carefully written record of his life during some sixty years of his silence. Portions of these diaries are quite interesting, but as a rule he enlarges upon the absurdity of giving utterance to frivolous thoughts. He seems to have regarded speech as a sacred gift, to be indulged in only when it promised benefit to the human race. Here are some of his "axioms": "Most lives are productive noises." "As one million is to one, so is sense to sound." "He who talks most feels least." "The fool talks while the wise man thinks." Inman leaves a snug fortune, which his son inherits. His last writen message was: "Silence is golden." His oft-pencilled admonition to his son was: "Keep your mouth shut."

COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—The tea season at Hong Kong closed on Jan. 4. The total exports for the year were 157,000,000 lbs.

—Mr. Pugsley, of Cheapside, Haldimand county, shipped thirty-two tons of butter to England last season.

—Money is so abundant about Princeton, Ont., that a number of people thereabout have been sending half a dollar each to a swindling Yankee in Massachusetts, who promised for that sum to forward a $6 pictorial dictionary. The book he did send to his dupes was one which is usually sold in bookstores at 15 cents. The result of the experiment was black looks and bad language round the post office.

—It was at their own request that the firm of E. McGarvey & Co., of Wyoming, general dealers, were recently placed in insolvency, although hitherto it was the general belief that the firm had means enough to make them and their creditors comfortable. That they had credit enough is shown by the amounts they are said to owe in the following cities in round numbers, viz.:

To London merchants	$6,000
" Montreal "	6,000
" Toronto "	6,000
" Hamilton "	6,000
" Other cities "	6,000

Thus the firm owes $30,000 for merchandise, and from $20,000 to $30,000 for advances made them by several banks, which are understood to have security in full. The assets are thus stated: Stock, $15,000; book accounts, $7,000; real estate (margin over mortgage), $2,000; total, $24,000 to pay $30,000.

PORTRAITS IN WASHINGTON.

(From the Cincinnati Commercial.)

As I was going through the Senate wing this morning I stopped at the picture stand of Mr. Bowden, who has in steel engraving the photographs of all the illustrious men of the present and past. I asked him of the prominent men of to-day of whom he sold the most engravings. He said: "I sell the most of Thurman, Conkling, Ben Butler, Jim Blaine, and John Sherman. You would be surprised," he says, "to know how great a demand there is for Butler pictures. Of the five I have just mentioned I think the honors would be divided between Thurman and Butler, next in order would be Blaine, then Conkling, and then Sherman. I also have a great many orders for Chief Justice Waite. As for Hayes, I don't think I sell one of his to ten of Speaker Randall, and yet I am on the Senate side. There is but little demand for Garfield, but some for Sam Cox and Fernando Wood and Gen. Banks. Of those who are dead, the greatest demand is for Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln and Chief Justice Chase, though there is a fair market for George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster, Secretary Steward, Secretary Stanton, and Gen. Thomas. You would be surprised to know also the number of engravings I sell of Jeff Davis and Gen. Lee. The sales of these two are not as extensive as those I have heretofore mentioned, but they are considerable. Grant for some reason don't sell well. It may be because every one has a likeness of him, but I sell three of Sherman to one of Grant; yes, Gen Lee outsells Grant."

"Can you tell generally the run of the minds of people in their purchase of pictures of leading men?"

"I think I can. It grows and diminishes just in proportion to the notoriety that the man is creating."

"I see that you have a crayon portrait there of Jim Blaine, and also one of Senator Morgan. Why do you hang that of Blaine above that of Morgan?"

"Oh, you must always put the most salable man in the most public and prominent place."

"How does Tom Bayard sell?"

"But fairly; I sell but few of Bayard, or Tilden, Seymour, or Gen. Hancock, though of these four I sell by far the most of Seymour."

COAL OIL FATALITY.

A Mother and Daughter Burned to Death

Springfield, Ohio, Jan 31.

Yesterday afternoon, at the farm house of Edward Benner, fourteen miles east of this city, near the village of Plattsburg, occurred a most horrible tragedy. Ella Benner, a beautiful girl of eleven years, was filling the lamps of the house for the evening. She trimmed the wick of one lamp and lit it to see how it would burn. Beside her on the table were several lamps just filled and the coal oil can. In a thoughtless manner, after lighting the one lamp, she held the burning match over an open lamp, without noticing the danger. In an instant the oil was on fire. A flash, a huge blaze, and all the lamps were on fire. Next the oil can exploded with a crash. The bewildered, frightened girl stood stock still. In a moment she was enveloped in the flames and oil. Her screams brought her mother to the kitchen, and in her frantic but vain efforts to assist her daughter, she, too, was soon wrapped in a blaze. The now maddened mother ran to the house of the nearest neighbor, screaming wildly all the way, a distance of about one hundred yards. The lady of the house dragged the poor woman into the sitting room, and poured several buckets of water over her. This partly quenched the flames, though the mother was so badly burned that she died last night. The daughter was found on the kitchen floor a steaming mass of heated flesh. She died in an hour after the accident. The neighbor lady was severely burned about the hands and arms.

A DEAR DINNER.

A Man Kills his Son and a Bird with the Same shot.

Somers, Feb. 1.—A terrible accident occurred here a day or two ago. Charles Selby, bidding his children stay in the house, went out to shoot a bird, which he wished to dress for dinner. Unfortunately, his only son, a bright little youngster four years of age, unheeding his father's command ran out of doors. The man, whose attention was centred on the fowl, took steady aim and fired, when to his horror, amid the echo of the discharge he heard a child's cry. He hastened to the spot, and found that while he had killed the bird, he had also slain his son. The crevices and spaces of the corner of the house are filled with straw, and the unfortunate man, who is frantic with grief at the terrible mishap, could not see the boy. Sad to say, the shot scattered, and some going through the straw and spaces, entered the head of the child, who was on the other side of the house. The poor little fellow lingered for four hours, and then died. His father swears he will never handle a gun again.

SPORTING NEWS.

Curling.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S MEDAL.

As already announced, his Excellency the Governor-General has decided to give annually, during the time he remains in Canada, a silver cup to be played for by all the regularly organized curling clubs of the Dominion who desire to enter into the competition. The following are the conditions of the competition: A silver cup to be competed for in the following manner, which has met with the approval of the Canadian Branch of the R. C. C. C.: All the regularly organized curling clubs of Canada who may wish to compete, to do so between Monday, the 17th February, and Saturday, the 22nd, inclusive, according to the following rules, and the two clubs which make the highest scores to play against each other two rinks, according to the rules for district medals of the R. C. C. C. (vide page 12, R. C. C. C. Annual for 1874), on the Vice-Regal rink, as soon as possible after the returns are sent in. Returns of the score with the following information: state of the ice, whether played with "granite" or "iron" "stones", whether played on open air ice or in covered rink, to be sent to Major F. De Winton, Government House, Ottawa.

MILTON VS. GEORGETOWN.

Milton, Feb. 5.—A three-rink match was played here yesterday, and won by Milton by 13 points.

HAMILTON VS. FLAMBORO'.

A game was played on the Bay yesterday between the Thistle Club, of this city, and the Flamboro' Club, of West Flamboro', which was won by the former by 13 shots. It is said that the Flamboro' Club was never before beaten more than four shots. The following was the score:

THISTLE. No. 1 Rink.	FLAMBORO'. No. 1 Rink.
A. Barnes.	W. Clark.
J. Smith.	C. Morson.
A. Sutherland.	G. Cochrane.
J. Kerner, skip......22	W. Jordan, skip......13

No. 2 Rink of the Thistle Club made 15 and No. 2 Rink of the Flamboro' Club 11.

The players were subsequently entertained by the Hamilton men at Kerner's restaurant.

MECHANICS' (HAMILTON) VS. FOUR BROTHERS (TORONTO).

Yesterday a game came off on the bay between the Four Brothers Club, of Toronto, and the Mechanics', of this city, two rinks each, which resulted in favor of the latter by 8 shots. The following is the score:

MECHANICS.	FOUR BROTHERS.
Rink No. 1.	
A. Forrester, jr.	R. Malcolm.
Wm. Hancock.	T. Gibson.
And. Forrester.	A. Gleeming.
Sam. Scott, skip......21	James Gibson, skip......19
Rink No. 2.	
C. Kerner.	James Turner.
L. Weeks.	Adam Ward.
G. Isbister.	And. Ward.
A. Dingwall, skip......26	B. Crawford, skip......20
Total......47	Total......39

TORONTO VS. BUFFALO.

An exciting game came off in Buffalo on Tuesday between the Buffalo Caledonian Curling Club and the Four Brothers Club, of Toronto, for the medal presented by the Grand National Curling Association. At the conclusion the game stood: Buffalo, 40; Toronto, 39, the former winning by one shot.

Billiards.

THE NEW YORK TOURNAMENT.

New York, Feb. 5.—Daly, 600; Rudolphe, 598.

Schaeffer, 600; Sexton, 169.

The Gun.

Woodstock, Feb. 5.—Yesterday a match was shot at snow birds between Rodgers, of St. Catharines, and Ramsay, of Brantford, 25 birds, 18 yards, which resulted in Rodgers killing 16 birds and Ramsay 18. [illegible]

The Turf.

WELLAND RACES.

Welland, Feb. 4.—The trotting races which take place on the Welland river on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 11th and 12th, promise to be a grand success. There is one race free for all horses in the Province, and it will prove a great attraction. It is expected that this will be *the* sporting event of the season in this district.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Latest by Mail and Telegraph.

The English revenue for 1878 was £1,803,485 over that of 1877. The only decrease was in stamps.

This winter there have been, for the first time in thirty-five years, fourteen consecutive days of skating in Regent's Park, London.

An old soldier, who had received the Crimean and Turkish medals and four good conduct badges, has died in Manchester of starvation.

Mr. Spurgeon has published the first of a twenty-fifth volume of sermons, having issued a sermon week by week for twenty-four years, 1,450 in all.

While the Roscommon stag hounds were hunting in the neighborhood of Boyle, the stag took to the ice on Cairtown Lake. The ice gave way and 16 of the splendid hounds were drowned.

Arrangements are about to be made for the modelling of the police at Cyprus on the English system, and it is believed the chief of the department will be a relative of one now holding high authority in Scotland Yard.

Fearful tempests are reported from Algeria. During one storm at Bone the hailstones killed a woman working in the fields. A flock of pigeons was also killed; and after the tempest a great number of hares and partridges were found dead on the ground.

An unfortunate accident lately occurred to the well-knowing Pitchley pack in England. These hounds met at Crick, and while chasing a fox across the line at the mouth of Kilsby tunnel, a train ran through the pack, killing two and injuring several hounds.

SCOTLAND.

Loch Lomond is frozen and skaters are upon it. The loch was frozen four years ago, and also in 1860.

The Greenock Town Council have resolved to proceed immediately with the erection of the new Corporation buildings, the cost of which will be £80,000, exclusive of the site.

The managers of the Scotch Banks, replying to a deputation which had waited upon them, have refused to have anything to do with the lottery scheme proposed to relieve the City of Glasgow Bank shareholders.

A letter has been received by the Town Clerk of Edinburgh from the Secretary of the Treasury, stating that no provision can this year be made in the annual estimates for the completion of the Museum of Science and Art.

The Committee of Trustees and Executors of City of Glasgow Bank shareholders agreed, at a meeting held on the 8th inst., to request the petitioner in the trustees' test case to appeal to the House of Lords from the judgment of the Court of Session.

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW." TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II., NO. 99. MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, FEB. 19, 1879. POSTAGE PREPAID.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

"Dying?" Yes, they tell me so;
Well, 'tis something just to know
This fierce pain must soon forego
Its envenomed dart.
Bound no longer in Time's thrall,
Deaf at last to Sorrow's call,
God's own peace shall softly fall
On my tired heart.

"Lonely?" It may be I miss
Something, in an hour like this
Which might tremble in a kiss
On lips silent grown;
But the truest love, if nigh,
Could no whisper, "Sweet, good-bye!"
Standing on the shore, while I
Drift away—alone.

"Frightened?" What is there to fear?
Through the solemn dark I hear
Sweet sounds falling: "Be of cheer—
God thy step shall keep!"
Take away the lights, and let
No one mourn, with vain regret,
My soul's calm to grieve and fret.
Hush! and let me sleep!

HIS NATURAL LIFE

BY MARCUS CLARKE.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WONDERFUL DAY'S WORK.

The next morning Rufus Dawes was stirring by daylight. He first got his catgut wound upon a piece of stick, and then, having moved his frail floats alongside the little rock that served as a pier, he took a fishing-line and a larger piece of stick, and proceeded to draw a diagram on the sand. This diagram when completed represented a rude outline of a punt, eight feet long and three broad. At certain distances were eight points—four on each side—into which small willow rods were driven. He then awoke Frere, and showed the diagram to him.

"Get eight stakes of celery-top pine," he said.

"You can burn them where you can not cut them, and drive a stake into the place of each of these willow wands. When you have done that, collect as many willows as you can get. I shall not be back until to-night. Now, give me a hand with the floats."

Frere, coming to the pier, saw Dawes strip himself, and piling his clothes upon the stuffed goat-skin, stretch himself upon the reed bundles, and, paddling with his hands, push off from the shore. The clothes floated high and dry, but the reeds, depressed by the weight of the body, sunk so that the head of the convict alone appeared above water. In this fashion he gained the middle of the current, and the outgoing tide swept him down toward the mouth of the harbor.

Frere, sulkily admiring, went back to prepare the breakfast—they were on half rations now, Dawes having forbidden the slaughtered goat to be eaten, lest his expedition should prove unsuccessful—wondering at the chance which had thrown this convict in his way. "Parsons would call it a special providence," he said to himself; "for if it hadn't been for him, we should never have got this far. If his boat succeeds, we're all right, I suppose. He's a clever dog. I wonder who he is." His training as a master of convicts made him think how dangerous such a man would be on a convict station. It would be difficult to keep a fellow of such resources. "They'll have to look pretty sharp after him, if they ever get him back," he thought. "I'll have a fine tale to tell of his ingenuity." The conversation of the previous day occurred to him. "I promised to ask for a free pardon. He wouldn't have it, though. Too proud to accept it at my hands! How confoundedly impudent a little liberty makes these beggars! Wait until we get back. I'll teach him his place; for, after all, it is his own liberty that he is working for as well as mine—I mean ours." Then a thought came into his head that was in every way worthy of him. "Suppose we took the boat, and left him behind!" The notion seemed so ludicrously wicked, that he laughed involuntarily.

"What is it, Mr. Frere?"

"Oh, it's you, Sylvia, is it? Ha, ha, ha! I was thinking of something—something funny."

"Indeed," said Sylvia, "I am glad of that. Where's Mr. Dawes?"

Frere was displeased at the interest with which she asked the question.

"You are always thinking of that fellow. It's Dawes, Dawes, Dawes, all day long. He has gone."

"Oh!" with a sorrowful accent. "Mamma wants to see him."

"What about?" says Frere, roughly.

"Mamma is ill, Mr. Frere."

"Dawes isn't a doctor. What's the matter with her?"

"She is worse than she was yesterday. I don't know what is the matter."

Frere, somewhat alarmed, strode over to the little cavern.

The lady of the commandant was in a strange plight. The cavern was lofty, but narrow. In shape it was three cornered, having two sides open to the wind. The ingenuity of Rufus Dawes had closed these sides with wicker-work and clay, and a sort of door of interlaced brush-wood hung at one of them. Frere pushed open this door, and entered. The poor woman was lying on a bed of rushes strewed over young brush-wood, and was moaning feebly. From the first she had felt the privation to which she was subjected most keenly, and the mental anxiety from which she suffered increased her physical debility. The exhaustion and lassitude to which she had partially succumbed soon after Dawes' arrival had now completely overcome her, and she was unable to rise.

"Cheer up, ma'am," said Maurice, with an assumption of heartiness. "It will be all right in a day or two."

"Is it you? I sent for Mr. Dawes."

"He is away just now. I am making a Boat. Did not Sylvia tell you?"

"She told me that he was making one."

"Well I—that is we—are making it. He will be back again to-night. Can I do any thing for you?"

"No, thank you. I only wanted to know how he was getting on. I must go soon—if I am to go. Thank you, Mr. Frere, I am much obliged to you. This is a—ee-e—dreadful place to have visitors, isn't it?"

"Never mind," said Frere, again; "you will be back in Hobart Town in a few days now. We are sure to get picked up by a ship. But you must cheer up. Have some tea or something?"

"No, thank you—I don't feel well enough to eat. I am tired."

Sylvia began to cry.

"Don't cry, dear. I shall be better by-and-by. Oh, I wish Mr. Dawes was back."

Maurice Frere went out indignant. This Mr. Dawes was everybody, it seemed, and he was nobody. Let them wait a little. All that day, working hard to carry out the convict's directions, he meditated a thousand plans by which he could turn the tables. He would accuse Dawes of violence. He would demand that he should be taken back as an absconder. He would insist that the law should take its course, and that the death which was the doom of all who were caught in the act of escape from a penal settlement should be enforced. Yet if they got safe to land, the marvellous courage and ingenuity of the prisoner would tell strongly in his favor. The woman and child would bear witness to his tenderness and skill, and plead for him. As he had said, the convict deserved a pardon. The mean, bad man burning with wounded vanity and undefined jealousy, waited for some method to suggest itself by which he might claim the credit of the escape, and snatch from the prisoner, who had dared to rival him, the last hope of freedom.

Rufus Dawes, drifting with the current, had allowed himself to coast along the eastern side of the harbor until the pilot station appeared in view on the opposite shore. By this time it was nearly seven o'clock. He landed at a sandy cove, and, drawing up his raft, proceeded to unpack from among his garments a piece of damper. Having eaten sparingly, and dried himself in the sun, he replaced the remains of his breakfast, and pushed his floats again into the water. The pilot station lay some distance below him, on the opposite shore. He had purposely made his second start from a point which would give him this advantage of position; for had he attempted to paddle across at right angles, the strength of the current would have swept him out to sea. Weak as he was, he several times nearly lost his hold of the reeds. The clumsy bundle presenting too great a broadside to the stream, whirled round and round, and was once or twice nearly sucked under. At length, however, breathless and exhausted, he gained the opposite bank, half a mile below the point he had attempted to make, and, carrying his floats out of reach of the tide, made off across the hill to the pilot station.

Arrived there about mid-day, he set to work to lay his snares. The goats, with whose hides he hoped to cover the coracle, were sufficiently numerous and tame to encourage him to use every exertion. He carefully examined the tracks of the animals, and found that they converged to one point—the track to the nearest water. With much labor, he cut down bushes, so as to mask the approach to the water-hole on all sides save where these tracks immediately conjoined. Close to the water, and at equal distances along the various tracks, he scattered the salt he had obtained by his rude distillation of sea water. Between this scattered salt and the points where he judged the animals would be likely to approach, he set his traps, made after the following manner: he took several pliant branches of young trees, and, having stripped them of leaves and twigs, dug with his knife and the end of the rude paddle he had made for the voyage across the inlet a succession of holes, about a foot deep. At the thicker end of these saplings he fastened, by a piece of fishing-line, a small cross-bar, which swung loosely, like the stick handle which a school-boy fastens to the string of his peg-top. Forcing the ends of the saplings thus prepared into the holes, he filled in and stamped down the earth all around them. The saplings, thus anchored, as it were, by the cross pieces of stick, not only stood firm, but resisted all his efforts to withdraw them. To the thin ends of these saplings he bound tightly, into notches cut in the wood, and secured by a multiplicity of twisting, the catgut strings he had brought from the camping-ground. The saplings were then bent double, and the gutted ends secured in the ground by the same means as that employed to fix the butts. This was the most difficult part of the business, for it was necessary to discover precisely the amount of pressure that would hold the bent rod without allowing it to escape by reason of its elasticity, and which would yet give to a slight pull on the gut. After many failures, however, this happy medium was discovered; and Rufus Dawes, concealing his springes by means of twigs, smoothed the disturbed sand with a branch, and retired to watch the effect of his labors.

About two hours after he had gone, the goats came to drink. There were five goats and two kids, and they trotted calmly along the path to the water. The watcher soon saw that his precautions had been in a manner wasted. The leading goat marched gravely into the springe, which, catching him round the neck, released the bent rod, and sprung him off his legs into the air. He uttered a comical bleat, and then hung kicking. Rufus Dawes, though the success of the scheme was a matter of life and death, burst out laughing at the antics of the beast. The other goats bounded off at this sudden elevation of their leader, and three more were entrapped at a little distance. Rufus Dawes now thought it time to secure his prize, though three of the springes were as yet unsprung. He ran down to the old goat, knife in hand, but before he could reach him the barely dried catgut gave way, and the old fellow, shaking his head with grotesque dismay, made off at full speed. The others, however, were secured and killed. The loss of the springe was not a serious one, for three traps remained unsprung, and before sundown Rufus Dawes had caught four more goats. Removing with care the catgut that had done such good service, he dragged the carcasses to the shore, and proceeded to pack them upon his floats. He discovered, however, that the weight was too great, and that the water, entering through the loops of the stitching in the hide, had so soaked the rush-grass as to render the floats no longer buoyant. He was compelled, therefore, to spend two hours in restuffing the skin with such material as he could find. Some light and flock-like seaweed, which the action of the water had swayed after the fashion of hay-bands along the shore, formed an excellent substitute for grass, and having bound his bundle of rushes length-wise, with the goat-skin as a centre-piece, he succeeded in forming a sort of rude canoe, upon which the carcasses floated securely.

He had eaten nothing since the morning, and the violence of his exertions had exhausted him. Still sustained by the excitement of the task he had set himself, he dismissed with fierce impatience the thought of rest and dragged his weary limbs along the sand, endeavoring to kill fatigue by further exertion. The tide was now running in, and he knew it was imperative that he should regain the farther shore while the current was in his favor. To cross from the pilot station at low water was impossible. If he waited until the ebb he must spend another day on the shore, and he could not afford to lose an hour. Cutting a long sapling, he fastened to one end of it the floating bundle, and thus guided it to a spot where the beach shelved abruptly into deep water. It was a clear night, and the risen moon, large and low, flung a rippling streak of silver across the sea. On the other side of the bay all was bathed in a violet haze, which veiled the inlet from which he had started in the morning. The fire of the exiles, hidden behind a point of rock, cast a red glow into the air. The ocean breakers rolled in upon the cliffs outside the bar with a hoarse and threatening murmur; and the rising tide rippled and laughed with treacherous melody along the sand. He touched the chill water and drew back. For an instant he determined to wait until the beams of morning should illumine that beautiful but treacherous sea, and then the thought of the helpless child, who was, without doubt, waiting and watching for him on the shore, gave new strength to his wearied frame; and fixing his eyes on the glow that, hovering above the dark tree-line, marked her presence, he pushed the raft before him into the sea.

The reeds sustained him bravely, but the strength of the current sucked him underneath the water, and for several seconds he feared that he should be compelled to let go his hold. But his muscles, steeled to the slow fire of convict-labor, withstood this last strain upon them, and, half suffocated, with bursting chest and paralyzed fingers, he preserved his position, until the mass, getting out of the eddies along the shore line, drifted steadily down the silvery track that led to the settlement. After a few moments' rest, he set his teeth, and urged his strange canoe toward the shore. Paddling and pushing, he gradually edged it toward the fire-light; and at last, just when his stiffened limbs refused to obey the impulse of his will, and he began to drift onward with the onward tide, he felt his feet strike firm ground. Opening his eyes—closed in the desperation of his last efforts—he found himself safe under the lee of the rugged promontory which hid the fire. It seemed that the waves, tired of persecuting him, had, with disdainful pity, cast him ashore at the goal of his hopes. Looking back, he for the first time realized the frightful peril he had escaped, and shuddered. To this shudder succeeded a thrill of triumph. "Why had he staid so long, when escape was so easy?" Dragging the carcasses above high-water mark, he rounded the little promontory and made for the fire. The recollection of the night when he had first approached it came upon him, and increased his exultation. How different a man was he now from then! Passing up the sand, he saw the stakes which he had directed Frere to cut whiten in the moonshine. His officer worked for him! In his own brain alone lay the secret of escape! He—Rufus Dawes—the scarred, degraded prisoner, could alone get these three beings back to civilization. Did he refuse to aid them, they would forever remain in this prison, where he had so long suffered. The tables were turned—he had become a jailor! He had gained the fire before the solitary watcher there heard his footsteps, and spread his hands to the blaze in silence. He felt, as Frere would have felt had their positions been reversed, disdainful of the man who had stopped at home.

Frere, starting, cried. "It is you! Have you succeeded?"

Rufus Dawes nodded.

"What! Did you catch them?"

"There are six carcasses down by the rocks. You can have meat for breakfast to-morrow."

The child, at the sound of the voice, came running down from the hut. "Oh, Mr. Dawes! I am so glad! We were beginning to despair—mamma and I."

Dawes snatched her from the ground, and, bursting into a joyous laugh, swung her into the air. "Tell me," he cried, holding up the child with two dripping arms above him—"what you will do for me if I bring you and mamma safe home again?"

"Give you a free pardon," said Sylvia; "and papa shall make you his servant!" Frere burst out laughing at this reply; and Dawes, with a choking sensation in his throat, put the child upon the ground, and walked away.

This was, in truth, all he could hope for. All his scheming, all his courage, all his peril would but result in the patronage of a great man like Major Vickers. His heart, big with love, with self-denial, and with hopes of a fair future, would have this flattering unction laid to it. He had performed a prodigy of skill and daring, and for his reward he was to be made—a servant to the creatures he had protected. Yet what more could a convict expect? Sylvia saw how deeply her unconscious hand had driven the iron, and ran up to the man she had wounded. "And, Mr. Dawes, remember that I shall love you always." The convict, however, his momentary excitement over, motioned her away; and she saw him stretch himself wearily under the shadow of a rock.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CORACLE.

In the morning, however, Rufus Dawes was first at work, and made no allusion to the scene of the previous evening. He had already skinned one of the goats, and he directed Frere to set to work upon another. "Cut down the rump to the hock, and down the brisket to the knee," he said. "I want the hides as square as possible." By dint of hard work they got the four goats skinned, and the entrails cleaned ready for twisting, by breakfast-time; and having broiled some of the flesh, made a hearty meal. Mrs. Vickers being no better; Dawes went to see her, and seemed to have made friends again with Sylvia, for he came out of the hut with the child's hand in his. Frere, who was cutting the meat in long strips to dry in the sun, saw this, and it added fresh fuel to the fire of his unreasonable envy and jealousy. However, he said nothing, for his enemy had not yet shown him how the boat was to be made. Before mid-day, however, he was a partner in the secret, which, after all, was a very simple one.

Rufus Dawes took two of the straightest and most taper of the celery-top pines which Frere had cut on the previous day, and lashed them tightly together, with the butts outward. He thus produced a spliced stick about twelve feet long. About two feet from either end he notched the young tree until he could bend the extremities upward; and having so bent them, he secured the bent portions in their places by means of lashings of rawhide. The spliced trees now presented a rude outline of the section of a boat, having the stem, keel and stern all in one piece. This having been placed lengthwise between the stakes, four other poles, notched in two places, were lashed from stake to stake, running crosswise to the keel, and forming the knees. Four saplings were now bent from end to end of the upturned portions of the keel that represented stem and stern. Two of these four were placed above, as gunwales; two below, as bottom-rails. At each intersection the sticks were lashed firmly with fishing-line. The whole frame-work being complete, the stakes were drawn out, and there lay upon the ground the skeleton of a boat eight feet long by three broad.

Frere, whose hands were blistered and sore, would fain have rested; but the convict would not hear of it. "Let us finish," he said, regardless of his own fatigue; "the skins will be dry if we stop."

"I can work no more," says Frere, sulkily; "I can't stand. You've got muscles of iron, I suppose. I haven't."

"They made me work when I couldn't stand, Maurice Frere. It is wonderful what spirit the cat gives a man. There's nothing like work to get rid of aching muscles—so they used to tell me."

"Well, what's to be done now?"

"Cover the boat. There, you can set the fat to melt, and sew these hides together, two and two, do you see? and then sew the pair at the necks. There is plenty of catgut yonder."

"Don't talk to me as if I were a dog!" says Frere, suddenly. "Be civil, can't you?"

But the other busily trimming and cutting at the projecting pieces of sapling, made no reply. It is possible that he thought the fatigued lieutenant beneath his notice. About an hour before sundown the hides were ready, and Rufus Dawes having in the mean time interlaced the ribs of the skeleton with wattles, stretched the skins over it, with the hairy side inward. Along the edges of this covering he bored holes at intervals, and passing through these holes thongs of twisted skin, he drew the whole to the top-rail of the boat. One last precaution remained. Dipping the pannikin into the melted tallow, he plentifully anointed the seams of the sewed skins. The boat thus turned topsy-turvy, looked like a huge walnut-shell covered with red and reeking hide, or the skull of some Titan who had been scalped. "There!" cried Rufus Dawes, triumphant. "Twelve hours in the sun to tighten the hides, and she'll swim like a duck."

The next day was spent in minor preparations. The jerked goat-meat was packed securely into as small a compass as possible. The rum barrel was filled with water, and water-bags were improvised out of portions of the intestines of the goats. Rufus Dawes, having filled these last with water, ran a wooden skewer through their mouths, and twisted it tight, tourniquet fashion. He also stripped cylindrical pieces of bark, and having sewed each cylinder at the side, fitted to it a bottom of the same material, and calked the seams with gum and pine-tree resin. Thus four tolerable buckets were obtained. One goat-skin yet remained, and out of that it was determined to make a sail. "The current is strong," said Rufus Dawes, "and we shall not be able to row far with such oars as we have got. If we get a breeze it may save our lives." It was impossible to step a mast in the frail basket structure, but this difficulty was overcome by a simple contrivance. From thwart to thwart two poles were bound, and the mast, lashed between these poles with thongs of rawhide, was secured by shrouds of twisted fishing-line running fore and aft. Sheets of bark were placed at the bottom of the craft, and made a safe flooring. It was late in the afternoon of the fourth day when these preparations were completed, and it was decided that on the morrow they should adventure the journey. "We will coast down to the bar," said Rufus Dawes, "and wait for the slack of the tide. I can do no more now."

Sylvia, who had seated herself on a rock at a little distance, now called to them. Her strength was restored by the fresh meat, and her childish spirits had risen with the hope of safety. The mercurial little creature had wreathed sea-weed about her head, and, holding in her hand a long twig decorated with a tuft of leaves to represent a wand, she personified one of the heroines of her books.

"I am the Queen of the Island," she said, merrily, "and you are my obedient subjects. Pray, Sir Eglamour is the boat ready?"

"It is, your majesty," said poor Dawes.

"Then we will see it. Come, walk in front of me. I won't ask you to rub your nose upon the ground, like Man Friday, because that would be uncomfortable. Mr. Frere, you don't play?"

"Oh yes!" says Frere, unable to withstand the charming pout that accompanied the words. "I'll play. What am I to do?"

"You must walk on this side, and be respectful. Of course it is only pretend, you know," she added, with a quick consciousness of Frere's conceit. "Now, then, the Queen goes to the sea-shore surrounded by her nymphs. There is no occasion to laugh, Mr. Frere. Of course, nymphs are very different from you; but, then, we can't help that."

Marching in this pathetically ridiculous fashion across the sand, they halted at the coracle. "So that is the boat!" says the Queen, fairly surprised out of her assumption of dignity. "You are a wonderful man, Mr. Dawes!"

Rufus Dawes smiled sadly. "It is very simple."

"Do you call this simple?" says Frere, who in the general joy had shaken off a portion of his sulkiness. "By George, I don't! This is a ship-building with a vengeance, this is. There's no scheming about this—it's all sheer hard work."

"Yes!" echoed Sylvia, "sheer hard work—sheer hard work by good Mr. Dawes! And she began to sing a childish chant of triumph, drawing lines and letters in the sand the while with the sceptre of the Queen.

"Good Mr. Dawes!
Good Mr. Dawes!
This is the work of Good Mr. Dawes!"

Maurice could not resist a sneer.

"See-saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed, and lay upon straw!"

said he.

"Good Mr. Dawes!" repeated Sylvia, "good Mr. Dawes! Why shouldn't I say it? You are disagreeable, sir. I won't play with you any more; and she went off along the sand.

"Poor little child!" said Rufus Dawes. "You speak too harshly to her."

Frere—now that the boat was made—had regained his self-confidence. Civilization seemed now brought sufficiently close to him to warrant his assuming the position of authority to which his social position entitled him. "One would think that a boat had never been built before, to hear her talk," he said. "If this washing-basket had been one of my old uncle's three-deckers, she couldn't have said much more." "By the Lord!" he added, with a coarse laugh, "I ought to have a natural talent for ship-building; for if the old villain hadn't died when he did, I should have been a ship-builder myself."

Rufus Dawes turned his back at the word "died" and busied himself with the fastenings of the hides. Could the other have seen his face, he would have been struck by its sudden pallor.

"Ah!" continued Frere, half to himself, and half to his companion, "that's a sum of money to lose, isn't it?"

"What do you mean," asked the convict, without turning his face.

"Mean! Why, my good fellow, I should have been left a quarter of a million of money, but the old hunks who was going to give it me died before he could alter his will, and every shilling went to a scape grace son, who hadn't been near the old man for years. That's the way of the world, isn't it?"

Rufus Dawes, still keeping his face away, caught his breath as if in astonishment, and then, recovering himself, he said, in a harsh voice. "A fortunate fellow,—that son!"

"Fortunate!" cries Frere, with another oath. "Yes, he was fortunate! He was burned to death in the Hydaspes, and never heard of his luck. His mother has got the money, though. I never saw a shilling of it." And then, seemingly displeased with himself for having allowed his tongue to get the better of his dignity, he walked away to the fire musing, doubtless, on the difference between Maurice Frere, with a quarter of a million, disporting himself in the best society that could be produced, with command of dog-carts, prize fighters, and game-cocks galore; and Maurice Frere, a penniless lieutenant, marooned on the barren coast of Macquarie Harbor, and acting as boat builder to a runaway convict.

Rufus Dawes was also lost in reverie. He leaned on the gunwale of the much-vaunted boat, and his eyes were fixed upon the sea, weltering golden in the sunset, but it is evident that he saw nothing of the scene before him. Struck dumb by the sudden intelligence of his fortune, his imagination escaped from his control, and fled away to those scenes which he had striven so vainly to forget. He was looking far away—across the glittering harbor and the wide sea beyond it—looking at the old House at Hamstead, with its well remembered gloomy garden. He pictured himself escaped from this present peril, and freed from the sordid thraldom which so long had held him. He saw himself returning, with some plausible story of his wanderings, to take possession of the wealth which was his—saw himself living once more, rich, free, and respected, in the world from which he had been so long an exile. He saw his mother's sweet, pale face, the light of a happy home circle. He saw himself—received with tears of joy and marvelling affection—entering into this home circle as one risen from the dead. A new life opened radiant before him, and he was lost in the contemplation of his own happiness.

So absorbed was he that he did not hear the light footstep of the child across the sand. Mrs. Vickers, having been told of the success which had crowned the convict's efforts, had overcome her weakness so far as to hobble down the beach to the boat, and now, heralded by Sylvia, approached, leaning on the arm of Maurice Frere.

"Mamma has come to see the boat, Mr. Dawes," cried Sylvia; but Dawes did not hear. The child reiterated her words; but still the silent figure did not reply.

"Mr. Dawes!" she cried again, and pulled him by the coat-sleeve.

The touch aroused him and looking down he saw the pretty, thin face upturned to his. Scarcely conscious of what he did, and still following out the imagining which made him free, wealthy and respected, he caught the little creature in his arms—as he might have caught his own daughter—and kissed her. Sylvia said nothing; but Mr. Frere—arrived, by his chain of reasoning, at quite another conclusion as to the state of affairs—was astonished at the presumption of the man. The lieutenant regarded himself as already reinstated in his old position, and, with Mrs. Vickers on his arm, reproved the apparent insolence of the convict as freely as he would have done had they both been at his own little kingdom of Maria Island. "You insolent beggar!" he cried. "Do you dare? Keep your place, sir!"

The sentence recalled Rufus Dawes to reality. His place was that of a convict. What business had he with tenderness for the daughter of his master? Yet, after all he had done, and proposed to do, this harsh judgment upon him seemed cruel. He saw the two looking at the boat he had built. He marked the flush of hope on the cheek of the poor lady, and the full blown authority that already hardened the eye of Maurice Frere, and all at once he understood the result of what he had done. He had, by his own act, given himself again to bondage. As long as escape was impracticable, he had been useful, and even powerful. Now he had pointed out the way of escape, he sunk into the beast of burden once again. In the desert he was "Mr. Dawes" the savior; in civilized life he would become once more Rufus Dawes, the ruffian, the prisoner, the absconder. He stood mute, and let Frere point out the excellence of the craft in silence; and then, feeling that the few words of thanks uttered by the lady were chilled by her consciousness of the ill-advised freedom he had taken with the child, he turned on his heel and strode up into the bush.

"A queer fellow," said Frere, as Mrs. Vickers followed the retreating figure with her eyes. "Always in an ill-temper."

"Poor man! He has behaved very kindly to us," said Mrs. Vickers. Yet even she felt the change of circumstances, and knew that, without any reason that she could name, her blind trust and hope in the convict who had saved their lives had been transformed into a patronizing kindliness which was quite foreign to esteem or affection.

"Come, let us have some supper," says Frere. "The last we shall eat here, I hope. He will come back when his fit of sulks is over."

But he did not come back, and, after a few expressions of wonder at his absence, Mrs. Vickers and her daughter, rapt in the hopes and fears of the morrow, almost forgot that he had left them. With marvelous credulity, they looked upon the terrible stake they were about to play for as already won. The possession of the boat seemed to them so wonderful that the perils of the voyage they were to make in it were altogether lost sight of. As for Maurice Frere, he was rejoiced that the convict was out of the way. He wished that he was out of the way altogether.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WRITING ON THE SAND.

Having got out of eye-shot of the ungrateful creatures he had befriended, Rufus Dawes threw himself on the ground in an agony of mingled rage and regret. For the first time for six years he had tasted the happiness of doing good, the delight of self-abnegation. For the first time for six years he had broken through the selfish misanthropy he had taught himself. And this was his reward! He had held his temper in check, in order that it might not offend others. He had banished the galling memory of his degradation lest haply some shadow of it might seem to fall upon the fair child whose lot had been so strangely cast with his. He had stifled the agony he suffered, lest its expression should give pain to those who seemed to feel for him. He had forborne retaliation when retaliation would have been most sweet. Having all these years waited and watched for a chance to strike his persecutors he had held his hand, now that an unlooked-for accident had placed the weapon of destruction in his grasp. He had risked his life, forgone his enmities, almost changed his nature, and his reward was cold looks and harsh words, so soon as his skill and courage had paved the way to freedom. This knowledge coming upon him while the thrill of exultation at the astounding news of his riches yet vibrated in his brain, made him grind his teeth with rage at his own hard fate. Bound by the purest and holiest of ties—the affection of a son to his mother—he had condemned himself to social death, rather than buy his liberty and life by a revelation which would shame the gentle creature whom he loved. By a strange series of accidents, fortune had assisted him to maintain the deception he had practiced. His cousin had not recognized him. The very ship in which he was believed to have sailed had been lost, with every soul on board. His identity had been completely destroyed—no link remained which could connect Rufus Dawes, the convict, with Richard Devine, the vanished heir to the wealth of the dead ship-builder.

Oh, if he had only known! If, while in the gloomy prison, distracted by a thousand fears, and weighed down by crushing evidence of circumstances, he had but guessed that death had stepped between Sir Richard and his vengeance, he might have spared himself the sacrifice he had made. He had been tried and condemned as a nameless sailor, who could call no witnesses in his defense, and give no particulars as to his previous history. It was clear to him now that he might have adhered to his statement of ignorance concerning the murder, locked in his breast the name of the murderer, and have yet been free. Judges are just, but popular opinion is powerful, and it was not impossible that Richard Devine, the millionaire, would have escaped the fate which had overtaken Rufus Dawes, the sailor. Into his calculations in the prison—when, half crazed with love, with terror, and despair, he had counted up his chances of life—the wild supposition that he had even then inherited the wealth of the father who had disowned him, had never entered. The knowledge of that fact would have altered the whole current of his life, and he learned it for the first time now—too late.

Now, lying prone upon the sand, now, wandering aimlessly up and down among the stunted trees that bristled white beneath the mist-barred moon; now, sitting—as he had sat in the prison long ago—with his head gripped hard between his hands, swaying his body to and fro, he thought out the frightful problem of his bitter life. Of little use was the heritage that he had gained. A convict absconder, whose hands were hard with menial service, and whose back was scared with the lash, could never be received among the gently nurtured. Let him lay claim to his name and rights, what then? He was a convicted felon, and his name and rights had been taken from him by the law. Let him go and tell Maurice Frere that he was his lost cousin. He would be laughed at. Let him proclaim aloud his birth and innocence, and the convict-sheds would grin, and the convict-overseer set him to harder labor. Let him even, by dint of reiteration, get his wild story believed, what would happen? If it was heard in England—after the lapse of years, perhaps—that a convict in the chain-gang in Macquarie Harbor—a man held to be a murderer, and whose convict career was one long record of mutiny and punishment—claimed to be the heir to an English fortune, and to own the right to dispossess staid and worthy English folk of their rank and station, with what feeling would the announcement be received. Certainly not with a desire to redeem this ruffian from his bonds, and place him in the honored seat of his dead father. Such intelligence would be regarded as a calamity, an unhappy blot upon a fair reputation, a disgrace to an honored and unsullied name. Let him succeed, let him return again to the mother who had by this time become reconciled, in a measure, to his loss, he would, at the best, be to her a living shame, scarcely less degrading than that which she had dreaded.

But success was almost impossible. He did not dare to retrace his steps through the hideous labyrinth into which he had plunged. Was he to show his scared shoulders as a proof that he was a gentleman and an innocent man? Was he to relate the nameless infamies of Macquarie Harbor as a proof that he was entitled to receive the hospitalities of the generous, and to sit, a respected guest, at the tables of men of refinement? Was he to quote the horrible slang of the prison-ship, and retail the filthy jests of the chain-gang and the hulks, as a proof that he was a fit companion for pure-minded women and innocent children? Suppose even that he could conceal the name of the real criminal, and show himself guiltless of the crime for which he had been condemned, all the wealth in the world could not buy back that blissful ignorance of evil which had once been his. All the wealth in the world could not purchase the self-respect which had been cut out of him by the lash, or banish from his brain the memory of his degradation.

For hours this agony of thought racked him. He cried out, as though with physical pain, and then lay in a stupor, exhausted with actual physical suffering. It was hopeless to think of freedom and of honor. Let him keep silence, and pursue the life fate had marked out for him. He would return to bondage. The law would claim him as an absconder, and would mete out to him such punishment as was fitting. Perhaps he might escape severest punishment as a reward for his exertions in saving the child. He might consider himself fortunate if such were permitted to him. Fortunate! Suppose he did not go back at all, but wandered away into the wilderness, and died? Better death than such a doom as his. Yet need he die? He had caught goats; he could catch fish; he could build a hut. There was, perchance, at the deserted settlement some remnant of seed corn that, planted, would give him bread. He had built a boat; he had made an oven; he had fenced in a hut. Surely he could contrive to live alone, savage and free. Alone! He had contrived all these marvels alone! Was not the boat he himself had built below upon the shore? Why not escape in her, and leave to their fate the miserable creatures who had treated him with such ingratitude?

The idea flashed into his brain, as though some one had spoken the words into his ear. Twenty strides would place him in possession of the boat, and half an hour's drifting with the current would take him beyond pursuit. Once outside the bar, he would make for the westward, in the hopes of falling in with some whaler. He would doubtless meet with one before many days, and he was well supplied with provision and water in the mean time. A tale of shipwreck would satisfy the sailors, and—he paused—he had forgotten that the rags which he wore would betray him. With an exclamation of despair, he started from the posture in which he was lying. He thrust out his hands to raise himself, and his fingers came in contact with something soft. He had been lying at the foot of some loose stones that were piled [illegible], beside a low growing bush; and the object that he had touched was protruding from beneath these stones. He caught it and dragged it forth. It was the shirt of poor Bates. With trembling hands he tore away the stones, and pulled forth the rest of the garments. They seemed as though they had been left purposely for him. Heaven had sent him the very disguise he needed.

The night had passed during his reverie, and the first faint streaks of dawn began to lighten in the sky. Haggard and pale, he rose to his feet, and scarcely daring to think about what he proposed to do, ran toward the boat. As he ran, however, the voice that he had heard encouraged him. "Your life is of more importance than theirs. They will die, but they have been ungrateful, and deserve death. You will escape out of this hell, and return to the loving heart who mourns you. You can do more good to mankind than by saving the lives of these people who despise you. Moreover they may not die. They are sure to be sent for. Think of what awaits you when you return—an absconded convict!"

He was within three feet of the boat, when he suddenly checked himself and stood motionless, staring at the sand with as much horror as though he saw there the writing which foretold the doom of Belshazzar. He had come upon the sentence traced by Sylvia the evening before, and glistening in the low light of the red sun suddenly risen from out the sea, it seemed to him that the letters had shaped themselves at his very feet.

GOOD MR. DAWES.

"Good Mr. Dawes!" What a frightful reproach there was to him in that simple sentence! What a world of cowardice, baseness and cruelty had not those eleven letters opened to him! He heard the voice of the child who had nursed him—calling on him to save her. He saw her at that instant standing between him and the boat, as she had stood when she held out to him the loaf, on the night of his return to the settlement.

He staggered to the cavern, and, seizing the sleeping Frere by the arm, shook him violently. "Awake! awake!" he cried, "and let us leave this place!"

Frere, starting to his feet, looked at the white face and bloodshot eyes of the wretched man before him with blunt astonishment.

"What's the matter with you, man?" he said. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

At the sound of his voice Rufus Dawes gave a long sigh, and drew his hand across his eyes.

"Come, Sylvia!" shouted Frere, "it's time to get up. I am ready to go."

The sacrifice was complete. The convict turned away, and two great glittering tears rolled down his rugged face and fell upon the sand.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT SEA.

An hour after sunrise, the frail boat, which was the last hope of these four human beings, drifted with the outgoing current toward the mouth of the Harbor. When first launched she had come nigh swamping, being overloaded, and it was found necessary to leave behind a great portion of the dried meat. With what pangs this was done can be easily imagined, for each atom of food seemed to represent an hour of life. Yet there was no help for it. As Frere said, it was "neck or nothing with them." They must get away at all hazards.

That evening they camped at the mouth of the Gates, Dawes being afraid to risk a passage until the slack of the tide, and about ten o'clock at night adventured to cross the bar. The night was lovely, and the sea calm. It seemed as though Providence had taken pity on them; for, notwithstanding the insecurity of the craft and the violence of the breakers, the dreaded passage was made with safety. Once, indeed, when they had just entered the surf, a mighty wave, curling high above them, seemed about to overwhelm the frail structure of skins and wicker-work; but Rufus Dawes, keeping the nose of the boat to the sea, and Frere bailing with his hat, they succeeded in reaching deep water. A great misfortune, however, occurred. Two of the bark buckets, left by some unpardonable oversight uncleated, were washed overboard, and with them nearly a fifth of their scanty store of water. In the face of the greater peril, the accident seemed trifling; and as, drenched and chilled, they gained the open sea, they could not but admit that fortune had almost miraculously befriended them.

They made tedious way with their rude oars; a light breeze from the north-west sprung up with the dawn, and, hoisting the goat-skin sail, they crept along the coast. It was resolved that the two men should keep watch; and Frere, for the second time, enforced his authority by giving the first watch to Rufus Dawes. "I am tired," he said, "and shall sleep for a little while."

Rufus Dawes, who had not slept for two nights, and who had done all the harder work, said nothing. He had suffered so much during the last two days that his senses were becoming dulled to pain.

Frere slept until late in the afternoon, and when he woke, found the boat still tossing on the sea, and Sylvia and her mother both sea-sick. This seemed strange to him. Sea-sickness appeared to be a malady which belonged exclusively to civilization. Moodily watching the great green waves which curled incessantly between him and the horizon, he marveled to think how curiously events had come about. A leaf had, as it were, been torn out of his autobiography. It seemed a life-time since he had done any thing but moodily scan the sea or shore. Yet, on the morning of leaving the settlement, he had counted the notches on a calendar stick he carried, and had been astonished to find them but twenty-two in number. Taking out his knife, he cut two nicks in the wicker gunwale of the coracle. That brought him to twenty-four days. The mutiny had taken place on the 13th of January; it was now the 6th of February. "Surely," thought he, "the Lady-bird might have returned by this time." There was no one to tell him that the Lady-bird had been driven into Port Davey by stress of weather, and detained there for seventeen days.

That night the wind fell, and they had to take to their oars. Rowing all night, they made but little progress, and Rufus Dawes suggested that they should put in to the shore, and wait until the breeze sprung up. But, upon getting under the lee of a long line of basaltic rocks which rose abruptly out of the sea, they found the waves breaking furiously upon a horseshoe reef, six or seven miles in length. There was nothing for it but to coast again.

They coasted for two days, without a sign of a sail, and on the third day a great wind broke upon them from the south-east, and drove them back thirty miles. The coracle began to leak, and required constant bailing. What was almost as bad, the rum cask, that held the best part of their water, had leaked also, and was now half empty. They calked it, by cutting out the leak, and plugging the hole with linen.

"It's lucky we ain't in the tropics," said Frere.

Poor Mrs. Vickers, lying at the bottom of the boat, wrapped in her wet shawl, and chilled to the bone with the bitter wind, had not the heart to speak. Surely the stifling calm of the tropics could not be worse than this bleak and barren sea.

The position of the four poor creatures was now almost desperate. Mrs. Vickers, indeed, seemed completely prostrated; and it was evident that, unless some help came, she could not long survive the continued exposure to the weather. The child was in somewhat better case. Rufus Dawes had wrapped her in his woolen shirt, and, unknown to Frere, had divided with her daily his allowance of meat. She lay in his arms at night, and in the day crept by his side for shelter and protection. As long as she was near him she felt safe. They spoke little to each other; but when Rufus Dawes felt the pressure of her tiny hand in his, or sustained the weight of her head upon his shoulder, he almost forgot the cold that froze him and the hunger that gnawed him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FARMING NOTES

Items of Interest to Agriculturists.

BEAUTY OF HEBRON.

This is the new potato which is said to be about the same quality as Early Rose, but is ten days earlier and much more productive.

A RAW HIDE HORSESHOE

has been introduced, which promises to prove very useful. It is composed of three thicknesses of raw hide, compressed into a steel mould, and then subjected to a chemical preparation. It is claimed for it that it lasts much longer and weighs only one-fourth as much as the common iron shoe; that it never causes the hoof to split, nor does it have the least injurious influence on the foot. It requires no calks, even on asphalt the horse never slips. The shoe is so elastic that the horse's step is surer and lighter. It adheres so closely to the foot that neither dust or water can penetrate between the shoe and the hoof.

POULTRY SENSE.

S. Rufus Mason in the New York Rural, gets a good deal of poultry sense in a single paragraph, as follows: The real needs of poultry are few and simple. They are: Warm dry, vermin-proof roosting and laying quarters, clean water, gravel, lime and a variety of grain to choose from. If any of the same are found lousy or sickly under such conditions, cut off their heads just behind their ears and the flock will be better for it. Why should we expect to have good poultry and eggs upon our tables if we abuse the poor creatures all the time upon homeopathic notions. Poultry do best when made to work, that is to scratch for their living. Feed them one full feed of mixed grain every morning at sunrise and let them have ample range the rest of the day. Change the treatment from nonsense to common sense for a month and benefit.

LIVE AND WIRE FENCES.

J. Wilkinson, of McHenry Co., Ill., a capital newspaper correspondent upon practical topics, makes a comparison between live or hedge fences and fences made of wire, and concludes that as a matter of economy farmers cannot afford hedges for main lines of fences because of the draft upon the soil for forty feet each way from the fence. On the other hand, although three years ago he was very much prejudiced against barbed wire fences, he now believes in them as satisfactory and economical after considerable experience and observation. He finds there are actually less animals injured by barbed wire fence than by board and rail fences. He observes that many are using posts thirty or forty feet apart with barbed wire, and are well pleased.

PROTECTING TREES IN WINTER.

Many fruit trees are lost every year for want of a little care at the proper time. Many young trees are destroyed by rabbits, and many almost every winter by the heat of the sun in warm days towards spring. Frequently the rays of the sun, shining on the south side of the tree, will take out the frost, and, if near spring start the sap, and probably in a day or two it will turn very cold. This sudden thawing and freezing will cause the bark to crack up, and perhaps peel off the next summer and very frequently kill or cripple the tree. A preventive is to take what is called "straw board," or the thick paper used under the ceilings in building houses, or to take tin, or basswood, or hemlock bark, and put around the tree, and let it extend pretty well up around the body of the tree, so it will keep the sun from taking the frost out. When setting trees, they should be marked, so that the side of the tree that stood to the north in the nursery is set to the north when put in the orchard. This will also save many trees.

WORLD WIDE NEWS

At a meeting of the Glasgow town council it was resolved to widen and alter the Broomielaw Bridge at a cost of £43,000.

—The first gaslight is said to have been used by a Mr. Murdoch, of Redruth, in Cornwall, England, who, in 1792, illuminated his house by an apparatus of his own construction.

—The Melbourne Exposition is to open Oct. 1, and close March 31, 1880. It is expected to do great things for Australian trade. January and February are very hot months in Australia.

—"In recognition of the care, civility and attention" of the men employed at the Wallasey ferries at Liverpool the passengers subscribed a sum of nearly £80 to be divided between them.

—But for his dog, which pinned him and held him down till the neighbors could break in and bind him, a farmer near Ripon, Wis., would have killed his wife and child while in an insane fit.

—"To get the sack" is an expression found in France, *"se faire sacquer"* being the term used in a curious paper on Parisian workmen by one of their number as an equivalent for earning a dismissal.

—A London paper says that, under the patronage of the Roman Catholic clergy, an emigration scheme has been adopted to despatch large numbers of Irish Roman Catholics to the State of Minnesota.

—The Earl of Limerick has arranged for a battue of "bisons, or wild cows from South America," at his seat of Dormore Castle. If the wild cows of South America are as game birds as the Texan steer they have a treat in store for them.

—A rival to Bluebeard and Henry VIII has been found at Rheims. His name is Antoine Debay, and he is 86 years of age. Antoine Debay has just buried his sixth wife, and the local papers say he is already looking out for another.

—Professor O'Meary was to have lectured on temperance at Adrian, Mich., last Sunday, but compelled to apologize to the audience for losing his lecture while being drunk in the afternoon, and to substitute the recitation of an original poem.

—There were 19,695 persons killed in 1877 by wild animals and poisonous snakes in British India, as compared to 19,273 in 1876. The number of cattle destroyed in the same way in 1877 was 54,197, as compared with 51,830 in the previous year.

—Austria has only $200,000,000 worth of paper money afloat on the market; she is not yet ready for the resumption of specie payments, but her financial condition is said by experts to have vastly improved since her defeat at Sadowa in 1866.

—Last fall many of the Southern States cured and put by home-made bacon enough to last them until the next hog-killing season. Bacon is the favorite meat for whites and blacks throughout the South; hitherto they had drawn it chiefly from Ohio.

—"I regard a girl of thirteen or fourteen," said the principal of a Cincinnati school while on the witness-stand last week, "as one of the most dangerous pieces of mischief a man can come in contact with; her mind is so full of bad thoughts and evil purposes."

—Venice with its "glorious climate" had from the middle of October until nearly the middle of December almost constant drenching rains, and then there was a week of snow and frost, during this time travellers, not finding fires, were compelled to go to bed to keep warm.

—"The fact is my papa did not know what to do with the men and so he had them poisoned," the son of a Moorish official told an English consul who wished to know what had become of two visitors of whom the official was rather jealous and who had disappeared mysteriously.

—A strong police force has been stationed on the Leitrim estates, yet only a fortnight ago three men with guns stopped a traveller within a mile of the place where the Earl was murdered last year, but afterwards allowed him to pass, saying they were looking for Captain Dropping, the agent.

—A divorce suit without a co-respondent is to be tried in England. The gay Lothario is an attache of the Belgian Legation, and the Ambassador, under 7 Anne, c. 12, has claimed freedom from legal process in civil cases. Sir James Hannen has granted the unusual application to proceed without making a co-respondent.

—At Reading assizes, in England, a cab proprietor, named Bullock, was recently found guilty of the manslaughter of the wife of a policeman by shooting her while practising with a revolver in his yard opposite which she lived. The jury recommended him to mercy, and he was sentenced to a month's imprisonment without hard labor.

—A resident of Malta desired his wife to be interred in a grave belonging to the family, in which wish the priest concurred, but the police physician ordered the corpse to be buried in a pauper's grave. Then the husband petitioned the Governor and he was sent to prison for a month on the ground that his petition was a libel on the police. The case will be taken to England.

—Salicylic acid is employed by brewers in Belgium (and probably in the States) to preserve their beer from secondary and injurious fermentation. It does not modify the taste or the appearance or the slow alcoholic fermentation and, according to recent experiments, even when used in such quantities as from five to ten grammes to the hectolitre it has no injurious effect upon the health.

—At a recent meeting of the French Society of Hygiene, Dr. Landeer, in the course of some interesting observations on the subject of small-pox, said that he remarked that it was in houses exposed to the north that small-pox raged the least, and he suggested that inquiry should be made whether certain winds did not exercise a peculiar influence on the development of the disease.

—The bicycle mania does not seem in the least to have diminished in England, a company for the manufacture of those machines having just been organized, with a capital of $75,000. Here the passion for self-propulsion seems to have pretty much abated, but in England, on highways and on byways, in town and country these cumbersome carriages, if they may be called so, are constantly to be encountered.

—In the French army cavalry bands have been suppressed, and uniforms are neither so varied nor so brilliant as they used to be. With compulsory service the bait of gaudy trappings is not required, and with the new arms of precision, showy colors afford too fair a mark to the enemy. Even white horses are being eliminated from the army services as far as possible. There are no cuirassier regiments now except in Algeria.

—This from the Boston *Herald*: "Wanted—On February 1, 1879, a woman cook for a family of 70; she must be neat and sober in her habits, and not more than 40 years old. Address ——, *Herald Office*." In heaven's name! what does this mean? Have the polygamous practices in Utah's semi-civilization infected the pure atmosphere of our loved city, that atmosphere once breathed by the Puritans of blessed memory?

—At a social party at Ottawa a guest pretended to be a mesmerist, and entertained the company by mesmerizing a victim, whom he compelled to make himself ridiculous for an hour. But when the mesmerist, surprised at his success, tried to unmesmerize the subject the victim refused to come out of his trance, kissed every woman in the house, poured a libation of ink on the mesmerist's shirt front and only condescended to recover his senses when the terrified operator had fled for a doctor.

—A London paper contains this pathetic advertisement, addressed to the managers of orphan homes, hospital nurses and matrons:

If by possible chance any children of the name of Wool should be living, all of whom were supposed to have been drowned in the Princess Alice, and would most likely speak of "Daddy," their dear grandfather, please communicate with E. Wool, of 9 Houghton place, Ampthill square; or Mr. Bird, of 24 Victoria street, Paddington Green, and relieve, if possible, the existing blank of their father and grandfather's life.

—Many a man who, under the overpowering glamour of a first love, which he feels sure must either end in marriage or suicide, offers himself, his poverty, his debts and his ill temper to the lady of his choice, wakes up, after paying the parson's fee, to the solid fact that the cherished one whom he took to be the other half of himself is really both halves. The chief business of man is to convert himself into a golden image, and the chief business of woman is to break him all to pieces and spend him for point lace and diamonds.

—Watch cases are to be made in accordance with the new discovery for storing up light, so that they will answer the purpose of a lantern at night. One cannot only tell the time by them, but can light his way home. He will carry a bit of the sun in his vest-pocket. When a burglar comes to steal your time-piece he will illuminate the room by taking it from your pocket or from under your pillow. One can read by watchlight on the train at night and go down the coal cellar after dark without breaking one's neck.

—In the lessons in millinery to be given at Lasell Seminary, making, shaping and trimming are to be taught, the materials to be furnished by the teacher, and the results to be the property of the pupil. If she desires to sell them, the teacher will aid in disposing of them. After the practice lessons, the pupil may, by furnishing whatever materials she desires, make her own Spring or Summer hat or bonnet, at no extra cost for the instruction and help of the teacher. The cost of the course will be, for classes of three, $14 each. For classes of six, $10 each.

—An American of forty-five, named Alfred Tackey, armed himself with a pistol, a jimmy and a bottle of chloroform, and entered the house of the Rev. L. A. Sharpe, of Tackley, England, an old man of seventy-two, whose wife found him under the bed and said, "Come out, my boy, come out." He came out, and the old man throttled and held him down till the servants came up and tied him; one of them, with great presence of mind, pouring half a gallon of water over the burglar's pistol, which, nevertheless, went off and wounded the footman. The prisoner said he was educated at Rugby.

—The Lithuanians have traditions and theories about their common origin with the Hindoos and the learned have long known the close affinity between Sanscrit and the dialect of Lithuania. A Konigsberg paper says that not long since a young Hindoo, who had been studying in England, visited Konigsberg for the purpose of inquiring into the Lithuanian tongue. The language is nearly extinct in that region, but he finally met two merchants born in Lithuania and attempted a conversation with them, they speaking Lithuanian, he Sanscrit; and, to the astonishment of all, it appeared not only that the names of common articles had in the two languages similar roots and sounds, but also that they could carry on a conversation in simple question and answer without the aid of a third language.

WANTED A MAN.

A Girl Tries to Murder an Entire Family in Order to Get a Husband.

A small town may be the scene of a great crime, while poisoning seems to be coming into alarming frequency of use. Clarence Hollow is a quiet and pretty village about twenty miles east of Buffalo. John and Henrietta Taft resided there, with five children. He carried the mail between Clarence Hollow and Buffalo. Annie Cox lived there also, the daughter of a laborer. Annie Cox admired John Taft, and forced her society upon him whenever she could. The other day John Taft received a letter purporting to have been written by "Dr. J. Benton," and stated that his sister was dying, and wished to see him at Looneyville. He went accordingly. On the next Sunday night Annie Cox left a letter at his house. It professed to have been written by him, contained six packages of medicine, informed his wife that he had been exposed to the small pox, and that as a preventative of contagion, she must take the powder herself and give it to her children. She acted accordingly, giving the medicine to only three of her children, the two youngest being asleep. She herself took a dose; and the result was that all four were taken violently ill, with the usual symptoms of arsenical poisoning. A neighbor going to the house and gaining admission found the mother and children in a prostrate condition. When the husband returned home, he pronounced the letter signed with his name a fabrication, and also declared that he found his sister at Looneyville in good health. She knew no such person as Dr. J. Benton. As Annie Cox certainly delivered the letter with the medicine, it is regarded as a fiendish plot on her part to get Mrs. Taft out of the way, in order that she might marry John. She has been arrested; none of the poisoned have yet died. The reader can easily imagine what an excitement such circumstances as these would occasion in a small country town. All the crime is not in the cities, by any means.

A WARNING TO PARENTS.

The Kindergarten system educates the eyes and fingers, and does not strain the brains of children, and consequently a thousand things may be said in favor of it; but the little ones ought not to be poisoned. A little girl in Brookline, Mass., carried home from school a packet of fancy papers, specially prepared to be woven into mats. It fell under her father's eye, and his suspicions were aroused. He sent several small pieces of bright green paper to Professor Babcock with a request that he would make tests for arsenic. The chemist pronounced the color an arsenical copper green, and remarked that it would be very poisonous if taken internally, or if the dust were inhaled. He said emphatically that no one would be justified in placing such a dangerous plaything in the hands of children, and that there was no necessity for the use of such poisons for coloring paper, as there were harmless greens well known to the manufacturers which could be substituted for them.

SENSATIONAL SUICIDE.

A Wholesale Woman Fancier Blows His Brains Out.

KALAMAZOO, Feb. 8.—Yesterday J. L. Heath, a hotel keeper, of New Boston, Wayne county, committed suicide. He came here from New Boston to meet a young lady by the name of Lizzie Thayer, a daughter of the proprietor of the Thayer House, at New Boston, who was visiting relatives here, to whom she had been sent for the special purpose of keeping her away from the deceased, her parents objecting to him as a suitor. Heath was met at the Michigan Central depot by the girl's father, who would not let him embrace his daughter, drawing his revolver. Heath at the same instant drew his revolver and a duel was anticipated, but with only the remark, "Good bye, Lizzie," he put the muzzle to his own head and fired, the bullet piercing his brain and causing death in a short time. The pockets of deceased contained some twenty-four letters from different women all over the State, signed "Lizzie," "Maggie," "Mary," etc., and several from a wife at Reed City. The evidence at the coroner's inquest showed that he had three wives, all living.

—Two little children went to church alone in Westfield, Mass. They became tired during the long sermon, and the older one, supposing that school rules held good in churches, led her sister up in front of the preacher and said: "Please, sir, may we go home?" He said "Yes," and they soberly walked out.

C. F. AYLSWORTH, P.L.S. & C.E.,
INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS Madoc. 1

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

DR. NASH,
OF BRIDGEWATER, will open an office at Madoc, (Moon's Hotel,) on Tuesdays and Fridays. Office hours from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m

G. D. RAWE,
CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

WM. WRAY,
TOWNSHIP CLERK, HUNGERFORD, Commissioner in C. P., Conveyancer, &c.
TWEED, ONTARIO.

GREAM & HENDERSON,
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, NOTARies, Attorneys, Conveyancers, &c., Madoc.
OFFICE IN VICTORIA BLOCK.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, BELLEVILLE. MONEY to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

P. G. DUNCAN,
AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. 35.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Custom House.
Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

FRALECK & BLAIR,
BARRISTERS, &c., No. 27 Campbell St., (opposite New Opera House,) Belleville.
E. B. FRALECK. | HUGH BLAIR.
N. B.—Money to loan at 8 and 8½ per cent on straight loans. 10

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 58

DR. W. A. DAFOE,
GRADUATE of Toronto University, and of the University of Trinity College; Fellow of Trinity Medical School, (by examination); Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh; Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh; Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Office in Victoria Block, Madoc.

EVANS & BOLGER,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, P. L. S. | T. O. BOLGER, P. L. S., C. E. & A.
N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Moon's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Solicitors in Chancery, Insolvency, Mechanics' lien cases, Conveyancers, &c., &c.
OFFICE—Corner of Bridge and Front Sts., over Clarke's Drug Store, Belleville, Ont.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.
Money to loan on improved farm security. Interest 7½ per cent., per annum. 16

MADOC LIVERY STABLES.
J. SHALTRY, PROPRIETOR
First-class conveyances always on hand, and charges moderate. Give me a call.

CLIPPER MILLS.
ALL kinds of Lumber, Lath, and Shingles, constantly on hand, or cut to order on the shortest notice at the Clipper Steam Saw and Shingle Mills.
Also CASH paid for
PINE AND CEDAR SHINGLE BOLTS,
AND BASSWOOD LOGS.
POSITIVELY NO CREDIT.
F. J. DRAKE.
Hog Lake, July 3rd, 1878.

MODEL SCHOOL
MADOC.
ALL BOOKS
Required by Pupils
CAN BE OBTAINED AT
PUBLISHERS' PRICES,
AT
C. G. WILSON'S
DRUG STORE.

MONEY TO LOAN!
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.
To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?
APPLY TO
The Canada Landed Credit Company.
EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST
and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.
For further particulars apply to
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.
Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1
Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.
A. F. WOOD.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, FEBRUARY 19, 1879.

THE MADOC DEBENTURES.

In the above suit, entered at the instance of E. O. Bickford, Esq., in the Court of Queen's Bench, Toronto, to compel the Township Council of Madoc to issue and place the debentures for the bonus of $30,000 in the hands of the Trustees, judgment was given on Friday last, 15th inst., against the township, with costs. This is the result we predicted at the outset of the difficulty, although we take no particular pleasure in recording the fact.

Justice Cameron, after discussing the affidavits filed on both sides, and considering the question as to the construction of the Statutes relating to the completion of the road, and the point to which it was necessary under the By-law of the Township of Madoc, and the Statute relating to it, determined that it was only requisite to have the road completed and in running order to the Village of Madoc by the 1st of November, 1878, and concluded his judgment in these words:

"Having arrived at the conclusion that the Railway was completed and in running order to the Village of Madoc, by the first of November, 1878, it follows that the Company is entitled to have the Debentures delivered to the Trustees and to the issue of a writ of *mandamus* to enforce this delivery, and the Company is also entitled to the costs of this application.

Just as we go to press the following telegraphic despatch was received from Toronto: "Bill just passed the Railway Committee, ordering issue of Madoc Debentures, legalizing them, and stopping further litigation." We learn from Mr. Bickford that if Debentures are issued the road will be opened at once, and traffic and regular trains commence.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

The first session of the Fourth Parliament of Canada was opened at Ottawa, on Friday afternoon last, with more than ordinary *eclat*. This was owing, we presume, to the presence for the first time of our distinguished Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, and Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise. There has also been a general election and change of Ministry since the House was last called together. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new. His Excellency and consort were conducted to the Parliament buildings with the usual military escort, and were received by another detachment of dragoon guards, the bands playing the National Anthem, and the cannons booming a royal salute. In the House of Commons Dr. Blanchet, member for Levis, Quebec, was elected Speaker of the new House without opposition. The present Parliament consists of 201 members when all the seats are filled, of whom no less than 73 take their seats for the first time. The Ministerial majority is about 76. The following is the

SPEECH FROM THE THRONE:

Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate:
Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

In meeting the parliament of Canada for the first time I desire to express the gratification I feel at having been selected by Her Majesty for the high and important office I now fill, and to assure you of the great satisfaction with which I now seek your aid and co-operation. And acknowledging with profound gratitude the reception which has been accorded to myself as Her Majesty's representative I am also commanded by the Queen to convey through you to the people of Canada her thanks for the loyal, generous, and kindly manner in which they have welcomed her daughter.

The contribution of Canadian products and manufactures to the great International Exhibition at Paris last year attracted much attention, and, it is believed, will have a beneficial effect on the trade of the Dominion with Europe. I congratulate you on the success, which must in no small degree be attributable to the kind and unceasing exertions of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as President of the British section. The report of the Canadian Commissioners will be laid before you when received.

I am pleased to inform you that the amount awarded for the fishery claims under the Washington Treaty has been paid by the United States, and that Her Majesty's Government has arranged with Canada and Newfoundland for their respective shares of the award. The papers on the subject shall be submitted to you.

The important and rapidly increasing trade between Canada and England in live cattle has been seriously threatened by the appearance in various parts of the United States of pleuro-pneumonia. In order to prevent the contagion from spreading to Canada, and the consequent interruption of the trade, I have caused an order to be issued under "The Animal Contagious Diseases Act of 1869," prohibiting the importation or introduction into the Dominion of American cattle for a short period. It is hoped that the disease will be ere long extinguished in the United States, and the necessity for continuing the prohibition removed. Your attention will be invited to an amendment on the Act I have just referred to.

My Government has commenced negotiations, with her Majesty's sanction, for the development of the trade of Canada with France and Spain, and with their respective colonies. I hope to be able to lay before you the result of these negotiations during the present session.

It is the purpose of my Government to press for the most vigorous prosecution of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and to meet the reasonable expectations of British Columbia. In carrying out this intention due regard must be had to the financial position of the country. Communication by rail has been effected between Manitoba and the United States' system of railways, by the junction at St. Vincent of the Pembina branch of our railway with the St. Paul and Pacific Railway. That portion of the main line which extends from English River to Keewatin is now being placed under contract, and will be energetically pushed to completion in order to secure as rapidly as is possible the connection between Lake Superior and the great North-West.

A Bill for the amendment and consolidation of the Acts relating to stamps shall be submitted for your consideration; as well as a measure amending the Act relating to Weights and Measures.

The decennial census must be taken in 1881. I think it expedient that a measure for the purpose should be passed during the present session, in order to give ample time for the preparation of all the preliminary arrangements, and to ensure the census being taken as accurately and inexpensively as possible. In connection with this subject it may be well to consider the propriety of providing some means for the collection and collation of vital, criminal, and general statistics.

A Bill will be laid before you for the re-arrangement of some of the Departments of the Government; and also measures relating to the survey and management of the Dominion lands, to the Mounted Police, and to the Post-office Department; and also for the amendment in some particulars of the laws relating to Indians.

A measure will also be submitted to you for the vesting in Her Majesty, for the use of the Dominion, of certain Ordnance and Admiralty lands in the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The estimates for the ensuing year will be laid before you at an early day. They have been prepared with as much regard to economy as is compatible with the efficiency of the public service. I regret that the receipts into the Treasury from ordinary sources continue to be inadequate to meet the charges against the consolidated revenue. You will, I doubt not, agree with me in the opinion that it is not desirable that our finances should longer remain in this condition. By the application of the strictest economy to the public expenditure, and by a readjustment of the tariff, with a view of increasing the revenue, and at the same time of developing and encouraging the various industries of Canada, you will, I trust, be enabled to restore the equilibrium between revenue and expenditure and to aid in removing the commercial and financial depression which unhappily continues to exist.

I have directed that the public accounts of the past financial year shall be laid before you.

Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate:
Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

Parliament has recognized the importance of providing for the safe deposit of the surplus earnings of the people by arranging for their being placed with the Government at a fair rate of interest. It may be well for you to consider how far it is practicable to give a like security and encouragement to persons who may desire, by an insurance upon their lives, to make provision for those dependent upon them.

Your best attention will, I doubt not, be given to the important subjects I have alluded to, and the general interests of the country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

I do not think I am mistaken when I say that a majority of the ratepayers are thoroughly disgusted with the opposition of our Township Officers to the payment of the Debentures to the Belleville and North Hastings Railway Co., and that it is now time to have our Reeve and Deputy Reeve come before the public with a statement showing what justification they can make for incurring further obligations for our people to pay in the way of costs, as well as to let us know what obligations have already been incurred in this way, and what amount of additional debt they are likely to saddle upon us. Let us hear from you, gentlemen, at once.

RATEPAYER.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

Will somebody rise and explain: About twenty persons in our township meet and elect eleven delegates to a Convention. A dozen in Madoc elect thirteen. A few in Elziver elect three. A small meeting in Rawdon elect thirty-five! A small caucus at Belleville calls the Convention. What is the basis? Mr. John R. Ketcheson is President of the Association. Where is he? I hear he supports Mr. A. F. Wood, who is out as a candidate before the Convention meets. I am told that Mr. Wiggins, the Reeve of Elzivir, was at the Belleville caucus, but won't go the Convention, and supports Mr. Wood. A little light would be very refreshing.

VERY FOGGY.
Huntingdon, Feb. 18th, 1879.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

MR. EDITOR,—Now that the decision of the Court has been given against Madoc, and adjudged that we pay Bonus and costs, had the ratepayers not better take this matter in hand. I have heard different rumors that our Council will appeal, or get out an injunction—which means in the end we must pay the piper. See what Rawdon has done. They applied to the Legislature to get the interest thrown off their debentures and it was granted. Can't we do the same, and not fight an honest debt with the certainty of having to pay. I would suggest a public meeting or anything that will stop this work. It is plain we are not safe in the hands of our present Reeves. What would you suggest? We are tired of this work. It is easy for these parties to make costs when the township pays. I for one am very sick of this way of doing things.

TAXPAYER.
Madoc, Feb. 18th, 1879.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—Your paper seems to be the only one in this County where fair play can be got, and through it I wish to call the attention of the convention that has been called to meet the 1st of March. I have just learned that today the meeting at Rawdon has chosen thirty-five delegates—on what rule I don't know, only this that Rawdon wants to do just as she has always done—get the start and control the convention, and get Dr. Boulter nominated. We all know Mr. James Cook here pretty well, and the dodges he will try, but he can't fool us this time, for convention or no convention Marmora will not go Dr. Boulter,—so that cock won't fight. And we have good reasons. We neither believe in the salary grab or the Insurance sell. So if the convention wants plain sailing they had better steer clear of that breaker. We have a good man here that we will be satisfied with, but Rawdon needn't try any of their games.

TRUE BLUE.
Marmora, Feb. 15th, 1879.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

Now that a decision has been rendered in the vexed question of the debentures of our Township, let us see what are the results of this ill-advised action on the part of our municipal authorities.

It has been well known to everyone that arrangements had been completed by which the Grand Trunk Railway Company were to operate the B. & N. H. Railway, and that the formal and permanent opening of the road was only delayed by the refusal of the officials of the township to hand over the debentures. The result of this has been very serious to our people, and has been, and will be felt by every citizen of our township, not only on account of the convenience and comfort that would have resulted from the opening of the road, but in a financial point of view as well. In this particular, the losses will fall directly on the farmers as they would have received the benefit to a greater extent than any other class. Among the principal items on which our people sustain losses may be enumerated.

1st. In the purchase of ties and posts I am informed by parties who contemplated buying large quantities of these for shipment to the States, that had proper assurance been given of the road being operated, they would have bought from forty to fifty thousand of each, whereas they have now been purchased, some on the line of the Victoria Railway, and some on the Kingston Railway. On this transaction alone we may safely estimate that we have lost $8,000, which would have been put in circulation through these purchases.

2nd. The opening of the road would have enabled our farmers to have sold in the Belleville market this winter at least 2,000 cords of wood which would have put in circulation $3,000 more.

3rd. The opening of the road would have enabled our farmers to reach Belleville during the winter with their produce without the inconvenience and danger which attends a trip over the badly drifted roads that have continued now for many weeks. Counting the advantage in this way of increased prices and cheaper transportation it would surely have saved to our people $1,000 more.

4th. The development of our new interests have been seriously affected. I have been informed that the parties operating the Seymour iron mines had arranged to ship out this winter 2,000 tons of the ore for trial, and on the result of these shipments depended sales of 20 to 30,000 tons for delivery during the coming summer. The inability of the parties to get these shipments made in time will, most likely, result in a loss of these large contracts, and when we consider that every ton of iron ore mined and shipped from here brings into circulation $1.50. There is a certain loss of $3,000, with a fair prospect of our losing $30,000 of circulating capital during the year, from this source alone, if the present course of the officials is allowed to continue.

5th. We are informed that prominent parties had intended purchasing 2,000 cords of poplar wood for making paper in the States. On this item our farmers will lose the sum of $4,000.

6th. The operating of the road by the Grand Trunk Company would have put in circulation at least $1,000 more. That would have benefitted our people.

On the items which I have enumerated alone our people sustain a loss of $20,000, which would have been put in circulation in our township this winter, with the prospect of losing business during the year that would have brought into circulation $50,000, or if the contemplated operations at the Dufferin, and other mines are abandoned on account of the suicidal policy now being pursued by our officials the loss will be more than double that amount to our people, to say nothing of the general development of our township which must surely follow the operations of the railway and opening of these iron mines. It is a fact well known to every one of our citizens that our township is rich in minerals, rich in everything that adds to the prosperity of our people, and why a policy should be pursued that not only retards these developments, but makes parties at a distance have little faith in our integrity, or desire to encourage business men locating here with their capital, is hard to understand.

And when we consider the absolute certainty that the township will have, eventually, to pay the bonus in full with interest, and if the present opposition is continued thousands of dollars beside, is it not time our officials should pause and consider the difficulties in which they are placing an honest community, who desire to pay their obligations faithfully. Let us adjust the difficulty at once by handing over the debentures, and thereby secure the immediate opening of the railroad. Then, with an honest effort on the part of our people in showing outsiders that we are willing to do all in our power to encourage them to come here to engage in business, I venture to say that in less than five years the increased population and prosperity of our township will be such that the burthen of these debentures on our people will be reduced to such a small proportion to each ratepayer that they will look back on the present opposition of our township officials as the most damaging blow that has ever been given to the prosperity of our people.

H.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Agents, Read This.

We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free. Address,
SHERMAN & CO., MARSHALL, MICH.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE
Is a monthly 100-page Scrap Book of the cream of the World's Literature. Single copy, 15c., or $1 per year. An Oil Chromo [illegible] of "Yosemite Valley," price $5, "Black Sheep," a $1.50 book, in paper binding; "Christian Oakley's Mistake," a $1 book, in paper binding, and a sample copy of "Wood's Household Magazine"—all post-paid, for only [illegible] cents in money, or in one-cent postage stamps. Agents wanted. Most liberal terms, but nothing sent free. Address S. S. Wood, Tribune Building, New York City.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Council of the Corporation of the Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, will, at their general meeting on the first Monday of the month of April next, take into consideration the passing of a By-law for opening up Elgin street in the said Village of Madoc, from the street in the plan of the said Village named Wellington street to the east side of a street in the same plan named Vic street, and also that part of said Vic street lying east of Horace Seymour's Reserve, numbered Fifty in said plan, to the street also in said plan named St. Lawrence street, at which all parties interested are to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.
CHARLES GREAM,
Village Clerk.
Madoc, February 19th, 1879. 99-4.

NOTICE.

ALL PARTIES indebted to the undersigned are requested to pay the same to Mr. Allen Moon, Madoc, or to Mr. A. McWilliams, Exchange Hotel, Stirling, before the 1st day of March next, and save costs.
W. C. REID.
98-4t.

HIDES, FURS AND SHINGLES.

I WILL pay the highest price in cash for any of the above, and will be in Madoc village every Wednesday and Saturday to attend to the same. Apply at Sydmer Ross & Co's.
S. SARGENT.
Madoc, Feb. 12th, 1879. 98-2m.

FOR SALE!

LOT 27, 4th Concession of Madoc, 200 acres, for sale. Apply to the undersigned. Any person found trespassing on the above lot will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.
DR. GEO. A. CARSON,
Proprietor.
Whitby, 5th February, 1879. 98.

Note Lost.

LOST, OR STOLEN, a note for $100, made by John Power, in favor of Stuart Cook or order, dated on or about the 23rd June, 1876, payable one year after date, with interest at 8 per cent. per annum. All persons are hereby cautioned against negotiating the same in any way.
CHAS. COOK,
ISAAC A. BLAKELY,
Executors of the estate of the late Stuart Cook.
Madoc, 10th Feb. 1879. 98 4t.

Spring Goods.

We received yesterday a large supply of English and American Prints, American Grey and White Cottons, Canadian Grey and White Cottons, Brown Ducks, Tickings, Black Lustres, &c., all of which will be sold at our usual low rates.
SYDMER ROSS & CO.
Madoc, Feb. 19th, 1879.

TO THE
ELECTORS!
—OF—
North Hastings.

Having been urged by many old and influential friends in the Riding to become a candidate at the next election for the Ontario Legislature, and having received assurances from all parts of the Riding of a hearty support, I have decided to announce myself as a candidate.

An experience of nineteen years in the County Council, ten of which I filled the Warden's chair, has given me an opportunity to become intimately acquainted with the wants and resources of the Constituency, and should be of value to me in trying to serve the Riding if returned as a member to the Legislature.

If elected I shall seek as a Conservative to work with the Conservative Party—for the general interests of the Province and for North Hastings particularly, while at the same time I will not be a party hack or yield up my judgment at the beck of a party leader, for the purpose of a factious party policy.

I shall consider it my bounden duty to do all in my power to develope the vast resources of the northern part of this County, consisting as they do of large agricultural districts, forests of timber, and extensive beds of minerals, and to aid generally in such legislation as will advance the best interests of the Province.

Your obedient servant,
A. F. WOOD.
MADOC, Feb'y 8th, 1879.

REMOVED!!

N. D. PETERS,
Having removed to a more commodious room in
DALES' BLOCK,
(One door north of the Hardware store), will have pleasure in furnishing his customers with
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY,
Provisions, Crockery,
Stationery, &c.
FARMERS' PRODUCE
Taken in exchange for goods.
Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1878.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF
HOME-MADE WORK
FOR SALE,
OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,
—AT—
MORRICE'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS
in all the different styles and sizes.
☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.
D. MORRICE

1879. THE WEEKLY GLOBE.

With the close of its present volume, THE TORONTO GLOBE completes the thirty-fifth year of its publication; and its conductors feel that they can look back with satisfaction and just pride on the part it has taken, and the beneficial influence it has exercised, in all the prominent political movements and contests for good government, since the day of its establishment. The unequalled and unswerving support it has throughout received among all classes of the Canadian public, is at once the best reward, and the highest possible testimony to the efficiency and fidelity to public interests with which it has been conducted. As in the past, so in the future, shall the earnest efforts of its conductors be put forth in favour of whatever tends to secure just and economical government, the material prosperity of the masses, and the promotion throughout the land of religion, good morals, education, temperance, and social happiness.

Heartily convinced that Canada could hold no position higher or better, or more conductive to material progress, than that she now enjoys as the formost self-governed Province of the British Empire, the conductors of THE GLOBE will continue zealously to sustain whatever tends to the perpetuation of the happy existing relation.

Thoroughly believing that the best policy for Canada is that which shall promote increased traffic with foreign countries, and that system of taxation the best which falls most lightly on Industry and the Industrial classes, THE GLOBE will continue to advocate energetically the abolition of Custom-duties on raw materials, and the maintenance of a revenue tariff pressing lightly or not at all on the necessaries of life, but heavily on articles of luxury. It will continue to oppose the imposition of Custom-duties framed specially to punish Foreign Countries for actual or imaginary hostility in their commercial policy; or specially to exclude British and foreign manufacturers from the country; or specially to keep certain branches of industry in existance that cannot be sustained without forced contributions from the earnings of the rest of the community.

THE GLOBE will continue to give special attention to the deeply important subjects of European Immigration, Railway and Canal Improvement, the Development of the vast Mineral, Timber and Fishery resources of the Dominion, and the speedy Settlement of our Wild Lands.

Agriculture, as the chief industrial interest of the Dominion, receives that constant and anxious attention to which its vast importance entitles it; and all measures for the advancement of its prosperity or injuriously affecting its progress will be watched with care and fully discussed. To the manufacturing and mechanical interests much space will continue to be devoted, and nothing of importance affecting them will be allowed to pass unheeded.

News from all parts of the world, up to the latest moment of publication—Parliamentary Debates, Federal and Provincial—Markets and Financial Reports at home and abroad—and Letters of Special Correspondents from all points of interest—will be gathered with all the care and energy that has kept THE GLOBE for so long a series of years in the front rank of Canadian journals.

Special Cable Despatches from the London Office of THE GLOBE will continue to be received when incidents of importance to Canada transpire in any part of the British Isles.

The Illustrated Biographies of prominent Public Men that have given such general public satisfaction will be continued during the coming year by able and experienced writers. The sketches of Natural Scenery, views of the principal Canadian cities and towns, and views of the most notable public buildings of the Dominion, with copious letter-press descriptions attached to each, and sketches of the early history of each place, will also be continued by first-class artists.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence, Science Notes, and Educational affairs will continue prominent features in each number.

The Answers to Correspondents, on every variety of subjects, which have proved so valuable and interesting to crowds of readers, will be kept up with increased vigor.

The annual subscription to THE WEEKLY GLOBE will remain as heretofore, only TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, sent *postage free* to all parts of Canada and the United States, payable invariably in advance. The

CLUB RATES FOR 1879
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&
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ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return my grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,
Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers,
Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

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WE HAVE ON HAND
Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,
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LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,
in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.
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MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

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No Wonder Goods are SOLD SO CHEAP.
Another Carload Just Arrived
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JUST RECEIVED, FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON,
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THE FINEST EVER SHOWN IN THIS VILLAGE.
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Drugs, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs, Paints,
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In short, everything required in a first-class Drug House, all of which will be offered
AT A SMALL ADVANCE ON COST.
The practice of my profession in all its branches promptly and carefully attended to. Being thankful to my many friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in the past, a continuance of the same is kindly solicited for the future.
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NEW VALENCIA RAISINS,
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Dec. 5th, 1878.

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LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 12th, 1878. 91

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In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
OR E. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

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If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

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Chemist and Druggist,

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DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
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AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

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BLUE BOOT!

Opposite Harper's Brick Block.

Owing to the hard times for money I am selling TEN PER CENT. BELOW FORMER PRICES, FOR CASH.

CUSTOM WORK, REPAIRING, Etc., done in first-class style, and on short notice, as I keep none but first-class workmen.

POSITIVELY NO CREDIT!

WM. MOORE.

Madoc, November 28th, 1877.

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Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
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Meets on the first Monday in each month.
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Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, March 6th,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUPPIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, March 3rd,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday, March 4th,

at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

Short Stops.

Who got all the pretty Valentines?

Township Council on Monday next.

Huntingdon and Elzivir Councils proceedings crowded out this week.

"Fair Play's" communication is unavoidably crowded out of this issue, but will appear in our next.

Service in the Methodist Church in this village on Sunday next, at 10.30 a.m. No service in the evening.

O'Flynn & O'Hara's change of advt. will appear next week. In the meantime call and see their new stock of Boots and Shoes.

Fraternal Visit.

On Monday evening about forty Oddfellows from Belleville, accompanied by their handsomely uniformed brass band, paid a fraternal visit to their brethren in Madoc. They were hospitably entertained while here, and left for home early next morning.

Change of Pulpits.

We are requested to announce that the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church of this place, will, on the coming Sabbath, Feb. 23rd, be filled in the morning by the Rev. Mr. Marsh, of the M. E. Church, and the evening by Rev. Mr. Kenner, of the Canada Methodist Church.

Methodist Tea-Meeting.

The tea-meetings on Tuesday and Thursday evenings last, were very well attended by the villagers, but the severe storm on Tuesday evening prevented many from the country from putting in an appearance, and of course they had not an opportunity of knowing of the adjourned one on Thursday. The full receipts were between fifty and sixty dollars. The music was furnished by the choir, assisted by the Misses German, Rawe, Taber and Tait. Addresses were delivered by the village Ministers, and also Revs. Sing, Wilson, and Savage. W. H. Tumelty, Esq., occupied the chair the first evening, and A. F. Wood, Esq., the last.

Model School Entertainment.

The above entertainment last night was not quite so well attended as the previous one, but nevertheless it was a very enjoyable affair and altogether successful one as well. The music was excellent, especially the first piece by Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Weiss, which won for them a round of well-deserved and hearty applause. Miss German, Miss Seymour, Mr. H. Maybee, and a class of school children executed the vocal part of the programme in a highly satisfactory manner; the readings by Messrs. E. D. O'Flynn and A. F. Wood, and the recitation by Mr. W. H. O'Flynn, were also well received. The Band as usual performed with marked improvement. Receipts nearly eleven dollars.

N. H. Teachers' Association.

The third semi-annual meeting of the above Association will be held in the Model School building, Madoc, on Thursday and Friday, February 27th and 28th. James Hughes, Esquire, Public School Inspector of Toronto, will be present, and the proceedings promise to be of an exceedingly interesting and instructive character. The meetings are open to the public, and to all a cordial invitation is extended. The following is the programme for both days:—

THURSDAY,—10 a.m. to 11.—Election of officers, enrollment of members, &c. 11 to 12.—Method of teaching Spelling, introduced by Mr. Fuller. 2 to 2.—Etymology, introduced by Mr. Tait. 3 to 3.30.—Map Sketching, introduced by James Hughes, Esq. 3.30 to 5.—Grammar, (Second Class Examination), introduced by Mr. Kirk, Madoc Model School. 8 p.m.—Public Meeting: Short addresses by James Hughes, Esq., Public School Inspector of Toronto; R. Dawson, B. A., Belleville; J. Johnston, Esq., P. S. Inspector, South Hastings; A. F. Wood, Esq.; and other prominent gentlemen.

FRIDAY.—9.30 to 10.30.—Geography, introduced by Miss Ludlow. 10.30 to 12.—Mistakes in teaching, introduced by Jas. Hughes, Esq. 2 to 3.—Question Drawer.—Messrs. Dawson, Johnston, and Mackintosh. 3 to 4.—Some hindrances to effective Public School Teaching, introduced by Mr. G. H. Thompson. 4 to 5.—Important minor points in School Management, by Jas. Hughes, Esq.

MARRIED.

GORDON—DUDOE.—On Tuesday evening, the 11th Feb'y, at the residence of the bride's father, Hungerford, by Rev. R. Walker, Robert Gordon, jr., to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Allen Dudoe.

FROM MANITOBA.

Continued from last week.

At first the timber was mostly poplar, but after going 20 miles we entered a region of pine, and from E. B. Fralock's claims 50 miles this timber predominates, and with the spruce we struck the famous "Muskegs," which are the terror of railroad builders. They are vast swamps on which there has accumulated during ages a covering of moss, sufficient in some places to bear a person up. Underneath there is water often to the depth of 20 feet, and to all outward appearance the swamp is as much a part of *terra firma* as any of the surrounding country. But once get on it and see it rock to and fro with your weight, and unless you exercise the greatest care gives away and you sink. Lives have been lost again and again in these treacherous bottoms, and it can easily be imagined how difficult it would be to construct a railroad through them. The road-bed sometimes sinks away in a single night, and only is secured when the swamp is drained and earth put on to make a solid foundation from the bottom of the lake up, which has been done. There were no sights or sound, save the clatter of the engine. Here and there we noticed where a deer or bear had crossed the track in the snow. Nearing our destination we met a few men with packs on their backs headed for Winnipeg. The country also began to look different, and the muskegs gave way to barren wastes from which granite boulders projected here and there. The direction of the road was through these, never around them. They are rent with nitro-glycerine, and a broad highway opened once and forever.

We reached our destination; the train stopped when two officers boarded it to search for whiskey—a pretty crowd to look for such an article in. Grass Lake is the present headquarters of the contractors of the 36 miles comprising section 15. We learned that there were about 1,200 men and 150 teams at work on the contract of the 36 miles, nearly the whole was solid rock. Work was begun about a year ago, and nearly two-thirds has been finished. Some of the cuts are 34 feet deep and all of them 22 feet wide. Steam drills which bore from 80 to 100 feet a day are used, and nitro-glycerine does the rest. There are eighteen steam drills and two steam shovels at work, and so rapid is the progress that the job will be finished by spring. Contract 16, beyond this, is heavier than 15. It is for 40 miles a continuation of the same granite formation; but nitro-glycerine will fetch it; for its relative strength compared with gunpowder, inquire of the man who slipped with a fifty-pound can on his back, that is if he ever comes down; at last accounts he was still rising but he ought to have returned by this time.

At 8 o'clock we took the train for Winnipeg, reaching it at 3 p. m. 120 miles on the Thunder Bay end are completed and cars running. Section 15 will be finished next summer, and there remains but 180 miles more to complete the road from Lake Superior to Red River. We have our glorious old winter again, bright clear days. Cars are arriving daily from St. Paul, and the streets of Winnipeg are crowded with strangers. There is every prospect of a very busy season, money plentiful, times good.

More anon.

W. A. S.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

MR. EDITOR.—The Deputy Reeve of this Township has been figuring a good deal lately before the public in a good many ways, but in none I think, you and your readers will agree with me, so little to his credit as on Saturday last. It having been rumoured that a meeting was called for two o'clock, to appoint delegates to a Conservative Convention—for very few seemed to know about bills—a few gathered in the Town Hall on Saturday afternoon. At two o'clock there were a dozen present. Mr. Caskey grew restless, looked out of the window, went to the door, and finally sent down street—and those present waited. At three o'clock there were between twenty and thirty present. After some more delay, and some restlessness expressed by the meeting, Mr. Caskey took the platform and asked for a Secretary to be appointed. Several refused, and at last, very reluctantly, Mr. Chas. English consented to act, so, as he said, "we might get home." Then Mr. Caskey stated the meeting was called to appoint delegates to bring out a Conservative candidate. Mr. John Brown wanted to know what the authority was for calling the meeting. After some hesitation, and somewhat disconnectedly, he said the Conservative members of North Hastings at the County Council had got together and done it. When pressed who they were he admitted there was Mr. Ems, Mr. Pearce, and himself, but declined to answer further. When his attention was called to the fact that John R. Ketcheson was the President of the Association, he said they never thought about it, but thought a convention was necessary, and when asked why the hurry and the insult to Mr. Ketcheson, who according to the constitution was the only one who could legally call it, he said no insult was intended, but parties were coming out and they wanted to know who to vote for, and at last Mr. Wood was coming out, &c., and that he saw Mr. Ketcheson when he came home with the bills and he said "he didn't care." Mr. John R. Ketcheson, who was present, explained that the meetings were called entirely without his knowledge or consent; that Mr. Caskey had spoken to him and said he had the bills, &c., and he said they could do as they pleased. What he said he had intended to do was soon to call a meeting of the executive officers of the Association and consult as to the basis of representation, and get in working order so that if necessary a convention could be called at the right time. He did not think a convention necessary unless the opposite party brought out a candidate, and he could take no part in this meeting as the legal course according to the constitution had not been taken, and their action would not be binding on any body. Mr. Wood said that no doubt Mr. Ketcheson's position was correct, and even supposing Mr. Ketcheson had agreed to it, there were other parties besides who took exception to the action that had been taken. Before he had issued his Address one of the friends he had consulted was Mr. Ketcheson, and as President of the Association, who strongly approved of his address, and pledged his support to him (Mr. Wood), as a candidate. He was quite willing to take Mr. Ketcheson's advice as to any action necessary to avoid a split in the Party when there was need of it, but a meeting called as this had been, ignoring the President by men who were children as compared with Mr. Ketcheson as a worker for the Party, would not bind him nor any one else. Mr. John McCoy said it was plain why the business had been done in the way it had. It was simply to choke off Mr. Wood, who had done more work for the Party than all the parties who got this convention up combined, and Mr. Caskey was taking the very steps that would divide the Party. Mr. John N. Moore tried to throw oil on the troubled water. He believed the meeting was illegal. He thought so from the beginning, but this meeting could vote it legal if they wished, and moved it be a legal meeting. This was getting Mr. Caskey out of trouble, and he hurried to put the motion, which resulted in a baker's dozen—thirteen—for it and sixteen against. Then there was trouble again, and many of those present got up to leave, but this didn't suit Mr. Caskey; he wanted still to go on. Mr. English said it was no use, "it is evidently illegal." Mr. W. Blair agreed in this and so did many others, but as they were leaving it was moved by Mark Robinson (it would be interesting to know when he was a Conservative last,) and James Caskey seconded, "they go on." Four or five hands were lifted and the Deputy Reeve called "carried." The attention of Mr. Caskey was called to the fact that only four or five hands were held up, and that he had not called for the nays. He said no motion was made to that effect, and the principal part left him to play his little *farce* out. Now, Mr. Editor, I give the names of those who protested against the proceedings, and leave it with you and the Conservative Party to say how far the farce of about a dozen men appointing delegates to represent some four hundred Conservatives will please them, and more than that, how far the action of three or four men over-riding the Association, ignoring the President, and seeking a catch-vote will go down with the Conservative electors of this Riding. The opponents of the course pursued were John R. Ketcheson, John Brown, Chas. English, John McCoy, A. F. Wood, Samuel Rollins, Leonard Keene, James McLure, Chas. Kirk, W. H. Jones, Jas. Blakely, A. B. Ross, Allan Ketcheson, Wm. Blair, Chas. Rupert, and George Sexsmith.

Yours truly,

A CONSERVATIVE.

Madoc, Feb. 17th, 1879.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Graduate of the University of Michigan, U. S., and University of Victoria College, Canada.

BRIDGEWATER, ONT.

$20,000 TO LOAN.

AT THE LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to

GEO. A. SKINNER,
87 Solicitor, &c., Stirling.

THIS

New Horse Disease

AS COMPETENT Veterinary skill is not within our reach, I have obtained from a first-class Veterinary Surgeon, of Toronto, the thorough method of treatment, prescriptions and medicines for the present epidemic of Grease Heel, Scratches, &c. The price for the medicines is ONE DOLLAR.

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N.B.—Kasper's Blood Purifier for Horses and Cattle just received. 97-4t.

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A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.

SAMUEL M. TABER,
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VALUABLE

FARM AND MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned.

JAS. O'HARA, Jr.

Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

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8cts. PER LOAF,

AT

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WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Family Groceries,

FLOUR, FEED,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

J. HARPER.

Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1879. 63

FARM TO RENT OR SELL.

BEING lot 16, in the 12th concession, of Huntingdon, containing 200 acres, 100 of which are cleared. 20 acres of cedar swamp, the remainder heavily timbered with maple and beech, and a great quantity of white oak. On the premises are a good log house and a never-failing well, also two springs. For further particulars apply to

JAS. LANDON,
on the premises

Huntingdon, Dec 24th, 1877 29

John Robertson's

New advertisement

will appear next week.

OATS! OATS!

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

PAID FOR

ANY QUANTITY OF OATS!

AT THE

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

J. D. BREEZE.

Bridgewater, Jan. 18th, 1879. 95

NOTICE.

I AM prepared to take any number of good Sheep on shares, also I will take ten of the best milch Cows on shares. I have the best run in the county, and lots of feed.

FRANCIS NEWELLS.

Tudor, Oct. 18th, 1878. 82

THE HIGHEST PRICE

PAID FOR

CHOICE DAIRY BUTTER,

AT

JOHN COOK'S,

Grocer and Provision Merchant,

FRONT STREET, - BELLEVILLE.

A. F. WOOD, LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to

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Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

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A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,
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ALWAYS ON HAND,

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ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

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WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

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JAS. WHYTOCK,

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DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

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PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

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This publication is widely known, having been before the reading world forty years, and occupying a place in literature exclusively its own, viz.: the study of HUMAN NATURE in all its phases, including Phrenology, Physiognomy, Ethnology, Physiology, etc., together with the "Science of Health," and no expense will be spared to make it the best publication for general circulation, tending always to make men better physically, mentally, and morally

OUR PREMIUMS.

1st.—*The Phrenological Bust.*—This is made of Plaster of Paris, and so lettered as to show the exact location of each of the Phrenological Organs. The head is nearly life-size, and very ornamental, and until recently has sold for $2. This, with the illustrated key which accompanies each Bust, and the series of articles now being published in the Journal, on "*Brain and Mind*," will enable the reader to become a successful student of Human Nature.

2nd.—*A New Book Premium.—The Temperaments*; or, Varieties of Physical Constitution in Man, considered in their relation to Mental Character and Practical Affairs of Life. $1.50.

A new work; the only one on the subject of Temperaments now before the public, and treats of this important subject in a most comprehensive manner, showing its bearings on marriage, education as a training of children, occupation, health, and disease, etc. The book contains about 250 pages, and 150 portraits and other illustrations; is handsomely printed, and bound in extra fine muslin, and cannot be procured at less than $1.50 retail, except when taken as a Premium.

TERMS.—*The Journal* is now published at $3 a year (having been reduced from $3, for 1877), single Nos. 30c. 25c extra must be received with each subscription to pay postage on the Journal and the expense of boxing and packing the Bust, which will then be sent by express; or No. 2, the small bust or the Premium Book, which will be sent by mail postpaid.

Agents wanted. Send 10 cents for Specimen number and terms.

S. R. WELLS & Co., Publishers,
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RAILROAD OR NO RAILROAD,

It makes no difference to me, for I am bound to sell Furniture at the lowest prices possible for Cash or Ready Pay. No Humbug. If you don't believe it call and see.

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WILL BE FOUND AT

G. D. RAWE'S.

THE FALL STOCK IS

Complete, Varied, and Extensive,

AND AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

AGENT FOR THE

NEW YORK SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

Madoc, November 5th, 1878.

New Butcher Shop.

The subscriber has opened in connection with his present business a shop where he will keep all kinds of Fresh Meat, of the best quality and at lowest prices.

Give him a call.

G. M. BROOKS.

NOTICE!

Parties in need of Furniture will find it to their advantage to call on

W. T. WHITE,

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

"SHOULD WE PART NOW?"

Should we part now? O love, how can we part
Leave it thou wilt, thou canst not take away
The glory and the brightness of the day;
My soul will be with thine where'er thou art;
Till thou canst send the red blood from my heart
Thou canst not banish me, though I may stay
As silently; still shall my silence pray
Until thy spirit feel the vital smart.
I would not have thee suffer. O, my own,
I would not hold thee; thou shouldst still be free,
For when thou goest I am not alone;
Thou canst not take thyself away from me;
But thou canst dim the brightness of the sun
With clouds. O love, I would not have thee gone.

ONLY.

Only a seed—but it chanced to fall
In a little cleft of a city wall;
And taking root, grew bravely up,
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a flower—but it chanced that day
That a burdened heart passed by that way;
And the message that through the flower was sent
Brought the weary soul a sweet content.

For it spoke of the lilies so wondrously clad,
And the tired heart grew strangely glad,
At thought of a tender care over all,
That noted even a sparrow's fall.

Only a thought—but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;
For it ran through a life, like a thread of gold,
And the life bore fruit an hundred fold.

Only a word—but 'twas spoken in love
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above,
And the Angels in Heaven rejoice once more,
For a new-born soul "entered in by the door."

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN.

LITERARY.

Mrs. Erskine Clements will shortly issue "Artists of the Nineteenth Century," containing the lives of over two thousand painters, lists of their works and criticisms on the same.

The other new works announced from the Boston press are "Swift," in the series of poets; "Heredity," by Mr. Joseph Cook; "Mary Woolston Craft's Letter to Imlay," with a memoir by Keegan Paul, and "Reading as a Fine Art," from the French.

How strange that two of the leading minds of America, Morton and Cushing, should have passed away so soon after being immortalized in the columns of Forney's *Progress*. They were men of standing in the ranks of literature and statesmanship.

A volume of Swedish poetry, translated into the English, has just appeared. "Nadeschda" is the title of the poem. Here is an extract:—

"When she, o'er the sleeping rivulet
Gently bending, saw reflected there
Her sweet features in the Spring of youth,
Tears, unbidden, welled up in her eyes;
Grief awoke anew within her breast;
'Oh, Nadeschda flower!' murmured she;
'Poor, poor maiden, why adorn thyself,
E'en without adornment rarely fair;
Not for thine own pleasure wert thou born,
For the happy choice of thine own heart,
For a youth, ideal, who is thy love;
For a master's whim thou growest up,
As his drunken glances aim, perhaps,
To enchant, and pall, and be disdained.'"

It somewhat remarkable that Margaret Fuller and Bayard Taylor, who each began to write a life of Goethe, the German poet, should have died before completing the work they had in hand.

"The Immediate Future of the United States" is the title of a new article to appear in the next number of the *London Quarterly* from the pen of W. H. S. Abrey.

The London *Antæheum* is to contain a series of articles on Continental Literature during 1879.

The omission or misplacing of a comma sometimes alters a sentence very materially. Thus, for instance, quoting from the immortal Shakespeare.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough, hew them as we will."

Here is the quotation as it should be.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

The boy was more poetical than polite when he thus spoke of his mother:

Who was it that spanked me and sent me to bed,
And made my heart feel like a lump of lead,
Just for giving a twist to the kittens tail?
Who was it as spoiled all my fun as she said,
"Bad boy you'll be sorry when I am dead,"
Until I set up my childish wail?

My Mother.

This was too much, and the retort had to come. Here it is:—

Who is it that puts a bent pin in the chair,
And watches till grandfather takes his rest there?

The Bad Boy.

And when the old gentleman leaps in the air,
And says wicked words that make you stare;
Who is it that says "It's a terrible sin
To play such pranks with an old bent pin,"
While the father sees through it and says, "It's too thin?"

The Bad boy.

Lord Teignmouth has contributed an interesting chapter to the literary history of his country, in giving his reminiscences of the great men of his time. Lord Byron figures conspicuously in the work, as also Grattan, Southey and Wilberforce. Of the latter he says: "His profile, his shoulders being thrown back, exhibited, notwithstanding the stoop of his head, the convexity of a bent bow, a defect aggravated, perhaps, by the weight of books and papers with which his capacious pockets were stuffed."

A work likely to create a sensation is Dr. Charles Beecher's "Spiritual Manifestations." The Beechers, however, are so remarkable for startling developments, that perhaps, after all, this work may not have such an effect on the public mind as might be expected. In 1851 the author went to Stratford, Connecticut, to investigate certain strange phenomena in the house of Professor Phelps. The result is thus narrated:

"The first thing that took place of an unusual nature was on a certain Sunday. The family, including the servants, according to custom, had been to church, leaving the house locked up. On returning they found the front door wide open. The first thought was that robbers had been there. No signs, however, of their presence appeared until they came to my father's room, and there they found three full suits of his clothes, stuffed out with old clothes, etc., and laid out side by side upon the floor, with boots, hat, &c., somewhat as I have seen them after a railroad collision. This seemed very strange, but the general impression was that it must be the roguish trick of the boys or of some one unknown. In the course of the day, as my father was walking across the parlor, no other person being in the room, a key was thrown from behind, over his head and fell on the floor at his feet. He picked it up and put it in his pocket. Soon after a nail was thrown in the same way. In the evening, as the family were sitting together, suddenly a turnip fell from the ceiling in their midst. Then they began to hear little raps in various directions. They tried to trace them but could not."

We have seldom met with more sense expressed in as few lines as the following:

"It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I can,
It matters much!

"It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best I can,
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow man,
It matters much!

"It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea;
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel Death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!"

The eccentricities of typography were probably never more striking exhibited than in the Springfield (Mass) *Republican*, a short time since. The editor meant to have said "like evoking the shadow of a shade" but the printer made it read "like cooking the shadow of a shad." Again the editor wrote, quoting from Shakespeare, "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love." The printer succeeded in substituting "women" for "worms."

G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued an extensive list of new publications, the chief of which is "The Life of Garritt Smith," the abolitionist. It is by O. B. Frothingham.

The author of the the "Dictionary of English Literature" is writing a new work under the title of "The Secret of Success."

One of the most remarkable novels of the day is Paul Heyse's "In *Paradise*." It is translated from the German.

"A woman's Thoughts about Men" is among the latest works. It is from the pen of Mrs. Brinkley, and is sure to prove interesting. Her description of a dandy is good; "Now he waves with his Paris glove a 'ta ta, ta ta, to some fellow exquisite, and anon, with a jerk, a twirl and a grin, he removes his silk hat for a moment from his curled and oiled head to do homage, after the manner of his kind, to some passing belle, and then, with an air as if he had performed the whole duty of man, he wends his winding way onward, this paragon of animals, stroking softly and fondly his mustache."

Mrs. Kemble's "Record of a Girlhood" is to be reprinted in New York, shortly.

Among modern historical writers of the present day, none have taken higher rank than Hypolite Adolphus Taine, unquestionably the ablest living French author. His works on English literature have won the highest admiration, and he is just now engaged on a series of works on the history of his native country. "The Ancient Regime" was the initial volume and was followed by "The French Revolution," which has just appeared in a translation from the press of Holt & Co., New York. This volume is a complete history of the "Reign of Terror," and describes every event to the taking of the Bastile with great minuteness. M. Taine is no flatterer, neither does he pander to national prejudices, hence the severity with which he speaks of the actors in the greatest political drama ever played.

A remarkable old book is extant in England, which comprises in manuscript a vast amount of memoranda and the autographs of Booth, Cibber and Wilkes, including manuscripts relating to the stage scenery from 1714 to 1716.

A uniform edition of Canon Kingsley's works is in course of publication, and will soon appear.

The recent new departure in the financial policy of the United States has given rise to numerous works on the subject of the currency, two of which have just been announced.

A new life of Dr. Johnson has appeared, but it is not considered by any means meritorious, for the reason that it it is little better than a compilation. After Boswell no other biographer of the great lexicographer need hope to succeed.

"The Dramatic List" is the title of a new work on British actors and actresses. It is a record of the principal performances of living actors and actresses of the British stage, with criticisms from contemporary journals. It is written by Mr. Charles E. Pascoe.

The current number of *Temple Bar* contains a story, "The new Endymion," from the pen of Julian Hawthorne, the American writer.

"Voices from Babylon" by Joseph A. Seiss, is soon to appear from the press of Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

A work sketching the origin and rise of the Reformed Episcopal Church in the United States is ready in the form of a "Life of Bishop Cummins" the first bishop of that Church. It is likely to create a sensation.

An interesting work will be Ex-United States Consul Robinson's promised book on "The Great Far Land." Mr. Robinson was Consul at Winnipeg. The book is to be profusely illustrated.

A Life of Sidney Dobell, the English poet, has appeared. Dobell was born in 1824 at Cranbrook, Kent, and soon gave evidence of much literary ability. His life makes two volumes and contains a vast deal of interesting matter.

Dr. Smiles has published a life of Robert Dick, a Caithness baker, who was the companion of Hugh Miller.

The author of "Self Help" has done good service in giving to the world so instructive a work. The enthusiasm of the great naturalist is thus described:

"Robert Dick gathered insects while he collected plants. They both lay in the same beat. After his bread was baked in the morning and ready for sale, he left the shop to the care of his housekeeper and went out upon a search. Or he would take a journey to the moors or mountains, and return home at night to prepare the next day's baking. He began to make his entomological collection when he was about 25 years old. He worked so hard at the subject, and made so many excursions through the country, that in about nine months he had collected specimens of nearly all the insect tribes that Caithness contained. He spent nearly every moment that he could spare, until he thought that he had exhausted the field. He worked out the subject from his own personal observation. He was one of those men who took nothing for granted. Books were an essential end, but his knowledge was founded not on books, but on nature. He was not satisfied with the common opinion as to the species or genus to which any individual of the insect world belonged. If he had any doubts about an insect, from a gnat to a dragon-fly, he would search out the grub, watch the process of its development from the larva and chrysalis state, until it emerged before him in unquestionable identity. Few constitutions could have stood the amount of toil and privation which he endured during his long course of inquiry into the fossils, plants, grasses and mosses, over the length and breadth of Caithness. Robert Dick had often walked from 50 to 80 miles between one baking and another, with little more in his scrip than a few pieces of biscuit."

MASONIC.

The failure of the Grand Lodge of Canada to take up at the last annual communication, the alleged invasion of the jurisdiction of Quebec by the Grand Lodge of Scotland is much to be regretted, especially as other Grand Bodies were looking forward to the action it was likely to take the matter alluded to in the Grand Master's.

Address, and, acting upon his advice, no doubt, the subject was laid over, thus allowing a whole year before it can again be taken up. It would have been a much wiser course to deal with the question at once, and thus elicit a full expression of opinion from the Grand Lodge. There was no apparent reason for delay, inasmuch as all the facts were known, and nothing remained but to pronounce either for against the conduct of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. It is certainly the last course to keep on good terms when it is necessary not only to assert independence but to stand up for the rights and privileged conferred by our Order, and we hold that the Grand Lodge of Canada was remiss in not declaring its opinion of the conduct of the Grand Lodge of Canada towards the Quebec Grand Lodge.

It is unnecessary now to argue the question as to the right of one Grand Lodge to set up claims to jurisdiction within the bounds of another Grand Body. The assertion of Grand Lodge sovereignty has been so general in America that these can be no dispute about it. That being conceded, all that is needed is to prove the actual invasion if alleged to have been committed. That the Grand Lodge of Scotland invaded the jurisdiction of Quebec is unquestioned. In fact, it is admitted, the invading body boldly justifying its conduct in establishing a lodge under its control within the boundaries of Quebec. That justification, however, amounts to nothing, seeing that it is claimed solely on the ground that the Grand Lodge of Quebec is not a properly constituted Grand Body. Of course it were useless to argue that point, since any one who knows anything of the position of the Quebec Grand Lodge knows that it was duly constituted with the full consent of the Grand Lodge of Canada, and was recognized by every sister Grand Body in America. How absurd, then, for the Grand Lodge of Scotland to maintain that it was right in its invasion of the Quebec jurisdiction when it was as clear as noonday that the invasion was as deliberate as it was unjustifiable. Had the Grand Lodge of Canada taken action as it ought to have done, the other Grand Lodges would have followed. As it is New Brunswick took the initiative, and we were glad to see that Illinois was not slow to place its views upon record also.

Past Grand Master Stansbury, of Washington, deems the two years' rule as applied to masters of lodges highly pernicious, as it uses up the best material too soon. He thinks it advisable to retain a good master as long as he will act. On another point he is equally emphatic, and that is the hurry to get degrees. The making of Masons he considers of far more importance than the mere conferring of degrees. He says: "I have known men whose breasts were ablaze with decorations, who had no more of the true spirit of our brotherhood than if they had never entered as apprentices or seen a Masonic altar; while some of the noblest and truest exemplars of our principles I have known never wore a badge or went beyond the master's degree."

The Masonic Benevolent Association of Central Illinois has paid two benefits, amounting respectively to $1,442.70, and $6,501.20. The institution is one of the most flourishing of its kind in the world.

A SINFUL POSTURE 200 YEARS AGO

The following law and law case, taken from the records of the New Haven Colony in 1660, are strange reading in these times. The statute says: "Whosoever shall inveigle or draw the affections of any maide or maide-servant, either to himself or others, without first gaining the consent of her parents, shall pay to the plantation for the first offence 40s.; the second, £4; for the third, shall be imprisoned or corporeally punished." Under this law, at a court held in, May, 1660, Jacobeth Murline and Sarah Tuttle were prosecuted "for setting down on a cheste together, his arm around her waiste, and her arm upon his shoulder or about his neck, and continuing in that sinful posture about half an hour, in which tyme he kyssed her and she kyssed him, or they kyssed one another, as ye witnesses testified."

DEATH OF GENERAL TOM THUMB

The Liverpool *Post* states that General Tom Thumb died on Thursday last, at his native place, Bergum, in the Province of West Friesland, in Holland, whither he had only recently retired, after realizing a handsome fortune from exhibiting himself in the chief countries of Europe and America. The cause of his death was dropsy. The real name of the general was Haneman.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Chickens come to roast.

—Can knit be said that a knitting machine is a good workin' trade.

—A paste made of lard and gunpowder will cure frost-bites.

—Never play euchre with a one-armed man. He always holds a "lone hand," you know.

—Sir Walter Raleigh was a great admirer of the drama, and he went out between the axe.

—A great many men never think of having their lives insured until they get married.

—Quiet is often strength; silence, wisdom. The swift stream is not always powerful, nor the noisy one deep.

—Did you ever know a milkman who wasn't a cold water man? Never. What! never? Well, hardly ever.

—The pinkest-grey satin just out is called "pigeon's throat." Some prefer broiled-squab color, trimmed with toast.

—A woman at Wirzburg recently went mad, killed her four children with a hatchet, recovered her senses and cut her throat.

—That the velocipede is of heavenly origin is evident from Milton's lines:

"With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and the bicycle orb in orb."

—There is no foundation for the vile slander that the Princess Louise makes her husband get up and light the fires in the morning.

—Diphtheria is never known, according to an observer at Des Moines, where soft coal is burned. The sulphur in it, he thinks, is a preventive.

—A correspondent of the London *Times* is skeptical as to the alleged distress, and points out that the excise returns do not sustain the allegations.

—The man who wrote that "nothing was impossible" never tried to find the pocket in his wife's dress when it was hanging up in a clothes-press.

—Ladies may wear opera bonnets at "five o'clock teas," but if you have to work late and don't get home until midnight you may take your beer and cheese in your night cap, but not with your night cap.

—Miss Anthony declares that marriage "is binding one's self to one man for board and clothes, and when one considers the fifty-dollar bonnet of the period one is forced to the conclusion that it is too much.

—We have about decided to sail for Europe as soon as this issue of the paper goes to press. We can no longer hold back. Paris mothers coax distinguished Canadian visitors to kiss their pretty grown-up daughters.

—An enterprising newspaper has found a young lady who blushes, goes to bed at nine, eats heartily, speaks plain English, respects her mother, doesn't want to marry a lord, and knows how to cook. Now, where's your "man-fish?"

—The song "Sweet Bye-and-Bye" was written by J. F. Webster, in Chicago, in 1863. The man who gave it the fame it has attained in this country was the late P. P. Bliss, who, with Rev. Mr. Whittle, introduced it in their famous gospel meetings.

—The first weeping-willow in England is said to have been planted by Alexander Pope. He received a present of figs from Turkey, and, observing a twig in the basket ready to bud, planted it. From his stock all the millions in England and America are believed to have sprung.

—"Vicereine" is applied to the Princess Louise by the London *Graphic*, and seeing that Lorne is called Viceroy, what's the matter with "Vicereine?" The Canadians will pass the new coin current, though they must admit that "Vicereine" sounds awfully like some new-fangled cure for corns.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—"Sympathetic pipes" are a recent novelty. The bowl of a meerschaum may be colored in five minutes by first tinting it with a solution of nitrate of silver in ether and alcohol, to which essence of roses and camphor are added. Figures of any pattern are produced by the heat of tobacco, and when produced are permanent.

—Witnesses ought to be careful, because some lawyers are sharp. "The person I saw," said one who was in the midst of the tortures of cross-examination, "was a man with one eye named Wilkins." "Ah!" retorted the lawyer on the other side, "will you be kind enough to tell the jury the name of the other eye?"

—A young dramatic author, being desirous of taking a cut across-lots to fame and fortune, has written a play in nineteen acts, each about one sixth of the length of the usual act. He thinks that millions of young men will take their girls to see it because of the frequent opportunities they will have to go out between the acts.

—Science has given us many instances of striking resemblance between children of the same mother. The old adage that nature never makes two things exactly alike is, therefore, a myth. We heard the other day of two brothers who were so nearly alike that they frequently borrowed money of each other without knowing it.

—The Dundas Town Council are opposing the bill of the H. & D. Street Railway, now before the Legislature, empowering them to construct and maintain a highway and toll road between this city and Dundas, and have appointed that the Mayor, Reeve, Deputy-Reeve, Councillors Walker and Grant be a committee to oppose the same in the Ontario Parliament.

—A down-town citizen of Teutonic extraction, while giving his son some wholesome advice a day or two since, desired to use the Biblical injunction, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not," became confused as to his English, but not a particle as to the impression he desired to convey, and thus translated the adjuration, "Young fellah, of dem bat mans koaks you, don't you go mit 'em."

—At a dance party the other evening, Nelly, after a delightful waltz, being of course very warm, her partner devoted himself to cooling her off. Turning around and facing him, she asked, "Why am I like a certain animal in a menagerie?" He didn't know, he said. "Why, I'm a Nelly-fanned!" she said. He immediately asked for the position of keeper, and their engagement has since been announced.

—The Princess Louise, it is predicted, will work a notable dress reform among the women of the continent. Her attire is very simple, and she makes no display of jewels. At a recent entertainment at Rideau Hall she wore no ornaments whatever, not even a brooch. Her manners are charming; her guest, whether he be a Prime Minister or a trembling child, she places instantly at ease. She is a most gentle and kindly young lady.

AN IMPENDING EVENT.

He was sitting by the fire,
With Marier,
And toward her every moment he
Drew nigher,
Till her chair did interpose,
When he kissed her on the nose—
They'll be married when this sloppy weather's dryer.

—Night's candles had pretty well burned down, but still her jocund beau gave no signs of standing tip-toe on the misty hall oil-cloth to reach for his hat, so the beautiful girl reached under the sofa, took out the milk-can, and said: wait a minute till I put this outside; the milkman usually comes round about this time." He took the hint and his hat.

—"Sing me my own," he whispered lovingly, as they both sat down on the one piano-stool, "sing me 'Oh whisper that what thou feelest.'" "I will young man, I will," said the tremulous tones of her papa from the direction of the door. We will sing it as a duet, you and I; I will feel and you can whisper what it is. And then he felt for the boy with his feet, and went on with unfeeling indifference. "And you needn't confine yourself to a whisper unnecessarily in telling what you feel and what it feels like. Give it voice, young man give voice."

THE SUN'S EFFECT ON TRADE.

Prof. Jevons, in the *London Times*, vigorously follows up a recently advanced theory that the bankruptcies in trade and collapse in the world's commerce are caused by sun spots. He furnishes figures to show that financial crises and sun-spot recurrences appear in every decade, the commercial period being 10.46 years and the solar period 10.45 years. He does not insist that the sun-cooling periods are simultaneous with the hard times periods, but he does claim that seventeen solar waves have been followed alternately by seventeen commercial waves during the last 170 years.

—Owing to the severity of the weather, the forests of the Bernese Jura are infested by droves of wild boars, sometimes so numerous as to defy attack. Bands of wolves hover about the farms at night, and hundreds of hungry chamois have descended from the mountains, and are wandering about the valleys in search of food.

—In or about St. Petersburg, Russia, there are two Congregational churches, both of which are presided over by English pastors.

THE ZULU WAR.

Terrible Conflict and what may Follow.

Our cabled dispatches on Tuesday gave particulars of the terrible massacre of British troops by the Zulus, with whom a war on an extensive scale has just been entered on the border of Cape Colony. The following sketch from a reliable correspondent will show how the war originated, and give some idea of its magnitude: "For nearly twenty years the Zulus, who claimed all the land up to Blood River, had been on indifferent terms with the Dutch Boers on the left bank; indeed, they had been at war just before the British annexation of the republic in 1877; but the Boers concluded a peace described by Sir Theophilus Shepstone as humiliating and likely to make Secocoeni think the whites were afraid of him. The English refused positively to recognise the Zulus' claim to the disputed territory, and the latter were only kept from active hostilities by the firm attitude of Col. Lanyon and the diplomatic tact of Sir Theophilus Shepstone. Cetewayo, the Zulu King, was found to be in correspondence with Secocoeni, and the instant that the Caffre war was ended, Lord Chelmsford—General Thesiger had in the interim succeeded to the title on the death of his father, the late Chancellor—massed every available man in Pretoria to meet the Zulus.

Sir Bartle Frere had meanwhile dispatched an ultimatum to Cetewayo, the Zulu King, recognizing the justice of the Zulus' claim to the disputed territory, but insisting on compensation for farmers who had to leave it through fear of Cetewayo, the payment of fines and surrender of certain chiefs engaged in outrages, the disbanding of the Zulu army, the establishment of a British resident in Zululand with much power, a fair trial for all offenders, permission for missionaries to return to the country and the freedom of Zulus to marry on coming of age. A month was given the King to make up his mind, and he promptly refused to assent to the conditions. The extreme limit of grace expired on the 11th ult., and the war has been begun. It is not at all clear that the Zulu King could have accepted some of the conditions. He had disbanded his army early in December, and ordered compensation to be made to settlers who suffered loss by the disturbed condition of the frontier, and some years ago the Zulus were willing to receive a resident. But to surrender any of his chiefs would be to risk the mutiny of the others, and the questions of receiving the missionaries and changing the marriage customs of the country would be most dangerous, as the King's compliance would be followed by a loss of prestige and the awakening of fanatic prejudice.

Cetewayo is the most powerful African monarch south of the equator. He has 300,000 subjects within the 10,000 square miles of Zululand, and they are a powerful, well-built race, capable of great endurance. He has already assembled 8,000 men on the frontier and called out his army. There are forty regiments, seven of which, however, consist of men over sixty. Of the remaining thirty-three, fifteen are composed of bachelors and eighteen of married men, the latter being distinguished by their shaven heads, on which only a circlet of hair is allowed to grow. Each corps has its distinctive marks and special station. At fourteen or fifteen the Zulu males pass into the army and are formed into regiments with which older soldiers are mixed. Not till forty is marriage permitted. At present the army contains 22,500 men under thirty, 10,000 between thirty and forty, 3,400 between forty and fifty, 4,500 between fifty and sixty—total, 40,400. The soldiers have breech-loaders and some cannon. Each regiment has two wings of equal strength, subdivided into companies. The regiment has a commander and second in command; there are two officers to each wing, besides company officers and two or three junior officers. All have their regulated duties and responsibilities, and their orders are readily obeyed. Drill there is none, though the Zulus perform some simple movements with method, such as forming a circle of companies or regiments, heading into companies from the circle, or forming a line of march in order of companies or in close order of regiments. The Commissariat and transport are simple. The former consists of a provision of maize or millet and a herd of cattle proportioned to the distance to be traveled; the latter of the youths of the regiment, who carry the mats, blankets and provisions and drive cattle. That they are "careless of the single life" in the field appears sufficiently from their tactics when they have to cross an unbridged torrent. They form in dense column, each holding on the other, and force their way through the flood by sheer weight, those behind pressing the others forward.

The last and greatest opponents of the whites in South Africa will be confronted by between 14,000 and 15,000 men, of whom 5,000 are British regulars and 6,000 native levies. Of the Caffres 10 per cent. are armed with rifles and the remainder with assegais. They are officered by whites experienced in Cape warfare. The regulars are two battalions of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, one battalion of the Third (Buffs), one of the Nineteenth, and several companies from the Thirteenth and Eightieth, with twenty-six guns, manned by 500 artillerymen. There is also a naval brigade of 800 strong from the ships Active and Tenedos, and the King's Own Royal Regiment, to which the Queen presented new colors in December, is on its way to the Cape. The colonial forces consist of eight corps of mounted volunteers. The disposition of the forces is as follows: The Northern column (left), commanded by Colonel Hugh Rowlands, C. B., a Victoria Cross man, consisting of the Thirteenth and Eighteenth, is escheloned from Middlesburg to Pretoria. The Central column, under Colonel E. Wood, C. B., also a wearer of the "V. C.," consisting of the Nineteenth and Colonials, is at Utrecht, ready to strike at the heart of Zululand from the west. The Southern column (right), commanded by Lord Chelmsford, and comprising the Third and Twenty-fourth regiments, is on the Natal frontier, facing northeast. The Caffre contingent is divided among the commands, and will come into play in desultory warfare rather than in any of the regular operations.

THE NEW BISHOP OF DURHAM.

Lord Beaconsfield has made a bishop, and a bishop of the first rank. He has nominated Canon Lightfoot of St. Paul's to succeed Dr. Baring as Bishop of Durham. Dr. Lightfoot was born in 1828 at Liverpool, and was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1851. He became a chaplain to the Queen and Hulsen Professor at Cambridge ten years afterwards, and after serving as Examining Chaplain of the Archbishop of Canterbury he was made a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1871. He has written ably on the Pauline theology, and in 1871 attracted attention by an essay on a "Fresh Revision of the English New Testament." The see of Durham comes next after London and just before Winchester in the order of precedence, and as the Bishops of Durham held palatine rights and privileges, they are entitled to surround their mitres with a ducal coronet. The diocese includes Durham, Northumberland and Hexham, and the income of the see is now fixed at £8,000 sterling a year. The episcopal palace of Bishop Auckland, near Durham, is a noble residence, and the cathedral of the see, standing haughtily with its martial towers on a height which overlooks the city, is one of the most striking and picturesque ecclesiastical edifices in existence. Dr. Baring during his seventeen years' incumbency of the see has made the path of popularity straight before his successor, who will only need to do and be all that Dr. Baring was not. The Bishop of Durham holds the patronage of all valuable canonries in his cathedral, of the archdeaconries and of forty-seven livings, many of them of great value. One party have had their own way in this important diocese ever since Dr. Baring took charge of it. He has been almost as tyrannical to his clergy as was Bishop Marsh, of Peterborough, who was smashed up by Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review*. He has taken little interest in the University. His feuds with the Dean and Chapter are a standing topic, and it is years since he has preached in his cathedral. Everybody from the North has a story about him. One of the most widely circulated relates how a child who had been playing in Auckland Park boasted on returning home that she had seen and been spoken to by "the Lord Bishop." "What did he say?" "Oh, he frowned and said: 'Get off the grass!'"

—On the occasion of the return of Major and Mrs. A. H. Moore, of the 13th Batt., from their wedding tour, the excellent band of the regiment serenaded the happy pair. Lieut.-Col. Irving, Major Armstrong, Capt. Crockett, Lieut. J. J. Stuart and other officers accompanied the band, which played a number of excellent airs, under the leadership of Mr. George Robinson, bandmaster. The Major, after entertaining the party, thanked them heartily for their exhibition of good feeling towards himself and wife.

—A correspondent in Poland writes that 150 Jews have been arrested at Kovno for seeking to evade military service, and that in another district twenty persons have met their death at the hands of Cossacks.

OLD WORLD NEWS.

A Birmingham manufacturer has recently stated in public that during the Franco-German war, the Birmingham workmen were earning such high wages that many of them actually kept ponies and phætons, and it was almost impossible to buy ponies in Birmingham "for love or money."

The tinkers suffered severely during the late storm in the north of Scotland. A melancholy case is reported from Forgue, Aberdeenshire. A band of these wanderers, consisting of father, mother, and six children, sought shelter in a cattle shed on a farm. Disease broke out amongst them, and five of the children died within a few days of each other from inflammation of the lungs, accelerated by privation. Only a girl, the eldest of the family, survived.

It is interesting to hear that Lord Beaconsfield according to the laws of hereditary longevity has still many years of life to look forward to. His father lived to be eighty-two, and his grandfather, Benjamin Disraeli, to be eighty-six. His mother was only seventy-one when she died, but his father's grandmother, Mrs. Seybroot, lived to the age of ninety.

Mr. Chas. Cammell, chairman of the great iron and steel company of Charles Cammell and Co., Sheffield, died on Sunday in London. Mr. Cammell commenced life in humble circumstances. He leaves enormous wealth.

The Exeter magistrates have decided that a licensed victualler calling in a policeman to eject a man, who is subsequently taken into custody and sent to prison for being drunk and disorderly, must pay the costs of the conviction.

Ireland.

The funeral obsequies of the late Bishop of Raphoe took place at Letterkenny. The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in the County Donegal.

Mr. McCarthy Downing, M. P., died at Skibbereen suddenly on the 9th. He was extremely popular, and though a strong politician, enjoyed the esteem of all parties.

Notwithstanding the depression in the staple trade of the North of Ireland, it is gratifying to record unmistakable evidence of the progress of the building trade in Belfast.

A new educational institution now being completed in Stephen's Green, Dublin, will be called Wesley College. The old Wesleyan school will be merged into the new establishment.

Richard Stephens, a Dublin shipowner, has been committed for trial at Liverpool on the charge of sending to sea in an unseaworthy state a brigantine, which, with all her crew, was lost.

At the meeting of the guardians of the Roscrea Union a letter was read from the inspector of Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, reporting the existence of sheep scab at Basherstown, near Moneygall.

It appears that the dreadful scourge which has so long afflicted Dublin is also making deadly strides in the west and south. A letter from Galway says that there are three small-pox cases in the hospital there, five in Loughrea, and some also in Athenry.

In consequence of the renewal of the severe weather, and the consequent dearth of employment, the Cavan relief committee have had again to appeal to the public. Should the severe weather continue, it is feared outdoor relief on a large scale will have to be granted.

During a terrific gale the barque "Nelson," of Maryport, from Quebec, laden with timber for Carvill Brothers, Newry, capsized in the Warrenpoint Roads, and now lies bottom uppermost. The captain and crew were fortunately rescued by a boat from the shore.

As a number of persons were skating on a pond at Ballysillan, in the suburbs of Belfast, on the 11th January, the ice unfortunately gave way near a sluice and a lad named Gorman, aged about fourteen, went down. His cries for assistance were heard by a young man named Strahan, aged about twenty. Strahan promptly came skating up to his assistance, and he also went down. They both lost their lives.

THE DISTCESS IN GREAT BRITAIN

The owner of the loch near Glasgow much frequented by skaters applied to the relief committee for 100 men to sweep off the ice, offering their railway fare both ways, a hot dinner and a shilling a day, but could not get any men. Gangs of men go about London "kelking," *i. e.*, singing "All Froze Out," or some like mournful lay. One party of four netted £1. 10s. in one day and got blind drunk on the proceeds, almost all of which came from the pockets of poor people in Kentish New Town, "where they had no time to sing on account of the pennies thrown from the windows." Another party of five fell into the hands of the police at Hammersmith. It was early in the day but they had made 3 shillings apiece. The magistrate sent them to prison for a week at hard labor, the money found on them being applied towards their maintenance in jail. A Lancashire gentleman undertook to relieve a family selected by the parson as a deserving one, that of a puddler three months out of work, with a wife and five children. He had them up to the house to a supper of roast pork and suet pudding, and the miserable man told him he had been skating the week before but did not go out that week for the ice was too rough; that for three weeks he hardly had his pipe out of his mouth, his tobacco bill being about 8 pence a day, and that, thanks to kind friends, he had not wanted a meal yet.

WAS IT MURDER?

The Dead Body of a Man Found Near Welland, Bearing Marks of Violence.

WELLAND, Feb. 8.—Day before yesterday as the local freight on the Welland was going south, and when about a mile above the Welland Junction, the fireman on the engine noticed something lying in the field near the fence which looked like the body of a man. To make sure the train stopped at that point on the return trip, and the train hands proceeded to the spot pointed out by the fireman, and discovered the remains of a middle-aged man, supposed to be a laborer, which apparently had been underneath the snow for a couple of weeks. The train proceeded to Welland, where word was sent to the Coroner, who empanelled a jury and visited the spot. The body was removed to Welland junction, where it remained Thursday night. An inquest was held on Friday, but was postponed until to-day, the body in the meantime being taken to Welland, where a *post mortem* examination will be made. An examination of the body disclosed what are supposed to be two holes in the breast. The man's ribs were also crushed in, his forehead badly marked, his pockets turned inside out, his clothes nearly torn from his body, and the snow so packed around where he lay, that a general impression prevails that he was murdered and robbed. Up to the present time the body has not been identified.

RAVAGES OF THE PLAGUE

What Mankind Suffered in the 14th Century—Planetary Movements of 1881.

(From the Baltimore German Correspondent.)

If we glance at the history of the frightful devastations that have marked the visits of the plague to the earth, mankind has reason to tremble before the dread spectre whose appearance the Russians evoked on their pleasure trip to Constantinople, and which now threatens all Europe. Plague epidemics are recorded of almost every century. In the first year of the Peloponnesian war the plague raged with terrible violence in Athens, and Greece's greatest statesman at that time, Pericles, was one of its victims.

But not until the fourteenth century did it become a scourge to the entire world, traveling, as it did then, from the eastern boundaries of Asia through China, India and Russia, and punishing with equal severity the inhabitants of the Pyrenean peninsula and the hardened peoples of Scandinavia and Iceland. And if the Western Hemisphere had been discovered at that time, and active communication and traffic had existed, there can be no doubt that the grim destroyer would have visited America also. It is, indeed, by no means certain but that the plague did reach this continent, since there are Indian legends which speak of a time of great mortality long before the advent of Europeans.

It is estimated that no less than $2,000,000 persons fell victims to the black death in Asia and Europe toward the middle of the fourteenth century. Of these, 15,000,000 are supposed to have perished in Europe, 24,000,000 in Asia Minor, India and the adjacent countries and 13,000,000 in China. One historian writes concerning the appearance of the plague in Europe: "Terrible omens in the heavens overwhelmed the nations with dread. In 1337 a large comet appeared; in following years came immense multitudes of locusts but in 1348 the end of the world seemed at hand. An earthquake devasted Cyprus, Greece, Italy and the Alpine valleys. Mountains caved in. In the province of Carniola, in Austria, thirty villages and a town were utterly destroyed. The atmosphere became thick, fetid and nauseating. Wine became turbid in the barrels. Fiery meteors illuminated the sky. A pillar of flame was seen above the Papal palace at Avignon. These terrors were followed by a murderous plague. It originated in China, was carried through the whole of Asia, and in Germany received the name of the 'Black Death,' because it covered its victims suddenly with black pustules, and often killed them instantaneously. It spread over the whole of Europe, and it is said that it did not rage most virulently in Germany. Nevertheless 14,000 persons died in Basle, 16,000 in Strasburg and the same number in Erfurt, and they perished in all other places in similar proportions. In Osnaburck only seven families are said to have survived.

For twenty-five years the awful epidemic maintained its annihilating sway, while at the same time droughts, famines, floods and earthquakes destroyed city and country, and vast swarms of locusts everywhere inflicted the driest ravages. Meantime the whole order of things seemed reversed. In midwinter the severest rains were experienced, and in summer long continued severe frosts, and volcanoes that had been long thought extinct opened their craters anew. Some have attributed the origin of the epidemic to the atmospheric changes produced by the convulsions of the earth, combined with the decay of organic matter—the myriads of locusts and the unnumbered bodies of men and animals.

Some have also attributed that frightful epidemic to the then recorded approach of several planets to the sun. Inasmuch as four planets enter the perihelion in 1881, we have at least this similarity between the present time and that dreadful period; and this circumstance, combined with the sudden outbreak of the plague that is reported from Europe, may give rise to the fears that the coming planetary proximity to the sun is perhaps to have an evil import for poor humanity.

"THE EVILS OF SOCIETY."

The full text of the allocution delivered by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., and addressed to the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals on Christmas eve, is being officially forwarded to their Eminences. After some allusions to the religious aspect of Christmas, his Holiness refers at length to the present condition of civilized society, and says:—"Whenever in former times society has, through its own faults, permitted itself to fall from the dignity it has attained into misery and depravity, the Church has saved it by the supernatural power of the Redeemer. The present age, in which all truth is full of tribulation, possesses no other means of escaping those evils than by returning to Christ and to peace with the Church. The spirit of pride and so-called independence which now troubles society and overthrows social order gives no sign of safety except in submission and Christian obedience. No more salutary remedy for the unquenchable lust of gold and terrestrial pleasure can be found than the temperate self-abnegation and self-sacrifice of the faithful Christian. Real peace can only be given to society by the extension of a purely Christian spirit—for real peace is based on order, and cannot be found in the men whose senses are not fully subject to reason, and whose reason is not submissive to the Almighty. It cannot be found in society if the authority and laws which rule society are not entirely in consonance with the unchangeable principles of truth and justice, of which the Church is the guardian. Knowing that it has been left open to the nations to be redeemed and that by the Infinite Wisdom objects are often attained by hidden and unexpected methods, we have no doubt that even now the world will be again pacified and rehabilitated by the power of the Church, and that the ruin to the verge of which it has been brought will tend to make its security greater and the triumph of the Church all the more glorious."

SOMETHING ABOUT BONNETS.

The Most Expensive Yet the Prettiest Piece of Feminine Attire.

From London Truth.

There is no reason why a bonnet should cost six times as much as a man's hat. When too a woman has laid in a stock of feathers and ribbons, it is very easy to make a pretty bonnet, provided she possesses the requisite taste. Without taste, of course, a woman will always make a fright of herself. Possessed of it, she can have half a dozen bonnets for the price of one Variot. Now, dear, don't send to me for any more Paris hats. Take your models from your extravagant friends, and copy them with variations of your own. What I can do in this line you can, for no one ever accused me of being a milliner. As to shapes, choose what you like—there never was so much liberty of selection as now. Variety is the order of the day, and no face need be at a loss to find what is becoming. Worth was talking about this very subject the other day. He said women were fools to act like a flock of sheep: that he for one always consulted individual physique, but he found the greatest difficulty in making his clients wear what best suited them. "Because I invent a beautiful costume for a young and graceful woman should it be worn by a fat dowager? But the dowager will have it spite of all entreaty. There are no old women, and very few middle aged ones. As for fat women, they don't exist. All want to wear the tight fitting white gowns and beauties they look. If there is anything that displays cow's feet and overflowing figures that need reefing it is white; but, goodness gracious! there's no use talking—I have given it up. The only way to live in peace is to let women have their own way. You accuse me of a determination to revive crinoline—nothing of the sort but I am disgusted with these pull-back dresses, in which you can neither sit down nor walk freely. A glove-fitting gown is very well for a fine, little figure, but how many women possess this requisite? Such a costume on skeletons or the opposite extreme is repulsive, so I've revived a small panier, and make skirts fuller in the back. That's all. People say I set the fashions; I don't. A clever actress studies her style, appears in something admirably suited to it, and all the rest of your sex copy her blindly. It's rather too dreadful." Worth is such fun when he goes on like this, and he's awfully shrewd, I can tell you. His perceptive faculties are very keen. He says times are extremely dull: that the Imperialists and Royalists won't spend any money on the Republic, and that the Republicans haven't any to spend so luxurious art goes to the wall.

A CLERGYMAN ON BEACONSFIELD

An English clergyman has gone into politics without abandoning his sacred calling. A fortnight ago the Rev. Richard Butler, of St. Silas's church, Manchester, announced as his text, "What shall be done unto the man whom the King delighteth to honor?" and then drew an elaborate parallel between Mordecai, Joseph, the ruler of Egypt and Lord Beaconsfield whom he considered three of the greatest statesmen in the world's history. What, he asked, had been done for the man who by God's grace had risen to be a peer and almost the King of England? By sheer industry, by clearness of intellect, by educating his party, by making himself distinguished in the House of Commons, he had risen to the House of Lords and to the dignity of a Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and all this, no doubt, through a blessing from above, for as God blessed Joseph, Premier of Egypt, so He had blessed this extraordinary man, who was highest of all, higher than Mordecai and higher than Joseph. What had he done for his Queen? he had made her Imperatrix of India and he was now working for her a successful peace. He expressed the hope that a splendid golden wreath might be got up for Benjamin Disraeli by penny subscriptions. More than that, might his life long be preserved and might he receive hereafter a better wreath, the crown of immortality!

A GIANT BABY.

SEVILLE, O., Feb. 8.—A few weeks ago the wife of Capt. M. V. Bates, the famous Kentucky giant, who lives on a farm about half a mile east of this town, gave birth to a child, the second since her union of marriage with her present husband, and in both instances the child was still-born. It is to be greatly regretted by all that life should have been extinct from this child's body, which is nothing less than a wonderful prodigy of nature for its remarkable size. If the child should have lived and grown up to maturity, we would have beheld a being beside which we would be nothing but mere dwarfs. The child, fully developed in every feature on the day of its birth, measured thirty inches, a length which many children of normal growth have not attained after two or three years of age; it weighed twenty-two pounds; its chest measure was sixteen inches, and its feet six inches long. To the sorrow of all, and more particularly its parents, the child came into the world dead, and never saw the light of day.

—Dr. Mary Walker's pension has been increased to $30 a month. This means an extra pair of pantaloons for Mary every few weeks.

RAILWAY COLLISION.

HALIFAX, Feb. 7.—An accident occurred on the "P. E. I. R. on Monday last, which miraculously resulted without any fatal casualty. The Georgetown train is usually connected with the Souris train at Mount Stewart, the first taking the passengers and freight of the last to Charlottetown. The Georgetown train arrived at Mount Stewart on time, and seeing no signs of the Souris train proceeded directly on the way. At Bedford station it came in contact with a heavy snow block. On striking it first the locomotives proved unable to pass through, and the train then backed and the passenger cars were left about 15 chains from the bank while the locomotives went forward to force the passage. In the third attempt to pass the engines were thrown a few feet from the rails. Notwithstanding all efforts made to replace them it could not be quickly done, and a brakeman was sent back with signals to warn the approaching Souris train of the fact. An hour after the train first struck the passengers, six first-class and six second class, were horrified to see the Souris train bearing down upon them. It struck the first class car with a dreadful thud, carrying it upon the snow plow, tearing away the after trucks, breaking the rear door and destroying the couplings, railings, etc., between the two cars. Three men and a young lady sitting in the rear of the first class car opened the rear door with all haste and jumped from the platform. One of the number who did not jump far enough was completely covered with snow, and till he recovered himself it was thought he had been run over. He received a slight injury. The young lady attempted to escape to the second class car, but ere she had gone half the length of the first class car the train struck and she turned a clumsy somersault, and was landed among the seats at the lower end of the car. She escaped with slight injuries. No person seriously hurt.

BEET ROOT SUGAR.

(From the Simcoe British Canadian.)

From the Hamilton SPECTATOR we clip the following article on the culture of the beet and on the manufacture of beet root sugar in Maine. We ask our capitalists and farmers to give the subject careful consideration; if what is stated is true, and we see no reason to doubt it, capitalists cannot possibly find a better investment, and farmers cannot adopt another branch of agriculture that will pay them as well. To the capitalist it is infinitely better than bank stock, or lending money on mortgage, and it will pay the farmer better than even twenty-five or thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, and as a rule he only gets on an average from 12 to 20 bushels per acre. A supreme effort should be made by our capitalists, our farmers and our people generally, to secure the establishment of such an industry amongst us. As a preliminary step we would ask some of our farmers to grow half an acre of beets this year to get a practical test of the quantity of beets that can be grown on an acre of land in this vicinity—let them carefully measure the land, and do the same with their crop—so that there may be no mistake about either the quantity of land or the beets grown upon it. If nothing comes of it, they will have an article for feeding purposes that will be better than either turnips, carrots or mangolds. If a manufactory can be established here, they will know how well growing beets will pay them when they get $3 or $4 a ton for them, and the pulp back for feeding purposes. We would further ask them to be considering the propriety of taking in stock in the manufactory the value of the beets produced in one year from five acres of land—they getting back the pulp. This would be an easy way for a farmer to get four or five hundred dollars in stock in a good paying investment, it would cost him little more than the hauling of the beets to the factory and drawing home the pulp—the latter from an acre of beets being equal to a good crop of hay. All the arguments applied to farmers living on the Hamilton & Northwestern and Great Western Railways, would be equally applicable to those living along the line of the Air Line and Port Dover and Lake Huron Railways if a manufactory was established in Simcoe or its neighborhood.

(From the Caledonia Sachem.)

Now taking the County of Haldimand, in which wheat and barley have been almost exclusively cultivated, with very uncertain results, would it not be well for our farmers to direct their attention to the cultivation of the beet, with special attention to the manufacture of sugar. At present there are no manufactories. Then let the attempt be made to establish them. There is no better soil for the cultivation of the beet than along the valley of the Grand River, the richest in Western Canada, and there is no better spot for the erection of the factory than in the neighborhood of Caledonia. Railway facilities are here equal to those of any other locality in Canada. The whole County of Haldimand is rich in the productiveness of its soil. It can produce as fine a beet—called the sugar beet, as any other portion of the Dominion, and then, why should not our capitalists and farmers take a deep interest in this matter, for they are they who will reap the first reward, while their enterprise will confer a great benefit on the whole community.

CAN A CLERGYMAN MARRY HIMSELF?

A queer legal question—Can a man marry himself?—has come up recently in the Irish courts, and has attracted much attention from its novelty. The facts that gave rise to the matter are these:—Some years ago Rev. Samuel Beamish, of Cork, being then in charge of a congregation, went to the house of a milliner in that city, and under its roof, and in a private apartment, sought a sentimental interview with a young and comely apprentice, Isabella Frazer and then and there performed the marriage ceremony between her and himself. No one was present except the couple in question, and it was thought that nobody had witnessed the peculiar wedding; but it was shown that a servant, Catharine Coffey, had seen what had occurred through a window from an adjoining back yard, having been drawn thither by sheer curiosity. Catharine had not heard the words or observed the forms used on the occasion—the ceremony was the one prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer—but she had carefully watched as a woman would be likely to watch such a proceeding—all that was going on. Isabella Frazer, some time after, gave birth to a son, and three years later the clergyman died intestate. He left considerable property, and his brother contended that, as the marriage had been illegal, the child was illegitimate, and could not inherit from his father. It would seem that Beamish had not intended to make Isabella his wife, but had performed the nuptial ceremonies merely to satisfy her scruples. The case occupied the Courts for three years; but it has finally been decided that the marriage was valid, at least in Ireland. Under the circumstances this would certainly seem to be a righteous decision.

HOW TO MIND A BABY.

First, a man must have one to take care of. It isn't every one you know that is fortunate enough to have one, and when he does his wife is always wanting to run over to a neighbor's only five minutes, and he has to attend to the baby. Sometimes she caresses him and oftener she says sternly:

"John, take good care of the child until I return."

"Don't stay long, my dear."

She is scarcely out of sight when the luckless babe opens its eyes, and its mouth also, and emits a yell which causes the cat to bounce out of the door as if something had stung it. You tenderly lift the cherub and sing an operatic air; he does not appreciate it but yells the louder.

You try to bribe him with a bit of sugar; not a bit of use; he spits it out. You get wrothy and shake him.

He stops a second and you venture another; when, good heaven! he sets up such a roar that the passers-by look up in astonishment. You feel desperate; your hair stands on end, and the perspiration oozes out of every pore as the agonizing thought comes over you, what if the luckless child should have a fit!

You try baby talk; but "itty litty lamby" has no effect, for he stretches as if a red hot poker had been laid upon his spine, and still he yells. You are afraid the neighborhood will be alarmed, and give him your good watch as a last resource, just in time to save your whiskers, though he throws down a handful of your cherished mustache to take the watch and you thankfully find an easy chair to rest your aching limbs, when down comes that costly watch on the floor, and the cause of all the trouble breaks into an ear-splitting roar, and you set your teeth and prepare to administer personal chastisement, when in rushes the happy woman known as your wife, snatches the long-suffering child from your willing arms, and, sitting down, stills it by magic, while you gaze mournfully at the remains of your watch and cherished mustache, and muttering a malediction on baby-kind in general and on the image of his father in particular, vow never to take care of a baby—until the next time.

LORD LORNE'S SCRAPE.

How he Distinguished Himself at a Public School.

(From the London Truth.)

His one scrape at school occurred in connection with an adventure about a white rat. Lord Lorne was standing on the steps of the upper school one morning, waiting for 11 o'clock school, when one Campbell, a namesake of his but no relative, asked him to hold a pet rat for a moment, while he, the owner of the beast, ran back to his dame to fetch a book which he had forgotten. On receiving the assurance that the rat was perfectly tame and would not even bite a kitten, Lorne put him into the pocket of his jacket and told the owner to make haste, but just at that moment the master came out of "chambers" and ascended the staircase, so Lorne was obliged to go into school with the brute. All went well for five minutes, but soon the rat, indifferent to the honor of inhabiting a marquis's pocket, crept out and jumped on the floor. Some boys saw it and set up a titter, which excited the attention of the form master, Mr.——, nicknamed "Stiggins," a strict disciplinarian.

"Who brought that rat into school?" he asked.

LORNE CONFESSED

that he was the culprit. "Well, make haste to catch him and carry him out, or I shall complain of you," said Mr. Y——. My lord laid down his Homer, but to catch the rat was not easy. Seeing himself the object of general attention, the animal darted under the scarlet curtain which separated one division from another, and rushing amid a new lot of boys, provoked an uproar. In a minute all the boys in the upper school-room, some two hundred and odd, were on their feet, shouting, laughing, hooting, and preparing to throw their books at the rat, who, however, spared them this trouble by ducking down a hole, where he disappeared for good, and Lorne had to come back red and breathless, declaring that his game had eluded pursuit; whereupon Mr Y., who disliked riots, proceeded to make out a "bill" which consigned his lordship after school to the care of the sixth form præposter. Luckily Dr. Goodford took a merciful view of the affair, and as Lorne had not yet had "first fault," absolved him from kneeling on the block. It is to be noted that Lorne might easily have exonerated himself, by explaining under what circumstances he had taken charge of the rat; but he was not the kind of a boy to back out of a scrape by betraying a friend, and if Dr. Goodford had refused him the benefit of a first fault, he would certainly have taken his flogging without a murmur.

THE NUDE IN ART.

The dictum of the studios is that not only is it proper to depict the human figure "as God made it," but that he who shrinks from displays of this kind, who questions their righteousness, who believes or fears that they do not exercise a good influence upon the imaginations of impressible people, is not only a Philistine, but a prurient one; he is a person whose carnal tendencies have not been chastened and purified in the high atmosphere of the Bohemian attic. The attitude of the artist in this matter is necessarily different from that of the layman, and explains his views of the subject. It is affirmed that it is impossible to learn to draw a draped figure accurately without a knowledge of the conformation beneath. If this is true, life-schools are necessary, and it is easy to see how pupils at these schools may draw from models without falling under the influences which nude art exercises in public galleries. The artist here is on common ground with the surgeon or physician in many delicate duties, when an important and special purpose dominates all other ideas. The student is delighted with the admirable lines and curves of the human figure; he is struggling to master the difficulties of form and expression, and hence his attitude is wholly academic. But he is in error when he assumes that this academic relation to art does or can exist generally among laymen. The feelings that a beautiful form excite in the artist are certain to be different from those which spring up in the breast of the ordinary observer, who is sure not to be occupied with questions of executions or artistic scholarship, but with the emotions which take possession of him. The affirmation so often made that nudity in art is to be accepted because "to the pure all things are pure" seems to us very foolish. It is just because we are not in this sense pure that the propriety of nude art is questioned. Sexual passion is planted in all healthy natures, which it behooves us to keep under subjection, and in order to do this it is only wise to avoid temptation in every form.—*Appleton's Journal.*

ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

The gossips have now abundant food for talk in a scandal that occurred near here, on the Centre road. It appears that two men, Foyal and Patterson, had been negotiating for a trade of women, with the full consent of all interested. Not being able to come to amicable terms, Foyal wanting half a pound of tobacco as difference, the bargain was not completed. But Foyal's wife was determined not to be disappointed, gathered up what money could be found about the house and some other articles and eloped with Patterson, whose wife was in Shelburne. Foyal, with the assistance of a young man named Clegg, started in pursuit and overtook the runaways at Gravenhurst. Foyal, after administering a severe thrashing to Patterson, took his wife. He is now using the horsewhip as a more effectual way of enforcing obedience and love on the part of his wife. But she says she likes to ride on the cars, and will have another the first chance.—*Lavender Correspondent of the Cookstown Advocate.*

LOUIS RIEL.

The Emerson *International* says that it "is now reported that Louis Riel intends going to the Saskatchewan next summer with the large French half-breed migration to take place from settlements on the Red and Pembina rivers. It is also rumored that an agitation is on foot to obtain a reduction of the term of the ex-president's enforced exile."

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

—Bishop Simpson, in one of his Yale lectures, remarked that it was strange that the Saviour in sending out his disciples did not charge them to provide two coats—one for traveling and common work and one for the pulpit.

—The Catholic Church in the United States has now a cardinal, 11 archbishops, 52 bishops, 5,750 priests, 5,589 churches, 78 colleges, 577 academies, nearly 2,000 parochial schools, 345 charitable institutions and a Catholic population of 6,375,000.

—There have been further unseemly disturbances at the Church of St. James, Hatcham, the High and Low Churchmen bandying taunts and asking each other to pay their debts, stop sanding their sugar, etc., till the police were called in to turn out the disorderly.

—Dr. Leonard expects that there will be a manifest and complete collapse of Old Catholicism all over Europe in about twelve months, extraordinaries excepted. The Old Catholic Church at Geneva, he says, is a flat church, consisting exclusively of a clergy salaried by the state, without congregations, and when the Government decreed, as it has just done, non-interference, it must stop.

—The largest congregation in Boston is an Episcopalian one—that of the Rev. Phillips Brooks, where the services are extremely evangelical in their plainness. The third on the list is the Very High Church of the Advent, where the confessional is maintained and four celibate brethren of the Order of St. John the Evangelist, who live in a house conducted on monastic principles and receive no pay, officiate.

—It is related of a colored clergyman in New Haven that in calling upon a dealer for some communion wine, he was asked what kind he wished and replied: "Some of de ladies of de congregashun have expressed a preference for gin."

—The original version of "Baby Mine" is not so elegant as that generally given, but it is exceedingly expressive:

I've a letter from thy sire,
Baby mine, baby mine;
He's coming home or he's a liar,
Baby mine, baby mine;
He is now chuck full of wine,
He is coming o'er the Rhine,
He had better hold his line,
Baby mine, baby mine.
He had better come in soon,
Baby mine, baby mine;
I've been waiting since high noon,
Baby mine, baby mine;
I am waiting with a broom,
I will chase him 'round the room,
While his nose shines through the gloom,
Baby mine, baby mine.

—The death is announced of Mr. C. Ortman, of Waterloo Township, lately doing business in Berlin. He leaves a large number of mourning friends.

—A Montreal paper announces that the cure of Quebec has preached "against dancing in the Basilica." Queer place to want to dance in.

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors.

"PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."

TERMS: $1 50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II. NO. 100

MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, FEB. 26, 1879.

POSTAGE PREPAID.

BREAKING IT OFF BY LETTER.

Miss French :

Excuse me, madame, if I ask
You to perform the trifling task
Of sending back, per next express,
Marked to the undersigned's address,
My letters, picture, and the ring
I gave to you some time last spring

(That's [illegible] enough. The innocent thinks she has me under her thumb. Ha !)

Your property I here inclose,
And in return, for I suppose
You'll care to have it—I do not—
Though why you should, I do not wot,
Unless perhaps you wish to read
With what a fond, impetuous greed
Of honeyed word and burning phrase,
Of cloyed caress and partial praise,
A tender maiden can indite
Pink billet doux to some poor wight.

(For cool and cutting impudence I call that pretty good. I fancy that will make the madame wince.)

Perhaps my words are rather plain,
But then I think that in the main
You will admit they're simply just
And merited. Well, dust to dust,
Ashes to ashes—let it be!
I breathe again now that I am free,
And thank you for that cut direct
Which gave me pretext to elect
The course, which I have long desired
And long delayed till you grew tired.
Farewell! sweet memories of the past,
And Crœsus for a spouse at last.

(I'm getting into muddy water along here.)

But then within my memory frame,
Upon whose canvas is thy name,
I should have liked to paint a face
Upon which was no marring trace
Of vanity, deceit, or pride,
Of avarice—a face, beside,
Whose owner never could have done
The thing which yester-morning's sun—

(Er—Haven't I already said somewhere that I thank her for this cut direct? It's time I were ending this thing!)

Well, never mind, the dream is o'er
And such a dream I care no more
To dream, and wake to find it all
Black bitterness and—

(Will you sign your name and stop ?)
Respectfully, ——.

One word—I call
Upon you (you shall answer!) by
All of the past to tell me why
You acted so! O darling, think,
Before you hurl me o'er this brink—
Before my blood is shed by you—
How I have loved you! how I do!

(Thunder! you—you insompos mentis, you ain't you a nice stoic, now ain't you, Joseph Albert Barlow! There, burn, will you! I won't send no such letter! I'll call on her and find if she really did see me and intend that as a cut. That's what I'll do!)

HIS NATURAL LIFE.

BY MARCUS CLARKE.

So two more days passed, and yet no sail On the tenth day after their departure from Macquarie Harbor, they came to the end of their provisions. The salt water had spoiled the goat meat, and soaked the bread into a nauseous paste. The sea was still running high, and the wind, having veered to the north, was blowing with increased violence. The long low line of coast that stretched upon their left hand was at times obscured by a blue mist. The water was the color of mud, and the sky threatened rain. The wretched craft to which they had intrusted themselves was leaking in four places. If caught in one of the frequent storms which ravaged that iron-bound coast, she would not live an hour. The two men, wearied, hungry, and cold, almost hoped for the end to come quickly. To add to their distress, the child was seized with fever. She was hot and cold by turns, and in the intervals of moaning talked deliriously. Rufus Dawes, holding her in his arms, watched the suffering he was unable to alleviate, with a savage despair at his heart. Was she to die, after all?

So another day and night passed, and the eleventh morning saw the boat yet alive, rolling in the trough of the same deserted sea. The four exiles lay in her almost without breath.

All at once Dawes uttered a cry, and, seizing the sheet, put the clumsy craft about. "A sail! a sail!" he cried. "Do you not see her?"

Frere's hungry eyes ranged the dull water in vain.

"There is no sail, fool!" he said. "You mock us!"

The boat, no longer following the line of coast, was running nearly due south, straight into the great Southern Ocean. Frere tried to wrest the thong from the hand of the convict, and bring the boat back to her course. "Are you mad," he asked, in fretful terror, "to run us out to sea?"

"Sit down!" returned the other, with a menacing gesture, and staring across the gray water. "I tell you I see a sail!"

Frere, overawed by the strange light which gleamed in the eyes of his companion, shifted sulkily back to his place. "Have your own way," he said, "madman! It serves me right for putting off to sea in such a devil's craft as this!"

After all, what did it matter? As well be drowned in mid-ocean as in sight of land.

The long day wore out, and no sail appeared. The wind freshened toward evening, and the boat, plunging clumsily on the long brown waves, staggered as though drunk with the water she had swallowed, for at one place near the bows the water ran in and out as through a slit in a wine-skin. The coast had altogether disappeared, and the huge ocean—vast, stormy, and threatening—heaved and hissed all around them. It seemed impossible that they should live until morning. But Rufus Dawes, with his eyes fixed on some object visible alone to him, hugged the child in his arms, and drove the quivering coracle into the black waste of night and sea. To Frere, sitting sullenly in the bow, the aspect of this grim, immovable figure, with its back-blown hair and staring eyes, had in it something supernatural and horrible. He began to think that privation and anxiety had driven the unhappy convict mad.

Thinking and shuddering over his fate, he fell—as it seemed to him—into a momentary sleep, in the midst of which some one called to him. He started up with shaking knees and bristling hair. The day had broken, and the dawn, in one long pale streak of sickly saffron, lay low on the left hand. Between this streak of saffron-colored light and the bows of the boat gleamed for an instant a white speck.

"A sail! a sail!" cried Rufus Dawes, a wild light gleaming in his eyes, and a strange tone vibrating in his voice. "Did I not tell you that I saw a sail?"

Frere, utterly confounded, looked again, with his heart in his mouth, and again did the white speck glimmer. For an instant he felt almost safe and then a blanker despair than before fell upon him. From the distance at which she was, it was impossible for the ship to sight the boat.

"They will never see us!" he cried. "Dawes—Dawes! Do you hear? They will never see us!"

Rufus Dawes started as if from a trance. Lashing the sheet to the pole which served as a gunwale, he laid the sleeping child by her mother, and tearing up the strip of bark on which he had been sitting, moved to the bows of the boat. "They will see this! Tear up that board! So! Now place it thus across the bows. Hack off that sapling end! Now that dry twist of canvas! Never mind the boat, man; we can afford to leave her now. Tear off that outer strip of hide! See the wood beneath is dry! Quick—you are so slow!"

"What are you going to do?" cried Frere, aghast, as the convict tore up all the dry wood he could find, and heaped it on the sheet of bark placed on the bows.

"To make a fire! See!"

Frere began to comprehend. "I have three matches left," he said, fumbling, with trembling fingers, in his pocket. "I wrapped them in one of the leaves of the book to keep them dry."

The word book was a new inspiration. Rufus Dawes seized upon the English History, which had already done such service, tore out the drier leaves in the middle of the volume, and carefully added them to the little heap of touch-wood.

"Now, steady."

The match was struck and lighted. The paper, after a few obstinate curlings, caught fire, and Frere, blowing the young flame with his breath, the bark began to burn. He piled upon the fire all that was combustible, the hides began to shrivel, and a great column of black smoke rose up over the sea.

"Sylvia!" cried Rufus Dawes, "Sylvia! My darling! You are saved!"

She opened her blue eyes and looked at him, but gave no sign of recognition. Delirium had hold of her, and in the hour of safety the child had forgotten her preserver. Rufus Dawes, overcome by this last cruel stroke of fortune, sat down in the stern of the boat, with the child in his arms speechless. Frere, feeding the fire, thought that the chance he had so longed for had come. With the mother at the point of death, and the child delirious, who could testify to this hated convict's skilfulness? No one but Mr Maurice Frere, and Mr. Maurice Frere, as commandant of convicts, could not but give up an absconder to justice.

The ship changed her course, and came toward this strange fire in the middle of the ocean. The boat, the fore part of her blazing like a pipe torch, could not float above an hour. The little group of the convict and child remained motionless. Mrs. Vickers was lying senseless, ignorant even of the approaching succor.

The ship—a brig, with American colors flying—came within hail of them. Frere could almost distinguish figures on her deck. He made his way aft to where Dawes was sitting, unconscious, with the child in his arms, and stirred him roughly with his foot.

"Go forward," he said, in tones of command, "and give the child to me."

Rufus Dawes raised his head, and, seeing the approaching vessel, awoke to the consciousness of his duty. With a low laugh, full of unutterable bitterness, he placed the burden he had borne so tenderly in the arms of the lieutenant, and moved to the blazing bows.

The brig was close upon them. Her canvas loomed large and dusky, shadowing the sea. Her wet decks shone in the morning sunlight. From her bulwarks peered bearded and eager faces, looking with astonishment at this burning boat and its haggard company, alone on that barren and stormy ocean.

Frere, with Sylvia in his arms, waited for her.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER I.

A LABORER IN THE VINEYARD.

"Society in Hobart Town, in this year of grace 1838, is, my dear lord, composed of very curious elements." So ran a passage in the sparkling letter which the Rev. Mr. Meekin, newly-appointed chaplain, and seven days' resident in Van Diemen's Land, was carrying to the post office, for the delectation of his patron in England. As the reverend gentleman tripped daintily down the summer street that lay between the blue river and the purple mountain, he cast his mild eyes hither and thither upon human nature, and the sentence he had just penned recurred to him with pleasurable appositeness. Elbowed by well-dressed officers of garrison, bowing sweetly to well-dressed ladies, shrinking from ill-dressed, ill-odored ticket-of-leave men, or hastening across a street to avoid being run down by the hand-carts that, driven by little gangs of gray-clothed convicts, rattled and jangled at him unexpectedly from behind corners, he certainly felt that the society through which he moved was composed of curious elements. Now passed, with haughty nose in the air, a newly-imported government official, relaxing for an instant his rigidity of demeanor to smile languidly at the chaplain whom Governor Sir John Franklin delighted to honor; now swaggered, with coarse defiance of gentility and patronage, a wealthy ex-prisoner, grown fat on the profits of rum. The population that was abroad on that sunny December afternoon had certainly an incongruous appearance to a dapper clergyman lately arrived from London, and missing for the first time in his sleek, easy-going life, those social screens which in London civilization decorously conceal the frailties and vices of human nature. Clad in glossy black, of the most fashionable clerical cut, with dandy boots, and gloves of lightest lavender—a white silk over-coat hinting that its owner was not wholly free from sensitiveness to sun and heat—the Reverend Meekin tripped daintily to the post-office, and deposited his letter. Two ladies met him as he turned.

"Mr. Meekin!"

Mr. Meekin's elegant hat was raised from his intellectual brow and hovered in the air, like some courteous blackbird, for an instant. "Mrs. Jellicoe! Mrs. Protherick! My dear leddies, this is an unexpected pleasure! And where, pray, are you going on this lovely afternoon? To stay in the house is positively sinful. Ah! what a climate; but the trail of the serpent, my dear Mrs. Protherick—the trail of the serpent—" And he sighed.

"It must be a great trial to you to come to the colony," said Mrs. Jellicoe, sympathizing with the sigh.

Meekin smiled, as a gentlemanly martyr might have smiled. "The Lord's work, dear leddies—the Lord's work. I am but a poor laborer in the vineyard, toiling through the heat and burden of the day." The aspect of him, with his faultless tie, his airy coat, his natty boots, and his self-satisfied Christian smile, was so unlike a poor laborer toiling through the heat and burden of the day, that good Mrs. Jellicoe, the wife of an orthodox comptroller of convicts' stores, felt a horrible thrill of momentary heresy. "I would rather have remained in England," continued Mr. Meekin, smoothing one lavender finger with the tip of another, and arching his elegant eyebrows in mild deprecation of any praise for his self-denial; "but I felt it my duty not to refuse the offer made me through the kindness of his lordship. Here is a field, leddies—a field for the Christian pastor. They appeal to me, leddies, these lambs of our Church—these lost and outcast lambs of our Church."

Mrs. Jellicoe shook her gay bonnet ribbons at Mr. Meekin, with a hearty smile. "You don't know our convicts," she said (from the tone of her jolly voice, it might have been our cattle). "They are horrible creatures. And as for servants—my goodness, I have a fresh one every week. When you have been here a little longer, you will know them better, Mr. Meekin."

"They are quite unbearable at times," said Mrs. Protherick, the widow of a superintendent of convicts' barracks, with a stately indignation mantling in her sallow cheeks. "I am ordinarily the most patient creature breathing, but I do confess that the stupid, vicious wretches that one gets are enough to put a saint out of temper."

"We have all our crosses, dear leddies—all our crosses," said Mr. Meekin, piously. "Heaven send us strength to bear them! Good morning."

"Why, you are going our way," said Mrs. Jellicoe. "We can walk together."

"Delighted! I am going to call on Major Vickers."

"And I live within a stone's throw," returned Mrs. Protherick. "What a charming little creature she is, isn't she?"

"Who?" asked Mr. Meekin, as they walked.

"Sylvia. You don't know her! Oh, a dear little thing!"

"I have only met Major Vickers at Government House," said Meekin. "I haven't yet had the pleasure of seeing his daughter."

"A sad thing," said Mrs. Jellicoe. "Quite a romance, if it were not so sad, you know. His wife, poor Mrs. Vickers!"

"Indeed! What of her?" asked Meekin, bestowing a condescending bow on a passer-by. "Is she an invalid?"

"She is dead, poor soul," returned jolly Mrs. Jellicoe, with a fat sigh. "You don't mean to say that you haven't heard the story, Mr. Meekin?"

"My dear leddies, I have only been in Hobart Town a week, and I have not heard the story."

"It's about the mutiny, you know, the mutiny at Macquarie Harbor. The prisoners took the ship, and put Mrs. Vickers and Sylvia ashore somewhere. Captain Frere was with them, too. The poor things had a dreadful time, and nearly died. Captain Frere made a boat at last, and they were picked up by a ship. Poor Mrs Vickers only lived a few hours, and little Sylvia—she was quite lightheaded. They thought she wouldn't recover."

"How dreadful! And has she recovered?"

"Oh yes, she's quite strong now; but her memory's gone."

"Her memory?"

"Yes," struck in Mrs. Protherick, eager to have a share in the story-telling. "She doesn't remember any thing about the three or four weeks they were ashore—at least not distinctly."

"It's a great mercy!" interrupted Mrs. Jellicoe, determined to keep the post of honor. "Who wants her to remember these horrors? From Captain Frere's account, it was positively awful!"

"You don't say so!" said Mr. Meekin, dabbing his nose with a dainty handkerchief.

"A bolter—that's what we call an escaped prisoner, Mr. Meekin—happened to be left behind, and he found them out, and insisted on sharing the provisions—the wretch! Captain Frere was obliged to watch him constantly for fear he should murder them. Even in the boat he tried to run them out to sea and escape. He was one of the worst men in the Harbor, they say. But you should hear Captain Frere tell the story."

"And where is he now?" asked Mr. Meekin, with interest.

"Captain Frere?"

"No, the prisoner."

"Oh, goodness, I don't know—at Point Arthur, I think. I know that he was tried for bolting, and would have been hanged but for Captain Frere's exertions."

"Dear, dear! a strange story, indeed," said Mr. Meekin. "And so the young lady doesn't know any thing about it?"

"Only what she's been told, of course, poor dear. She's engaged to Captain Frere."

"Really! To the man who saved her. How charming—quite a romance!"

"Isn't it? Every body says so. And Captain Frere is so much older than she is."

"But her girlish love clings to her heroic protector," said Meekin, mildly poetical. "Remarkable and beautiful. Quite the—hem!—the ivy and the oak, dear leddies. Ah, in our fallen nature, what sweet spots—I think this is the gate."

A smart convict servant—he had been a pick-pocket of note in days gone by—left the clergyman to repose in a handsomely furnished drawing-room, whose sun-blinds revealed a wealth of bright garden flecked with shadows, while he went in search of Miss Vickers. The major was out, it seemed, his duties as superintendent of convicts rendering such absences necessary; but Miss Vickers was in the garden, and could be called in at once. The Reverend Meekin, wiping his heated brow, and pulling down his spotless wristbands, laid himself back on the soft sofa, soothed by the elegant surroundings no less than by the coolness of the atmosphere. Having no better comparison at hand, he compared this luxurious room, with its soft couches, brilliant flowers, and opened piano, to the chamber in the house of a West India planter, where all was glare and heat and barbarism without, and all soft and cool and luxurious within. He was so charmed with this comparison—he had a knack of being easily pleased with his own thoughts—that he commenced to turn a fresh sentence for the bishop, and to sketch out an elegant description of the oasis in his desert of a vineyard. While at this occupation, he was disturbed by the sound of voices in the garden; and it appeared to him that some one near at hand was sobbing and crying. Softly stepping on to the broad veranda, he saw, on the grass-plot, two persons, an old man and a young girl. The sobbing proceeded from the old man.

"'Deed, miss, it's the truth, on my soul. I've but jest come back to yez this morning. Oh, my, but it's a cruel thrick to play an ould man!"

He was a white-haired old fellow, in a gray suit of convict frieze, and stood leaning with one veiny hand upon the pedestal of a vase of roses.

"But it is your own fault, Danny—we all warned you against her," said the young girl, softly.

"Sure ye did. But oh! how did I think it, miss? 'Tis the second time she served me so."

"How long was it this time, Danny?"

"Six months, miss. She said I was a drunkard, and beat her. Beat her, God help me!" stretching forth two trembling hands. "And they believed her, o' coorse. Now, when I kem back, there's me little place all thrampled by the boys, and she's away wid a ship's captain, saving your presence, miss, dhrinking in the George the Fourth. Oh my, but it's hard on an ould man!" And fell to sobbing again.

The girl sighed. "I can do nothing for you, Danny. I dare say you can work about the garden as you did before. I'll speak to the major when he comes home."

Danny, lifting his bleared eyes to thank her, caught sight of Mr. Meekin, and saluted abruptly. Miss Vickers turned, and Mr. Meekin, bowing his apologies, became conscious that the young lady was about seventeen years of age, that her eyes were large and soft, her hair plentiful and bright, and that the hand which held the little book she had been reading was white and small.

"Miss Vickers, I think. My name is Meekin—the Rev. Arthur Meekin."

"How do you do, Mr. Meekin?" said Sylvia, putting out one of her small hands, and looking straight at him. "Papa will be in directly."

"His daughter more than compensates for his absence, my dear Miss Vickers."

"I don't like flattery, Mr. Meekin, so don't use it. At least," she added, with a delicious frankness that seemed born of her very brightness and beauty, "not that sort of flattery. Young girls do like flattery, of course. Don't you think so?"

This rapid attack quite disconcerted Mr. Meekin, and he could only bow and smile at the self-possessed young lady. "Go into the kitchen, Danny, and tell them to give you some tobacco. Say I sent you. Mr. Meekin, won't you come in?"

"A strange old gentleman that, Miss Vickers. A faithful retainer, I presume?"

"An old convict servant of ours," said Sylvia. "He was with papa many years ago. He has got into trouble lately, though, poor old man."

"Into trouble?" asked Mr. Meekin, as Sylvia took off her hat.

"On the roads, you know. That's what they call it here. He married a free woman much younger than himself, and she makes him drink, and then gives him in charge for insubordination."

"For insubordination! Pardon me, my dear young lady, did I understand you rightly?"

"Yes, insubordination. He is her assigned servant, you know," said Sylvia, as if such a condition of things were the most ordinary in the world; "and if he misbehaves himself, she sends him back to the road-gang."

The Rev. Mr. Meekin opened his mild eyes very wide indeed. "What an extraordinary anomaly! I am beginning, my dear Miss Vickers, to find myself, indeed, at the antipodes."

"Society here is different from society in England, I believe. Most new arrivals say so," returned Sylvia, quietly.

"But for a wife to imprison her husband, my dear young lady!"

"She can have him flogged if she likes. Danny has been flogged. But, then, his wife is a bad woman. He was very silly to marry her; but you can't reason with an old man in love, Mr. Meekin."

Mr. Meekin's christian brow had grown crimson, and his decorous blood tingled to his finger-tips. To hear a young lady talk in such an open way was terrible. Why, in reading the Decalogue from the altar, Mr. Meekin was accustomed to soften one indecent prohibition, lest its uncompromising plainness of speech might offend the delicate sensibilities of his female souls! He turned from the dangerous theme without an instant's pause, for wonder at the strange power accorded to Hobart Town free wives.

"You have been reading?"

"'Paul et Virginie.' I have read it before in English."

"Ah, you read French, then, my dear young lady?"

"Not very well. I had a master for some months, but papa had to send him back to the jail again. He stole a silver tankard out of the dining-room."

"A French master! Stole——"

"He was a prisoner, you know. A clever man. He wrote for the *London Magazine*. I have read his writings. Some of them are quite above the average."

"And how did he come to be transported?" asked Mr. Meekin, feeling that his vineyard was getting larger than he had anticipated."

"Poisoning his niece, I think, but I forget the particulars. He was a gentlemanly man, but, oh, such a drunkard!"

Mr. Meekin, more astonished than ever at this strange country, where beautiful young ladies talked of poisoning and flogging as matters of little moment, where wives imprisoned their husbands, and murderers taught French, perfumed the air with his cambric handkerchief in silence.

"You have not been here long, Mr. Meekin," said Sylvia, after a pause.

"No, only a week; and I confess I am surprised. A lovely climate, but, as I said just now to Mrs. Jellicoe, the trail of the serpent—the trail of the serpent—my dear young lady."

"If you send all the wretches in England here, you must expect the trail of the serpent," said Sylvia. "It isn't the fault of the colony."

"Oh no; certainly not," returned Meekin, hastening to apologize. "But it is very shocking."

"Well, you gentlemen should make it better. I don't know what the penal settlements are like, but the prisoners in the town have not much inducement to become good men."

"They have the beautiful Liturgy of our Holy Church read to them twice every week, my dear young lady," said Mr. Meekin, as though he should solemnly say, "if that doesn't reform them, what will?"

"Oh yes," returned Sylvia, "they have all that, certainly; but that is only on Sundays. But don't let us talk about this, Mr. Meekin," she added, pushing back a stray curl of golden hair. "Papa says that I am not to talk about these things, because they are all done according to the rules of the Service, as he calls it."

"An admirable notion of papa's," said Meekin, much relieved as the door opened, and Vickers and Frere entered.

Vickers' hair had grown white, but Frere carried his thirty years as easily as some men carry two-and-twenty.

"My dear Sylvia," began Vickers, "here's an extraordinary thing!" And then, becoming conscious of the presence of the agitated Meekin, he paused.

"You know Mr. Meekin, papa?" said Sylvia. "Mr. Meekin, Captain Frere."

"I have that pleasure," said Vickers. "Glad to see you, sir. Pray sit down." Upon which, Mr. Meekin beheld Sylvia unaffectedly kiss both gentlemen; but became strangely aware that the kiss bestowed upon her father was warmer than that which greeted her affianced husband.

"Warm weather, Mr. Meekin," said Frere. "Sylvia, my darling, I hope you have not been out in the heat. You have! My dear, I've begged you——."

"It's not hot at all," said Sylvia, pettishly. "Nonsense! I'm not made of butter—I shan't melt. Thank you, dear; you needn't pull the blind down." And then, as though angry with herself for her anger, she added, "you are always thinking of me, Maurice," and gave him her hand affectionately.

"It's very oppressive, Captain Frere," said Meekin; "and, to a stranger, quite enervating."

"Have a glass of wine," said Frere, as if the house were his own. "One wants bucking up a bit a day like this."

"Ay, to be sure," repeated Vickers. "A glass of wine. Sylvia dear, some sherry. I hope she has not been attacking you with her strange theories, Mr. Meekin?"

"Oh dear, no; not at all," returned Meekin, feeling that this charming young lady was regarded as a creature who was not to be judged by ordinary rules. "We got on famously, my dear major—quite famously."

"That's right," said Vickers. "She is very plain-spoken, is my little girl, and strangers can't understand her sometimes. Can they, Poppet?"

Poppet tossed her head saucily. "I don't know," she said. "Why shouldn't they? But you were going to say something extraordinary when you came in. What is it, dear?"

"Ah," said Vickers, with grave face. "Yes, a most extraordinary thing. They've caught those villains."

"What, you don't mean—— No papa!" said Sylvia, turning round with alarmed face.

In that little family there were, for conversational purposes, but one set of villains in the world—the mutineers of the Osprey.

"They've got four of them in the bay at this moment—Rex, Barker, Shiers, and Lesly. They are on board the Lady Jane. The most extraordinary story I ever heard in my life. The fellows got to China, and passed themselves off as ship-wrecked sailors. The merchants in Canton got up a subscription, and sent them to London. They were recognized there by old Pine, who had been surgeon on board the ship they came out in."

Sylvia sat down on the nearest chair, with heightened color. "And where are the others?"

"Two were executed in England; the other six have not been taken. These fellows have been sent out for trial."

"To what are you alluding, dear sir?" asked Meekin, eyeing the sherry with the gaze of a fasting saint.

"The piracy of a convict brig five years ago," replied Vickers. "The scoundrels put my poor wife and child ashore, and left them there to starve. If it hadn't been for Frere—God bless him!—they would have died. They shot the pilot and a soldier—and—but it's a long story to tell now."

"I have heard of it already," said Meekin, sipping the sherry, which another convict-servant had brought for him; "and of your gallant conduct, Captain Frere."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Frere, reddening. "We were all in the same boat. Poppet, have a glass of wine?"

"No," said Sylvia, "I don't want any."

She was staring at the strip of sunshine between the veranda and the blind, as though the bright light might enable her to remember something. "What's the matter?" asked Frere, bending over her.

"I was trying to recollect, but I can't, Maurice. It is all confused. I only remember a great shore and a great sea, and two men, one of whom—that's you dear—carried me in his arms."

"Dear, dear," said Mr. Meekin.

"She was quite a baby," said Vickers, hastily, as though unwilling to admit that her illness had been the cause of her forgetfulness.

"Oh no; I was twelve years old," said Sylvia; "that's not a baby, you know. But I think the fever made me stupid."

Frere, looking at her uneasily, shifted in his seat. "There, don't think about it now," he said.

"Maurice," asked she, suddenly, "what became of the other man?"

"Which other man?"

"The man who was with us; the other one, you know."

"Poor Bates?"

"No, not Bates. The prisoner. What was his name?"

"Oh, ah—the prisoner," said Frere, as if he, too, had forgotten. "Why, you know, darling, he was sent to Port Arthur."

"Ah!" said Sylvia, with a shudder. "And is he there still?"

"I believe so," said Frere, with a frown.

"By-the-bye," said Vickers, "I suppose we shall have to get that fellow up for the trial. We have to identify the villains."

"Can't you and I do that?" asked Frere, uneasily.

"I am afraid not. I wouldn't like to swear to a man after five years."

"By George," said Frere, "I'd swear to him! When once I see a man's face—that's enough for me."

"We had better get up a few prisoners who were at the Harbor at the time," said Vickers, as if wishing to terminate the discussion. "I wouldn't let the villains slip through my fingers for anything."

"And are the men at Point Arthur old men?" asked Meekin.

"Old convicts," returned Vickers. "It's our place for colonial-sentence men. The worst we have are there. It has taken the place of Macquarie Harbor. What excitement there will be among them when the schooner goes down on Monday!"

"Excitement! Indeed! How charming! Why?" asked Meekin.

"To bring up the witnesses, my dear sir. Most of the prisoners are Lifers, you see, and a trip to Hobart Town is like a holiday for them."

"And do they never leave the place when sentenced for life?" said Meekin, nibbling a biscuit. "How distressing!"

"Never, except when they die," answered Frere, with a laugh; "and then they are buried on an island. Oh, it's a fine place! You should come down with me and have a look at it, Mr. Meekin. Picturesque, I can assure you."

"My dear Maurice," says Sylvia, going to the piano, as if in protest to the turn the conversation was taking, "how can you talk like that?"

"I should much like to see it," said Meekin, still nibbling. "For Sir John was saying something about a chaplaincy there, and I understand that the climate is quite endurable."

The convict-servant, who had entered with some official paper for the major, stared at the dainty clergyman, and rough Maurice laughed again. "Oh, it's a stunning climate," he said; "and nothing to do. Just the place for you. There's a regular little colony there. All the scandals in Van Diemen's Land are hatched at Point Arthur."

This agreeable chatter about scandal and climate seemed a strange contrast to the graveyard island and the men who were prisoners for life. Perhaps Sylvia thought so, for she struck a few chords, which, compelling the party, out of sheer politeness, to cease talking for the moment, caused the conversation to flag, and hinted to Mr. Meekin that it was time for him to depart.

"Good afternoon, dear Miss Vickers," he said, rising, with his sweetest smile. "Thank you for your delightful music. That piece is an old, old friend of mine. It was quite a favorite of dear Lady Jane's, and the bishop's. Pray excuse me, my dear Captain Frere, but this strange occurrence—of the capture of the wreckers, you know—must be my apology for touching on a delicate subject. How charming to contemplate! Yourself and your dear young lady! The preserved and the preserver, dear major. None but the brave, you know, none but the brave, none but the brave, deserve the fair! You remember glorious John, of course. Well, good afternoon."

"It's rather a long invitation," said Vickers, always well disposed to any one who praised his daughter, "but if you've nothing better to do, come and dine with us on Christmas-day, Mr. Meekin. We usually have a little gathering then."

"Charmed," said Mr. Meekin—"charmed, I am sure. It is so refreshing to meet with persons of one's own tastes in this delightful colony. Kindred souls together knit, you know, dear Miss Vickers. Indeed, yes. Once more—good afternoon."

Sylvia burst into laughter as the door closed. "What a ridiculous creature!" said she. "Bless the man, with his gloves and his umbrella, and his hair and his scent! Fancy that mincing noodle showing me the way to heaven! I'd rather have old Mr Bowes, papa, though he is as blind as a beetle, and makes you so angry by bottling up his trumps as you call it."

"My dear Sylvia," said Vickers, seriously, "Mr. Meekin is a clergyman, you know."

"Oh, I know," said Sylvia; "but then, a clergyman can talk like a man, can't he? Why do they send such people here? I am sure they could do much better at home. Oh, by-the-way, papa dear, poor old Danny's come back again. I told him he might go into the kitchen. May he, dear?"

"You'll have the house full of these vagabonds, you little puss," said Vickers, kissing her. "I suppose I must let him stay. What has he been doing now?"

"His wife," said Sylvia, "locked him up, you know, for being drunk. Wife! What do people want with wives, I wonder?"

"Ask Maurice?" said her father, smiling. Sylvia moved away, and tossed her head.

"What does he know about it? Maurice, you are a great bear; and if you hadn't saved my life, you know, I shouldn't love you a bit. There, you may kiss me" (her voice grew softer). "This convict business has brought it all back; and I should be ungrateful if I didn't love you, dear."

Maurice Frere, with suddenly crimsoned face, accepted the proffered caress, and then turned away to the window. A gray-clothed man was working in the garden, and whistling as he worked. "They're not so badly off," said Frere, under his breath.

"What's that, sir?" asked Sylvia.

"That I am not half good enough for you," cried Frere, with sudden vehemence. "I—I—"

"It's my happiness that you've got to think of, Captain Bruin," said the girl. "You've saved my life, haven't you, and I should be wicked if I didn't love you! No, no more kisses," she added, putting out her hand. "Come, papa, it's cool now; let's walk in the garden, and leave Maurice to think of his own unworthiness."

Maurice watched the retreating pair with a puzzled expression. "She always leaves me for her father," he said to himself. "I wonder if she really loves me, or if it's only gratitude, after all?"

He had often asked himself the same question during the five years of his wooing, but he had never satisfactorily answered it.

CHAPTER II.

SARAH PURFOY'S REQUEST.

The evening passed as it had passed a hundred times before; and having smoked a pipe at the barracks, Captain Frere returned home. His home was a cottage on the New Town road—a cottage which he had occupied since his appointment as assistant police magistrate, an appointment given to him as a reward for his exertions in connection with the Osprey mutiny. Captain Maurice Frere had risen in life. Quartered in Hobart Town, he had assumed a position in society, and had held several of those excellent appointments which in the year 1834 were bestowed upon officers of garrison. He had been superintendent of works at Bridgewater, and when he got his captaincy, assistant police magistrate at Bothwell. The affair of the Osprey made a noise; and it was tacitly resolved that the first good thing that fell vacant should be given to the gallant preserver of Major Vickers' child.

Major Vickers also prospered. He had always been a careful man, and, having saved some money, had purchased land on favorable terms. The assignment system enabled him to cultivate portions of it at a small expense, and, following the usual custom, he stocked his run with cattle and sheep. He had sold his commission, and was now a comparatively wealthy man. He owned a fine estate; the house he lived in was purchased property. He was in good odor at Government House, and his office of superintendent of convicts caused him to take an active part in that local government which keeps a man constantly before the public. Major Vickers, a colonist against his will, had become, by force of circumstances, one of the leading men in Van Diemen's Land. His daughter was a good match for any man; and many ensigns and lieutenants cursing their hard lot in country quarters, many sons of settlers living on their fathers' station among the mountains, and many dapper clerks on the civil establishment, envied Maurice Frere his good fortune. Some went so far as to say that the beautiful daughter of Regulation Vickers was too good for the coarse, red-faced Frere, who was noted for his fondness for low society and overbearing, almost brutal demeanor. No one denied, however, that Captain Frere was a valuable officer. It was said that, in consequence of his tastes, he knew more about the tricks of convicts than any man on the island. It was said, even, that he was wont to disguise himself, and mix with the pass-holders and convict-servants, in order to learn their signs and mysteries. When in charge at Bridgewater, it had been his delight to rate the chain-gangs in their own hideous jargon, and to astound a new-comer by his knowledge of his previous history. The convict population hated and cringed to him, for, with his brutality and violence, he mingled a ferocious good-humor, that resulted sometimes in tacit permission to go without the letter of the law. Yet, as the convicts themselves said, "a man was never safe with the captain;" for, after drinking and joking with them, as the Sir Oracle of some public-house whose hostess he delighted to honor, he would disappear through a side-door just as the constables burst in at the back, and show himself as remorseless, in his next morning's sentence of the captured, as if he had never entered a tap-room in all his life. His superiors called this "zeal;" his inferiors, "treachery." For himself, he laughed. "Every thing is fair with those wretches," he was accustomed to say.

As the time for his marriage approached, however, he had in a measure given up these exploits, and strove, by his demeanor, to make his acquaintances forget several remarkable scandals concerning his private life, for the promulgation of which he once cared little. When commandant at Maria Island, and for the first two years after his return from the unlucky expedition to Macquarie Harbor, he had not suffered any fear of society's opinion to restrain his vices, but, as the affection for the pure young girl who looked upon him as her savior from a dreadful death, increased in honest strength, he had resolved to shut up those dark pages in his colonial experience, and to read therein no more. He was not repentant, he was not remorseful, he was not even disgusted. He merely came to the conclusion that, when a man married, he was to consider certain extravagances common to all bachelors as at an end. He had had his fling, like all young men; perhaps he had been foolish, like most young men, but no reproachful ghost of past misdeeds haunted him. His nature was too prosaic to admit the existence of such phantoms. Sylvia, in her purity and excellence, was so far above him, that in raising his eyes to her, he lost sight of all the sordid creatures to whose level he had once debased himself, and had come in part to regard the sins he had committed, before his redemption by the love of this bright young creature, as evil done by him under a past condition of existence, and for the consequences of which he was not responsible. One of the consequences, however, was very close to him at this moment. His convict-servant had, according to his instructions, sat up for him, and, as he entered, the man handed him a letter, bearing a superscription in a female hand.

"Who brought this?" asked Frere, hastily tearing it open to read.

"The groom, sir. He said that there was a gentleman at The George the Fourth who wished to see you."

Frere smiled, in admiration of the intelligence which had dictated such a message, and then frowned, in anger at the contents of the letter. "You needn't wait," he said to the man. "I shall have to go back again, I suppose." Changing his forage cap for a soft hat, and selecting a stick from a miscellaneous collection in a corner, he prepared to retrace his steps. "What does she want now?" he asked himself, fiercely, as he strode down the moonlit road; but beneath the fierceness there was an under current of petulance, which implied that, whatever she did want, she had a right to expect.

The George the Fourth was a long, low house, situated in Elizabeth Street. Its front was painted a dull red, and the narrow panes of glass in its windows, and the ostentatious affectation of red curtains and homely comfort, gave to it a spurious appearance of old English jollity. A knot of men round the door melted into air as Captain Frere approached, for it was now past eleven o'clock, and all persons found in the streets after eight could be compelled to show their pass or explain their business. The convict constables were not scrupulous in the exercise of their duty, and the bluff figure of Frere, clad in the blue serge which he affected as a summer costume, looked not unlike that of a convict constable.

Pushing open the side-door with the confident manner of one well acquainted with the house, Frere entered, and made his way along a narrow passage to a glass door at the farther end. A tap upon this door brought a white-faced, pock-pitted Irish girl, who courtesied with servile recognition of the visitor, and ushered him up stairs. The room into which he was shown was a large one. It had three windows looking into the street, and was handsomely furnished. The carpet was soft, the candles were bright, and the supper tray gleamed invitingly from a table between the windows. As Frere entered, a little terrier, ran barking to his feet. It was evident that he was not a constant visitor. The rustle of a silk dress behind the terrier betrayed the presence of a woman; and Frere, rounding the promontory of an ottoman, found himself face to face with Sarah Purfoy.

"Thank you for coming," she said. "Pray sit down."

This was the only greeting that passed between them, and Frere sat down.

The eleven years that had passed since we last saw this woman dealt gently with her. Her foot was as small and her hand was as white as of yore. Her hair, bound close about her head, was plentiful and glossy, and her eyes had lost none of their dangerous brightness. Her figure was coarser and the white arm that gleamed through a muslin sleeve showed an outline that a fastidious artist might wish to modify. The most noticeable change was in her face. The cheeks owned no longer that delicate purity which they once boasted, but had become thicker, while here and there showed those faint red streaks—as though the rich blood throbbed too painfully in the veins—which are the first signs of the decay of "fine" women. With middle age and the fullness of figure to which most women of her temperament are prone, had come also that indescribable vulgarity of speech and manner which habitual absence of moral restraint never fails to produce.

Maurice Frere spoke first; he was anxious to bring his visit to as speedy a termination as possible. "What do you want of me?" he asked.

Sarah Purfoy laughed; a forced laugh that sounded so unnatural that Frere turned to look at her. "I want you to do me a favor—a very great favor; that is if it will not put you out of the way."

"What, do you mean?" asked Frere, roughly, pursing his lips with a sullen air. "Favor! What do you call this?" striking the sofa on which he sat. "Isn't this a favor? What do you call your precious house and all that's in it? Isn't that a favor? What do yer mean?"

To his utter astonishment, the woman replied by shedding tears. For some time he regarded her in silence, as if unwilling to be softened by such shallow device, but eventually felt constrained to say something. "Have you been drinking again?" he asked, "or what's the matter with you?" Tell me what it is you want, and have done with it. I don't know what possessed me to come here at all."

Sarah sat upright, and dashed away her tears with one passionate hand.

"I am ill, can't you see, you fool?" said she. "The news has unnerved me. If I have been drinking what then? It's nothing to you, is it?"

"Oh, no," returned the other, "it's nothing to me. You are the principal party concerned. If you choose to bloat yourself with brandy, do it by all means."

"You don't pay for it at any rate!" said she, with quickness of retaliation which showed that this was not the first occasion on which they had quarrelled.

"Come," said Frere, impatiently brutal, "get on. I can't stop here all night."

She suddenly rose and crossed to where he was standing.

"Maurice you were very fond of me once."

"Once," said Maurice.

"Not so very many years ago."

"Hang it!" said he, shifting her arm from beneath, don't let us have all that stuff over again. It was before you took to drinking and swearing, and going raving mad with passion, any way."

"Well, dear," said she, with her great glittering eyes belying the soft tones of her voice, "I suffered for it didn't I? Don't you turn me out into the streets? Don't you lash me with your whip, like a dog? Didn't you put me in jail for it, eh? It's hard to struggle against you, Maurice."

The compliment to his obstinacy seemed to please him—perhaps the crafty woman intended that it should—and he smiled.

"Well there; let old times be old times, Sarah. You haven't done badly after all", and he looked around the well furnished room. "What do you want?"

"There was a transport came in this morning."

"Well."

"You know who was on board her, Maurice."

Maurice brought one hand into the palm of the other with a rough laugh.

"Oh, that's it, is it! 'Gad, what a flat I was not to think of it before! You want to see him, I suppose?"

She came close to him, and, in her earnestness, took his hand. "I want to save his life!"

"Oh, that be hanged, you know! Save his life! It can't be done."

"You can do it, Maurice."

"I save John Rex's life?" cried Frere. "Why, you must be mad!"

"He is the only creature that loves me, Maurice—the only man who cares for me. He has done no harm. He only wanted to be free—was it not natural? You can save him if you like. I only ask for his life. What does it matter to you? A miserable prisoner—his death would be of no use. Let him live, Maurice."

Maurice laughed. "What have I to do with it?"

"You are the principal witness against him. If you say that he behaved well—and he did behave well, you know; many men would have left you to starve—they won't hang him."

"Oh, won't they? That won't make much difference."

"Ah, Maurice be merciful."

She bent toward him, and tried to retain his hand, but he withdrew it.

"You're a nice sort of woman to ask me to help your lover—a man who left me on that cursed coast to die, for all he cared," he said, with a galling recollection of his humiliation of five years back. "Save him! Confound him, not I!"

"Ah, Maurice, you will. She spoke with a suppressed sob in her voice. "What is it to you? You don't care for me now. You beat me, and turn me out of doors, though I never did you wrong. This man was a husband to me—long, long before I met you. He never did you any harm; he never will. He will bless you if you save him, Maurice."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

Few men are inclined to grant women the credit of having any business tact, or of doing business in a business way, but they must come down in the case of the Detroit widow whose personal effects are now being overhauled by an administrator. She made no will, but the private papers in her desk explained all that. The first on the bundle was indorsed :

"Offer of marriage from Mr. ———. Respectfully declined on the ground of his stoop-shoulders and defective vision. Contents private."

The next paper was indorsed :

"Schedule B, showing that I have just enough to bury me."

A dainty looking epistle bore the indorsement in red ink :

"Number 'G.'—Conditional offer of marriage from Mr. S. declined with thanks."

A bill from a millinery house bore the following in pencil :

"Paid the within in presence of the cook the day Mr. G——called and offered me his hand and heart; parlor stove fell down same day."

A bill of $28.38, sent from a grocery house was indorsed :

"Settled the within for $25, as I had never had the sardines as charged. Paid the money the day the cook fell down stairs. Rejected Mr. B.'s offer to wed him just before the bill came in."

An official envelope containing several papers was marked :

"Various epistles hinting at marriage; orthography generally poor; grammar terrible; construction very bad. Answered each one kindly but firmly."

A pink colored letter without envelope was marked :

"Gushing offer of marriage from young Mr. Y. Ink very poor, and no pathos in his expressions. This is his second direct offer. Declined on the ground of his youth."

A bill of seven dollars, balance due on a cloak, was filed :

"Paid this, after a long dispute, in the presence of Sarah, who hurt her nose same day. Mr. L——was in the parlor at the time. Proposed before he left; gently, but firmly declined offer on account of his deafness."

LOW NECKED CANADA.

Sketch for a Drama of the Future.

(From Funny Folks London.)

Scene—Boudoir of the Princess Louise. Louise and the Marquis discovered.

Louise (soliloquizing)—And so my people murmur at the edict which dooms them to come bare-necked into my presence, or else stay away! Daily the discontent grows. The aspect of the populace is almost threatening. How will this end, Lorne?

Marquis (hesitatingly)—Well, I was about to suggest that the people want soothing, and—

Louise (smiling faintly)—I see. You would read to them the first six cantos of "Guido and Lita," which you have put into the Scotch dialect for use at Balmoral. My poor boy! I fear your pretty rhymes would but irritate these barbarians still further. What is that?

[Enter the Hon. Col. Littleton, Governor's Secretary.]

Littleton (agitatedly)—Does your Royal Highness hear nothing?

Louise—I hear the howling of your horrid Canadian wind, do I not?

Littleton—No, your Highness. You hear the din of revolution! Half the city—the female half—has risen.

Marquis (weakly) Only half, eh? Not Montreal of it? (Aside) If Albert Edward could have heard that, we should have been good friends.

Louise—Silence, Lorne! Ah! the noise increases.

Littleton (peering cautiously from the window)—The infuriated creatures are blowing their noses; nay, they are even sneezing—at our very gates, and a matron with a bad bark she caught at your last drawing-room is coughing them on.

Louise—They assert, then, that they owe their colds to me?

Littleton—It is even so. They have been parading the streets since morning, and not without rioting either; for about noon they broke into a hosier's and carried off his entire stock of handkerchiefs. The edict has driven them to desperation, and I tremble lest they should attack your Highness.

Marquis—Heard from the balcony, a versified psalm would surely—

Louise—Lorne! I myself will pacify these aggrieved women. Colonel, I have long expected this outbreak, and I am prepared. Behold! [Throws open door of cupboard.]

Littleton—What do I see? Balsam of linseed, cough-no-more-drops, aikaram, Epps' jujubes, flannel chest-protectors. Highness, we are saved!

Louise—Their sneezes grow more threatening every moment Quick! To the balcony! Shower down upon them these specifics, and promise the immediate revocation of the low-necked edict.

[Littleton obeys with alacrity. Influenzal shouts of "Long lib our Guberdess!" are heard without as the curtain descends.]

BASHFULNESS RUNS MAD.

The wedding guests were gathered all, the minister was in the parlor, the marriage feast was piping hot, and the bride was peeping out of her window and blushing the while, but the bridegroom was missing. They waited two hours and then dispatched a brother of the bride to find the bridegroom; and meanwhile, least the victuals should spoil, they all sat down to dinner. Now, the bridegroom was the most bashful man in Goshen Township, and possibly in Ohio. He was discovered in his room with his every-day clothing on and with one side of his face shaved. When asked why he had remained away, he replied that he had attempted to shave himself but was so scared and nervous that he could not accomplish it. He finally told the brother that if he would finish shaving him, and help to trim him up, he would go and report for duty. The brother kindly assented, and the two then started for the home of his anxious bride. When within a short distance of the house, the young man's heart again failed him. He declared that he could not face the crowd, and reluctantly retraced his steps. The brother went home and reported the result of his investigation, and the preacher, turning to the lady, said, "I'll never tie you to such a man." On the following Saturday the father of the young lady was met with the same plea, "I can't stand to face such a crowd, but if you will get a 'squire, and let us get married after night, I will try it again." The old gentleman declared that the ceremony must be performed in the daytime. Finally, the bashful young man was led into the parlor by the arm, cooped up in a corner, and brought face to face with the minister and maiden.

POISONING BY BURNING GAS.

(Good Health.)

Though we have often called the attention of our readers to the evil effects of illuminating gas, yet the facts are so well set forth in the following paragraph from the London Lancet that we cannot forbear presenting them—

"To have our rooms pleasantly illuminated with gas is to undergo a process of poisoning—the more disastrous because, instead of directly introducing the characteristic symptoms of life-blood oxygenation, the gas-polluted atmosphere insidiously lowers the tone of vitality, and establishes a condition favorable to disease. It would be difficult to overrate the importance of this household peril. Pictures are spoiled by gas, gilt mouldings are tarnished, the color of decorated walls and ceilings fade, and men and women of delicate organization are enfeebled and injured by the foul air in which gas is discharged and supposed to burn innocuously. The extent to which this evil works in the midst of families during long evenings is not adequately appreciated. After the first few unpleasant experiences are over, the physical susceptibilities become inured to the immediate results of breathing an atmosphere charged, more or less heavily, with the products of combustion and unconsumed coal gas. It is not creditable to the ingenuity of practical men that no method has yet been devised by which the advantage of gas as an illuminating agent may be secured without the drawback of slow poisoning; with the host of maladies a depressed vitality is sure to bring in its train."

MEN VIEING WITH WOMEN.

Fancy balls says the *Saturday Review*, are institutions which probably owe their existence to the vanity of men and to the hideousness of men's modern dress. Mr. Darwin and others have proved that, among the less highly developed animals, the male is the more conceited and has the gaudier coat. Even among those inhabitants of sunny islands who have not yet seen the need of clothing, the men are much more conscientiously and elaborately tattooed than the women, who have only a few decorative cuts about the corners of their mouths. The civilization of the nineteenth century has changed this, and the dress of man, especially the dress which he wears in the evening, causes him poignant but secret sorrow. He makes many feeble efforts to console himself, and in the gaudy cricketing and boating costumes of the clerk, the undergraduate and the subaltern, the natural vanity and the crude barbaric taste of man may easily be recognized by the philosopher. It is a pleasant thing to go to the Lillie Bridge running grounds when the young gentlemen of someone of the monstrous shops are holding their yearly athletic contest. They gleam in bright blue, they flash past you on the rapid bicycle in purple and green, before the eyes of their lady friends and of reporters. In the country, too, men can venture to be themselves. In "Lothair," Lord Beaconsfield describes with symathy and admiration the costumes of noble guests. They array themselves in velvet knickerbockers, with purple stockings and scarlet necties, fastened with rings of gold. Every one remembers the Persian apparatus, the Oriental magnificence of the dressing gowns and smoking-coats worn by Guy Livingstone's men. They were alone by themselves in the smoking room; for in those innocent old days, when Mr. Lawrence was thought a daring writer, ladies had not invaded that sacred place. Alone they were, yet they peacocked it and flaunted for their common delight in garments so fanciful and gay that it is a pleasure to read about them. A man thinks of them with inward comfort on a foggy day, when he is dressed in drab and black, as he thinks of some hours of sunshine, the gift of a departed summer. What men would like is manifest enough; they would like to vie with women in colors and stuffs, in velvet and cloth of gold. We flatter ourselves we could know what are the best sorts of lace if we gave our minds to it, and that the taste of men in this matter is not dead but dormant. Oliver Goldsmith and La Fontaine, the most careless and not the cleanest of mortals, ruined themselves for peach-colored coats and for Venice point. The loveliest dirty ruffles fell over those inky fingers of La Fontaine, and his dubious shirt had the most exquisite collar, which duchesses envied. Men are not degenerate; they are as vain as ever, as anxious to display their charms in what they think a proper setting. It is the way of the world and a commercial civilization that is against them. Lace ruffles would interfere with business; the mud and dust and smoke and soot of London would ruin the velvets and satins and embroideries of silver. Men are compelled to wear the cloth of frieze instead of the cloth of gold; but they do not relish the necessity. Hence come fancy balls which are mere luxuries to women, who in a harlequin age of imitations, can wear almost any dress they please. If a lady likes, she may buy three stout pieces of merino, whirl herself into them, and appear in the costume of one of those maidens of Tanagra in Boetia whose terracotta effigies are so beautiful and so expensive. The experiment perhaps has its risks, and nothing can exceed the anxiety of the spectators, who cannot imagine how the Tanagra dress is held together. The "Dictionary of Classical Antiquities" gives the vaguest directions; but feminine ingenuity can triumph over learned vagueness. A lady may dress in what she believes to be the manner of Wautteau's models, or like a princess in a fairy tale, or after the prerapheelite manner of Mr. Rossetti's many Beatrices; in fact, if she is the spoiled child of clever eccentricity, she can do just as she pleases. Her lord, unluckily, cannot well go to an ordinary dinner party in the becoming attire of the age of Edward IV, or in the kilt of a member of the Albion league. Thus fancy balls are found by men to be a social necessity, and when once they have determined to dress themselves up, they of course do not know how to set about it.

THE HAWAIIAN DEATH WAIL.

(San Francisco Chronicle Correspondence.)

The hour when the soul of the patient takes its departure to the Eternal, when the ominous word "make" (dead) is sounded like a knell upon the ears of the survivors—then suddenly all voices are united in singing or rather chanting the auwe in deep, melodious and pathetic tones that sound like the wailing of the sea in night time. The contagion, like a magnetic current, spreads through the village. Instantly all hearts are moved, and auwe is chanted from one house to another, until an ocean of sympathy seems to float upon the air. There is something so touching and pitiful in this wail that foreigners, in passing by during its continuation, will stand as if electrified and listen to it as the sweetest, saddest music ever heard on earth. It is taken up in currents, the silence intervening being solemn—more solemn and impressive than any pathetic oration delivered by the most famous orator at the grave of the most illustrious man. A moment's silence, and again the auwe breaks forth in its intensity, resounding throughout the village in peals of mournful lamentation. Thus at intervals, while the corpse is laid out, the wailing is heard in all its sadness. It is not monotonous, for sadness is congenial to the human heart, or at least it is a burden we all must bear, and hence we like the echoes of our common lot. It is rather enchanting and fascinating; it attracts with a strange, weird power. There are other customs especially noticeable at the deaths of chiefs. To sing the praises of a chief in songs lascivious and accompany them with dances the most unchaste, were the highest honors that could be paid to an alii. When Lunalilo, the predecessor of King Kalakaua, died, the writer witnessed astonishing levities like those mentioned.

RUM AND CANNIBALISM.

The Rev. Dr. Tucker declares that the natives of Africa prefer rum to cannibalism. This startling fact does not show that their taste for missionaries, or perhaps we had better say their appetite for them, has decreased, but it does show an alarming falling off in the avoirdupois of the average missionary. Thirty years ago the Foreign Missionary Society used to send to Africa gentlemen who were well fed at home, and who showed in their portly proportions that they were nourished by the good things of this world. That kind of man was always warmly welcomed by these cannibals; indeed, the demand was greater than the supply. A blazing fire, a feast, and the missionary was gone. In these latter days, however, it has so happened that the society has chosen for its work gentlemen who are too thin and lean to satisfy the gastronomic tastes of the cannibals, and like many more sensible men they have taken to rum instead.—*New York Herald.*

HORSE STORIES.

They were sitting around the conventional stove in the village tavern, telling tall stories. The topic was horses. After several inferior tales, old Hobbs began: "My horse was worse than the worst of defaulting bank presidents, for he was such a forger. Why, actually, his feet struck together so often that I had to carry a bucket of water in the wagon, and stop every half mile and wet his feet to cool them. Sometimes they would be red-hot." Old teller broke in: "Oh, that's nothing. I once had a horse, and he was such a forger that I could not take him out in a sleigh." The old man here looked around to see if any one would ask him the reason of this, but they looked as glum as pall-bearers, so he continued: "No, I would never take him out sleighing, because such a shower of sparks were knocked from his shoes that the snow and ice were melted—turned to mud—before the sleigh-runners reached it."

—A license for a Protestant marriage in Buenos Ayres costs nearly $500.

—The state of New York is credited with 1,500,000 cows, which produce an average of $40 per head. Small as this is, the aggregate is $60,000,000 annually, and represents about one-seventh of the dairy interest in the United States.

C. F. AYLSWORTH, P.L.S. & C.E.,

INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS, Madoc. 1

GEO. D. DICKSON,

BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

DR. NASH,

OF BRIDGEWATER, will open an office at Madoc, (Moon's Hotel,) on Tuesdays and Fridays. Office hours from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

G. D. RAWE,

CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

WM. WRAY,

TOWNSHIP CLERK, HUNGERFORD, Commissioner in C. P., Conveyancer, &c. TWEED, ONTARIO.

GREAM & HENDERSON,

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, NOTARies, Attorneys, Conveyancers, &c., Madoc. *OFFICE IN VICTORIA BLOCK.*

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AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. 25.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Graduate of the University of Michigan, U. S., and University of Victoria College, Canada. BRIDGEWATER, ONT.

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, - STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,

BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Custom House.
Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

FRALECK & BLAIR,

BARRISTERS, &c., No. 27 Campbell St., (opposite New Opera House,) Belleville.
E. B. FRALECK. | HUGH BLAIR.
N. B.—Money to loan at 8 and 8½ per cent on straight loans. 10

GEO. W. WALKER,

SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

DR. W. A. DAFOE,

GRADUATE of Toronto University, and of the University of Trinity College; Fellow of Trinity Medical School, (by examination); Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh; Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh; Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Office in Victoria Block, Madoc.

EVANS & BOLGER,

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, P. L. S. T. O. BOLGER, P. L. S., C. E. & A.
N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Moon's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Solicitors in Chancery, Insolvency, Mechanics' lien cases, Conveyancers, &c., &c.
OFFICE—Corner of Bridge and Front Sts., over Clarke's Drug Store, Belleville, Ont.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.
Money to loan on improved farm security. Interest 7½ per cent., per annum. 16

Cheap Bread!

8cts. PER LOAF,

AT

JNO. HARPER'S.

WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Family Groceries,

FLOUR, FEED,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

J. HARPER.

Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1878. 65

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?

APPLY TO

The Canada Landed Credit Company.

EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST

and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.

For further particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.

Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1

Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.

A. F. WOOD.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, FEBRUARY 19, 1879.

EAST HASTINGS.

The election held in East Hastings yesterday, between John White and W. C. Farley, resulted in the election of the former by a majority, as far as we can learn, of about 75.

THE PROPOSED CONVENTION.

We do not often meddle with any of the episodes in party politics that take place around us, but at the same time as fair chroniclers of the news of the day we cannot do otherwise than note the feeling that is so evidently manifest throughout this community with reference to the coming Convention—if it really is coming. We say "if"—for we can hardly understand how, under all the circumstances, it can take place. There has been such an ignoring for some reason of the properly constituted authorities, in overlooking the President, and while doing so a making use of the machinery by acting through the Vice-Presidents in each municipality, that we cannot see how the matter is to be reconciled with anything like fair play. One thing seems to be certain, that should the Convention take action a large number of the Conservative body will not consider it binding upon them. It is quite plain the action of the meeting for the township of Madoc, on the 15th inst., in naming delegates, was against the wishes of a majority of the meeting, and can not bind the township Association, and the meeting in the village on Monday last was unanimously against appointing delegates. As far as we can learn the meetings held in the different townships could scarcely be called representative ones. Under such circumstances we will expect to see not much union of effort from the Convention if held. As a rule it can safely be stated any action taken to bind the action of bodies of men must be fair and above board from beginning to end in order to be successful.

CONSERVATIVE MEETING.

A meeting was held on Monday evening last, in the Town Hall, on the call of Mr. John Robertson, President of the village branch of the Conservative Association. There was a very good attendance. Mr. Robertson took the chair, and Mr. Sylvester D. Ross was appointed Secretary. The chairman explained that he had called the meeting pursuant to notices in circulation, asking for a Convention, but as he had looked upon the mode of calling the Convention not only irregular, but illegal, according to the constitutions of the Association, he had only called the meeting for the purpose of appointing delegates, if they saw fit, not to take part in a Convention, but to bring about, if possible, a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. After considerable discussion in which it was evident there was but one feeling in the meeting, and that was that the proceedings taken for a convention were altogether irregular and contrary to the constitution of the Conservative Association, it was resolved by resolutions, and carried unanimously, that in the opinion of the meeting that the mode of calling the Convention was irregular and illegal according to the constitution of the Association, and, consequently, the Convention would not be binding on the Party; that there is no necessity for a Convention at the present time, and that in the opinion of the meeting it is not only desirable, but will work harm and confusion to the Party if a Convention is called for any other purpose than to meet the actions of the opposite Party when they bring out a candidate, if they do bring one. A delegation was then appointed, composed of the chairman, A. B. Ross, and John Francis, to attend the meeting on Saturday next, and to try and have such arrangements made as will meet the wishes of this meeting. A vote of thanks was then given to the chairman and the meeting broke up.

TOWNSHIP COUNCIL.

Council met on Monday last, 24th inst., all the members present.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

On motion of Messrs. English and Allen, Levius Empey was refunded $5 of his taxes for 1878, in consequence of the loss of his dwelling by fire.

On motion of Messrs. Allen and Caskey, John Woods was refunded $4 on account of loss by fire.

Mr. Brond presented a petition from Mr. Bradshaw and several others, asking that Union School Section No. 2, Madoc and Elzivar, be allowed to remain as it is.—Laid over until a counter petition should be presented.

A number of applications for the office of pathmaster, and changes in reference to the same, were received.

By-law No. 122, appointing Township Auditors, and By-law No. 123, for limiting the number of tavern licenses, were duly passed.

The Auditors' Report was read, received, and adopted, and an order given to each of the Auditors for $8 for their services.

A petition from Jno. Sagar and others was presented, asking to have Union School Section No. 2, Madoc and Elzivar, broken up, and detached to other Sections. The petition was not received, as it was decided that the matter should be left to the Reeves of the respective townships and the P. S. Inspector.

Orders were given to the Reeve for $3.50 for a new minute book for the Council, and $5 for a copy of the Ontario Statutes, to be presented to the late Treasurer.

The sum of $5 was remitted off Philip Clapp's taxes, on account of loss of property by fire.

By-law No. 124, appointing fence-viewers, pathmasters, and pound-keepers, was duly passed, a full list of which will be found below.

Council adjourned until next day at 10 o'clock.

THURSDAY, Feb. 25th, 1879.

Council met at 10 o'clock, all members present.

A request having been made for a new polling division, it was moved by Messrs Allen and English, recommending the necessity of forming a new polling subdivision at O'Hara's School-house, to be made as soon as practicable, as the next division could not be acted upon at the coming election.

The Reeve read the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, and the writ of *mandamus* compelling the township to issue the Debentures to the B. & N. H. R. Co'y.

The following motion was then passed by the Council:

That this Council, after the decision given by the Court of Queen's Bench, and also the legalizing and extending of the By-law by the Government, are of the opinion that the Debentures should be issued forthwith, and placed in the hands of the Trustees appointed for that purpose.—Carried.

Mr. Brond moved, seconded by Mr. English, that the Reeve and Clerk be authorized to draw upon the Treasurer of the Township to pay any costs that may be presented on behalf of the suit now terminated between this township and the B. & N. H. Railway Company.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. English, seconded by Mr. Brond, that P. Vankleek, W. J. Allen, A. F. Wood, Wm. Coe, and E. D. O'Flynn, Reeve of the village, be a Committee to wait on Mr. Bickford with reference to effecting a reduction of the interest from the time the Debentures should have been issued.—Carried.

Council adjourned till the second Monday in April.

FENCE VIEWERS.

No. 1 Division—W. H. Pringle, W. H. Tumelty, James Marrin. No. 2—H. McKenzie, James O'Hara, Philip Clapp. No. 3—Levius Empey, H. Robinson, John Moore, sr. No. 4—John Long, John Wood, Chas. Allen.

PATHMASTERS.

1 Hugh Ross, 2 Thos. Tumelty, 3 John H. Dunn, 4 Albert Pringle, 5 Robert Gunn, 6 Geo. Haggerty, 7 Walter Mullett, 8 James Miller, 9 James Irwin, 10 Abram Bonck, 11 Adam Allen, 12 John M. Dunn, 13 Eugene Empey, 14 Samuel McMechan, 15 Thomas Rodgers, 16 Peter Murphy, jr., 17 John Gillen, 18 Ami Curtis, 19 Robt. Burnside, 20 Victor Bowen, 21 Adam Stout, 22 Chris. Plane, 23 Francis Elliott, 24 James Cassady, 25 Colman Harris, 26 James McCaw, 27 Samuel Kingyans, 28 Elias Holmes, 29 James Marrin, 30 William Ellis, 31 John McCoy, jr., 32 Wm. Wood, 33 S. D. Caskey, 34 Peter Gunsolus, 35 R. S. Allen, 36 W. J. Rollins, 37 John Wood, 38 John H. Wannamaker, 39 Jas. O'Hara, jr., 40 William Fox, 41 Jno. Vye, 42 James Shaw, 43 William Parks, 44 James English, 45 Levius Empey, 46 John Nichol, 47 John McLure, 48 O. Johnson, 49 James Devolin, 50 Samuel McEwen, 51 Thomas Green, 52 Samuel Rollins, 53 William Sagar, 54 George Miller, 55 John Cantiff, 56 John Hazzard, 57 Alex. McInroy, 58 Irwin Love, 59 William Lough, 60 George Sample, 61 John Peck, 62 Richard Davis, 63 Alexander Glover, 64 William Thomas, 65 Sylvester Fox, 66 Thos. Hobson, 67 Henry Robinson, 68 S. H. Wannamaker, 69 Chas. Fox, 70 H. Wannamaker.

POUND KEEPERS.

No. 1 Warsham Tuller, 2 William Bond, 3 John Broad, 4 Thos. Comerford, 5 John Conley, 6 John Nickle, 7 Colman Harris, 8 Alexander Gordon, 9 William Ellis, 10 Geo. Miller, 11 Geo. W. Row, 12 Archie Harvey, 13 Wm. Dulmage, 14 James Marrin, 15 J. W. Huffman, 16 James Maitland, 17 John Gillen, 18 N. H. Bristol.

THE SUIT AGAINST MAYOR BEAUDRY.

The declaration of the plaintiff in the action of David Grant against Hon. J. L. Beaudry for $10,000 damages for false arrest, is a most exhaustive affair, occupying nineteen sheets of foolscap.

It has been asked if the suit is against Mr. Beaudry as mayor or against him personally, and, notwithstanding the Mayor's assertion to the contrary in the City Council on Monday last, that he was being sued as Mayor, the declaration simply alludes to him as "gentleman, and one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace," and, consequently, the natural inference is that he is not being sued as Mayor of Montreal. The declaration refers first to the Orange Order as "formed by persons desirous of supporting to the utmost of their power the principles and practice of the Christian religion, to maintain the laws and constitution of the country, afford assistance to the distressed members of the order, and otherwise to promote such laudable and benevolent purposes as may tend to the due ordering of religion and christian charity, and the supremacy of the law, order, and constitutional freedom."

The declaration then refers to other organizations "that in the said province of Quebec have existed for more than one hundred years, having for their objects to spread disaffection and hatred towards the dynasty or family reigning on the throne of the United Kingdom," &c. The Orange Order, it continues, has never disturbed private or public peace, but has professed to stand at all hazards against any enterprise inimical to the dignity of the Crown of England. The general facts relating to the 12th of July troubles are then referred to at length with more particular reference to the circumstances leading to the arrest of the plaintiff, who was County Master in the Orange Order, his furnishing bail and his trial, which resulted in his acquittal.

The plaintiff claims that by the action of the defendant he was, since the inception of the illegal proceedings on the 12th July last up to his final discharge on October 18th, unable to devote any time to business and was deprived of all profits or advantages resulting from his ordinary occupation, during that period, and that on this account he suffered damages to the amount of at least $10,000.

HUNTINGDON COUNCIL.

TOWN HALL, MOIRA, Feb. 10th, 1879.

Council met on 10th inst. Members all present.

The minutes of last session were read and approved.

A By-law was prepared and passed amending By-law No. 120, regulating the height of lawful fences in the Township of Huntingdon, and enacting that a fence to be lawful must be 4 feet 6 inches in height instead of 4 feet, as described in said By-law.

A By-law was prepared and passed limiting the number of Tavern Licenses to be granted in the township, placing the number at three, one at Roslin, one at Tulloch's, (late Luke's), and one at J. Garner's, on the Madoc road.

Edward Swetman applied to have one dollar of his taxes remitted, he having been charged with one day's statute labor, which he claims to have done.—Granted.

Council adjourned one hour.

Council resumed.

The Auditors, F. W. Brenton and John A. Salsbury, presented their report which was received, read, and adopted.

A By-law was prepared and passed appointing Alexander Harvey and Samuel Salsbury Assessors for 1879.

An order was given the Auditors for five dollars each for their services.

A By-law was prepared and passed appointing the pathmasters, pound-keepers, and fence-viewers for the respective divisions for 1879.

Council adjourned to meet the first Monday in March.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR SALE.

NO FAITH IN THE RAILWAY.

GREAT BARGAINS OFFERED. NINE good Dwelling Houses and Lots in the flourishing village of Madoc. For particulars apply to the owner.

H. DINGMAN

LOST.

ON Thursday night, the 20th inst., between Madoc and Bannockburn, a box of Solace Tobacco and a bag containing oats. I will give $2 reward to the finder if they will leave the above lost articles at Sydmer Ross & Co's. store, Madoc.

BENJ. SPURR.

L'Amable, Feb'y 24th, 1879.

LOST.

A PROMISORY NOTE for Fifty Dollars, made in my favor by Henry Branders, of the township of Elzivir, due in April, 1879. All persons are forbidden to negotiate the same, as no value has been received.

THOMAS KEHOE.

Bridgewater, Feb. 24th, 1879. 100-4.

Lost, Strayed, or Stolen.

A brown Spaniel Dog, medium size, with certain marks, and answering to the name of "Grouse." Any person found harbouring said dog after the date of this notice will be prosecuted according to law.

H. H. SUTTON, M.D.

Madoc, Feb. 25th, 1879. 100-4.

CHEESE BOXES.

I AM PREPARED TO MAKE ANY quantity of CHEESE BOXES at the low rate of

NINE CENTS EACH,

And will guarantee them first-class or ask no pay.

Will deliver them on the shortest notice.

JOHN KELLS,

100-3m. Queensboro.

C. G. WILSON,

DURHAM STREET, - MADOC,

DEALER IN

DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS,

Fancy & Toilet Articles

Sponges, Brushes, Perfumery, &c.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and despatch.

Farmers and physicians from the country will find our stock of medicines complete, warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

Agents, Read This.

We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free. Address,

SHERMAN & CO., MARSHALL, MICH.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE

Is a monthly, 100-page Scrap Book of the cream of the World's Literature. Single copy, 20c., or $2 per year. An Oil Chromo (14x20 inches) of "Yosemite Valley," price, $5. "Black Sheep," a $1.50 book, in paper binding; "Christian Oakley's Mistake," a $1 book, in paper binding, and a sample copy of "Wood's Household Magazine"—all post-paid, for only 50 cents in money, or in one-cent postage stamps! Agents wanted. Most liberal terms, but nothing sent free. Address S. S. Wood, Tribune Building, New York City.

NOTICE.

ALL PARTIES indebted to the undersigned are requested to pay the same to Mr. Allen Moon, Madoc, or to Mr. A. McWilliams, Exchange Hotel, Stirling, before the 1st day of March next, and save costs.

W. C. REID.

98-4t.

HIDES, FURS AND SHINGLES.

I WILL pay the highest price in cash for any of the above, and will be in Madoc village every Wednesday and Saturday to attend to the same. Apply at Sydmer Ross & Co's.

S. SARGENT.

Madoc, Feb. 12th, 1879. 98-2m.

FOR SALE!

LOT 27, 4th Concession of Madoc, 200 acres, for sale. Apply to the undersigned. Any person found trespassing on the above lot will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.

DR. GEO. A. CARSON, Proprietor.

Whitby, 5th February, 1879. 98.

Note Lost.

LOST, OR STOLEN, a note for $100, made by John Power, in favor of Stuart Cook or order, dated on or about the 23rd June, 1876, payable one year after date, with interest at 8 per cent. per annum. All persons are hereby cautioned against negotiating the same in any way.

CHAS. COOK,
ISAAC A. BLAKELY,
Executors of the estate of the late Stuart Cook.

Madoc, 10th Feb. 1879. 98-4t.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Council of the Corporation of the Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, will, at their general meeting on the first Monday of the month of April next, take into consideration the passing of a By-law for opening up Elgin street in the said Village of Madoc, from the street in the plan of the said Village named Church street to the east side of a street in the same plan named Vic street, and also that part of said Vic street lying east of Horace Seymour's Reserve, numbered Fifty in said plan, to the street also in said plan named St. Lawrence street, of which all parties interested are to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

CHARLES GREAM,
Village Clerk.

Madoc, February 19th, 1879. 99-4.

VALUABLE

FARM AND MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned.

JAS. O'HARA, Jr.

Madoc, March 20th, 1877.

Boots and Shoes.

We have just received 30 cases of Boots and Shoes, for the Spring trade, purchased from Messrs. Ames, Holden & Co., Montreal, one of the best wholesale houses in the Dominion.

Our stock consists of all the latest styles in Ladies' and Gents' wear, and will be sold at prices which defy competition.

Remember, our goods are all made from first-class stock, and that we offer no rubbish to our customers.

We will also receive in a few days our stock of Dress Goods, Prints, etc., in all the newest styles and patterns, to which we would invite your special attention.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

JOHN N. MOORE, ESQ., TREASURER,
IN ACCOUNT WITH THE

MUNICIPALITY OF MADOC,

For the Ten Months ending 31st December, 1878.

RECEIPTS.

1878.		$	$
March 1.—Balance on hand			54 68
Received from Thomas Allen		546 82	
do	do	361 00	
do	do	590 30	
do	do	223 00	
			1721 12
LICENSES			64 00
CLERGY RESERVE			51 73
LEGISLATIVE GRANT for Schools			513 00
			$2404 53

EXPENDITURE.

ROADS AND BRIDGES.

		$	$
Levius Empey, job on Carman's swamp		10 00	
W. J. Rollins, for repair on scraper		1 25	
H. Wannamaker, job on road, O. Johnson's		12 00	
Samuel Marshall, job on Adams' hill		10 00	
Joseph Bailey, fixing road, lots 7 and 8		1 25	
G. Sample, fixing road at Jarvis'		9 75	
W. Bailey, do do		5 25	
J. McCoy, work done between 3rd and 4th con.		13 75	
John Fraser, for work done on swamp		4 50	
James Devolin, for tools and powder		8 50	
Mark Robinson, for fixing scraper		6 00	
F. McKinnon, for job near his place		2 50	
W. Wood, Job on road near his place		10 50	
S. Rollins, work on road west of village		15 00	
J. Gordon, for work on road between J. and W		4 50	
M. O'Connor, job on Barry's hill		5 00	
S. Marshall, do		15 00	
James McClure, job west of O'Hara's		15 00	
James Simpson, job between 8 and 9, con. 9		15 00	
H. Wannamaker, job west of O. Johnson's		8 00	
A. Sagar, job between con. 10 and 11, lot 13		5 75	
Joseph Caverly, two stone hammers		2 00	
Thomas Allen, job by R. H. Best		25 00	
William Dougan, job near Adams'		20 00	
James McClure, for gravel		4 60	
James English, work done between lots 19		8 00	
D. McKenzie, for drills		2 00	
Wm. Paugh, job on boundary between Marmora and Madoc		10 00	
L. McKinnon, job near his place		20 00	
William Dougan, job near Bay State Factory		25 00	
R. Palmer, job on Sugar's hill		15 00	
John Moorcraft, job on road to Elzivir		2 25	
H. Murphy, on road to Bannockburn		1 00	
Charles Green, job near his own place		15 00	
John White, for scrapers		67 00	
James Burnside, for difference between scrapers		3 50	
J. Dale & Son, powder and fuse, per Driscoll		4 79	
			404 64
LEGISLATIVE GRANT to Schools			511 90
SUPERINTENDENT'S ORDER,—			
Kate Garnsey		16 01	
Sarah Chown		10 00	
			26 01

WILD LAND TAX FOR SCHOOLS.

		$	$
School Section	No 3, Elzivir	8 00	
	4, Madoc	2 75	
	7	22 40	
	12	6 30	
	16	22 75	
	3	1 50	
	9	5 12	
	2	4 35	
	14	7 15	
	19	87 87	
	6	9 10	
	1	10 13	
			187 42

COUNCIL.

	$	$
Peter Vankleek	16 00	
John Caskey	18 00	
W. J. Allen	18 00	
Chas. English	16 00	
Donald Nicholson	18 00	
		86 00

COUNCIL, SETTLEMENT WITH VILLAGE.

	$	$
Peter Vankleek	6 00	
John Caskey	6 00	
W. J. Allen	2 00	
Charles English	6 00	
D. Nicholson	4 00	
J. R. Ketcheson	4 00	
		28 00

COURT OF REVISION.

	$	$
Peter Vankleek	6 00	
John Caskey	4 00	
W. J. Allen	6 00	
Chas. English	6 00	
D. Nicholson	6 00	
S. McMechan	6 00	
John Long	6 00	
J. R. Ketcheson	6 00	
		46 00

SALARIES.

	$	$
Long and McMechan, $45 each	90 00	
Caskey and Breakell, Auditors	16 00	
R. Burnside	68 50	
J. R. Ketcheson, Clerk	100 00	
John N. Moore, Treasurer	75 00	
		349 50

BLIND AND INDIGENT.

	$	$
Donald Cameron	40 00	
Samuel Daws	20 00	
F. Daws, for keeping Zeron and child	50 00	
John Dugan	20 00	
Sarah Franklin	8 00	
R. T. Ferguson, for keeping an indigent	25 50	
Peggy Reid	18 80	
Susan Wilbert	5 00	
		187 30

PRINTING.

	$	$
James A. Orr & Bro		52 91

MISCELLANEOUS.

	$	$
C. G. Wilson, for Stationery	10 70	
J. R. Ketcheson, for attending Court of Revision	9 00	
H. Bull, do do do	4 50	
J. R. Ketcheson, for serving notices of appeal of Voters' List, 1877	59 90	
S. M. Ketcheson, ditto for 1878	34 00	
J. R. Ketcheson, postage on Voters' List	3 00	
J. R. Ketcheson, making out Voters' List	10 00	
R. T. Ferguson, for attending fairs	6 00	
		137 10
Selecting Jurors		16 00
		$2032 78

RECAPITULATION.

	$
Receipts	$2404 53
Expenditure	2032 78
Balance in Treasurer's hand	$371 75

JAMES ENGLISH, } Auditors.
JAMES CASKEY, }

Spring Goods.

We received yesterday a large supply of English and American Prints, American Grey and White Cottons, Canadian Grey and White Cottons, Brown Ducks, Tickings, Black Lustres, &c., all of which will be sold at our usual low rates.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, Feb. 19th, 1879.

John Robertson's

New advertisement

will appear next week.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return my grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers,

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT.

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.

MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

IMMENSE SUCCESS

At Cheap John's.

No Wonder Goods are SOLD SO CHEAP.

Another Carload Just Arrived

And will be sold

CHEAP! CHEAP! CHEAP! CHEAP! CHEAP!

No long-winded prices at Cheap John's.

CHRISTMAS GROCERIES.

Gray & McGregor

OFFER FOR SALE A FULL SUPPLY OF

CHOICE GROCERIES

For the Holiday Season, including

NEW VALENCIA RAISINS,
" TABLE RAISINS,
" SEEDLESS RAISINS,
" CURRANTS,
PRUNES,
DRIED PEACHES,
DRIED APPLES,
SYRUPS,
PEELS, FIGS, AND ALMONDS,
S. W. SALMON,
LABRADOR HERRING,
WHITE FISH,
BOLOGNA AND PORK SAUSAGE,

THE CELEBRATED

DIAMOND BRAND OYSTERS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

Dec. 5th, 1878.

TO BE LET.

A GOOD FARM, situated at Norman's Corners, Millbridge, 15 miles north of Madoc, on the County Road. 90 acres well cleared and fenced. For particulars apply to R. M. Norman, of same place, or to
GREAM & HENDERSON,
84 Solicitors, Madoc.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Rose's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to
GEORGE DUNCAN.
Thurlow, March 12th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)
Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.
22 GEORGE CHOWN.

JOHN G. DEANS,

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
Fancy and Toilet Articles,
BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY,
CONFECTIONERY
LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

SIGN OF THE

BLUE BOOT!

Opposite Harper's Brick Block.

Owing to the hard times for money I am selling
TEN PER CENT. BELOW FORMER PRICES,
FOR CASH.

CUSTOM WORK, REPAIRING,

Etc., done in first-class style, and on short notice, as I keep none but first-class workmen.

POSITIVELY NO CREDIT!

WM. MOORE.

Madoc, November 29th, 1877.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST OF **FARMS FOR SALE!** IN THE WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRIMTON, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
JOHN MCCOY, Jr., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133.
Meets first Friday in each month.
E. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OGA LODGE, No. 1387,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Oga.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
R. J. CRAIGE, Co. Master, Stirling P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc,

On Thursday Evening, March 6th,

at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.
A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, March 3rd,

At 8 o'clock.
N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday, March 4th,

at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,
S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

Short Stops.

Mr. H. Dingman announces that he has no faith in the railway, and will sell several houses and lots at great bargains.

On Monday last a writ was served on Mr. Wiggins, Reeve of Elziver, by Mr. Flint's Attorney, re the Reeveship of that township.

The Township Auditors' Report for the last ten months of the year, appears this week. The Report for the other two months will be published in a week or two.

Auction Sale.

Mr. Hugh Golway, lot 6, 10th concession, Madoc, will sell by public auction, on Friday, March 7th, his farm stock, implements, etc. Sale at 12 o'clock. Nine months credit.

Moreton Farm Seeds.

We are in receipt of a neat little catalogue of Field, Garden, and Flower Seeds from Mr. Joseph Harris, Moreton Farm, Rochester, N. Y. It will be sent free to all who apply for it.

Cheese Boxes.

Mr. John Kells, of Queesboro, announces in this issue that he is prepared to make any quantity of first class cheese boxes for 9 cents each, and deliver on the shortest notice. Mr. Kells is the only manufacturer of this kind that we are aware of in these parts, and should be liberally patronized.

Madoc Model School.

Honor Roll for fortnight ending Friday, February 21st. Junior Department—Senior First Class, No. 1, Annie Hickey; Junior Second Class, No. 1, Chas. Morrison; Senior Second Class, No. 1, Martha Whytock. Intermediate Department — Junior Third Class, No. 1, Alida Dunn; Senior Third Class, No. 1, Donald Henderson. Senior Department—Junior Fourth Class, No. 1, John H. Burns; Senior Fourth Class, No. 1, Annie McBeth; Fifth Class, No. 1, Willie Cross.

Concert.

The Concert by the Bridgewater choir which was announced to take place at Queensboro, and postponed on account of the bad roads, will be given in the Methodist Church, in that village, on Wednesday next, March 5th, at 7.30 p. m. The Bridgewater Choir deserves a generous support, as they have always been ready and willing to assist others when called upon, and we hope that a full house will greet them on this occasion. Tickets 25 cents.

Teachers' Association.

We would again remind our readers of the meetings of the North Hastings Teachers' Association, to be held in the Model School building in this village, on Thursday and Friday. The meetings are open to the public each day, and all friends of education or those who take the least interest in the educational affairs of the County, should make it their duty to be present on this occasion. Jas. Hughes, Esq., Public School Inspector of Toronto, Prof. Dawson, of Belleville, and other prominent educationists will be present.

Correction.

We have been requested to correct a slight error in the biographical sketch of the life of B. Vankleek, Esq., which appears in the Atlas of the Counties of Hastings and Prince Edward lately issued. Mr. Vankleek does not live with his son, as therein stated, but at his own residence, "Maple Grove" farm. The following is the sketch:

Barnabas Vankleek was born in 1803, in the township of Hawkesbury, in the then County of Prescott, and is of Dutch descent. His paternal ancestors were forced, on account of their loyalty to the British crown, to leave their homes in Duchess County, New York, joining the Royalist party, and taking an active part in all the stirring times of that period. At the close of the revolutionary war the Vankleek's followed the British army to Nova Scotia, and from thence removed to Upper Canada about the year 1800. The place where the Vankleeks first settled in Hawkesbury, still bears the name of Vankleek's Hill. Simon Vankleek, the father of the subject of this sketch, was one of the earliest pioneers of this country. He held a commission in the militia signed by Lord Dorchester, then Governor of Quebec, and was in the Commission of the Peace. He was well and favourably known throughout the country, dying at his son's residence, Madoc, in his 94th year, respected by all who knew him. Barnabas Vankleek came to Madoc in 1841, and cleared the farm upon which he resides. He lives with his son, Peter Vankleek, the present Reeve of Madoc. He held a captaincy in the Hastings County Militia, and is a Justice of the Peace, in which capacity he has always acted without fee or remuneration, and enjoys the reputation of being the best read man in North Hastings. In politics he is an active and staunch reformer. A respected old gentleman of seventy-five years, he commands the universal esteem of a wide circle of friends.

The Bridgewater Choir

Did not hold their concert at Queensboro, as advertised, on account of the storm. The roads were all but impassable, but they went there and then decided, when they saw how things were, to postpone it till about next full moon. Though this was a wise action, it was a disappointment to many who had pushed through storm and tempest from Madoc and Bridgewater to witness the entertainment. To give some idea of the weather, one young gentleman was going along in a cutter accompanied by a lady when the vehicle turned over, and when the gentleman aforesaid picked himself up and shook himself he looked round and could see no lady, but eventually found her in the drift. Some had to walk in front of the horse to find the road.

The Prince of Periodicals.

For household reading, Wood's Magazine, the March number of which is already before us, has justly been styled "The Prince of Periodicals." It is a well-known fact that the really smart things which make any author's reputation are but a small proportion of all his published writings. Mr. Wood's plan is to select from the world of literature only the very best articles, which are classified into about thirty different departments, comprising almost every variety of amusing, interesting and instructive household topics. We are especially requested to announce that this notice will count as one dollar in payment for something which no temperance reader can afford to do without. Hence we advise every hater of rum, tobacco and opium to cut this out and forward to S. S. Wood, Tribune Building, New York City. Also enclose 10 cents for sample copy of the Magazine.

Madoc Winter Races.

The above races are advertised to take place on the ice on Moira Lake, (formerly known as Hog Lake), on Wednesday and Thursday of next week, March 5th and 6th. The following is the programme: First day,—County Trot, class 2.45, Purse $30; open to the Counties of Hastings, Prince Edward, Northumberland, Durham, Peterborough, Victoria, Lennox, Addington, and Frontenac. $15 to first; $10 to second; $5 to third. Local Purse, $20,—for green horses owned in Madoc, Elziver, and Tudor. $10 to first; $6 to second; $4 to third. Second day,—Purse $60, open trot, free to all. $30 to first; $20 to second; $10 to third. Running Race—Purse $30; open to all, $15 to first; $10 to second; $5 to third. To close with slow race for a purse of $5. Entries must be closed with the Secretary, Mr. John Mounsey, on Tuesday evening, March 4th, at 8 o'clock. Races will commence each day at 1 o'clock.

Father Stafford's Lecture.

The Rev. Father Stafford, of Lindsay, gave a most interesting lecture on "Total Abstinence," in the Roman Catholic Church, Marmora, on Tuesday evening, the 18th inst. The Rev. gentleman handled his subject in a masterly manner, and in graphic language described the evil of the use of intoxicants. He spoke of the injury of alcohol on the different senses of man, and proved conclusively the advantage of total abstinence in even a physiological point of view. On the evil of liquor on man's soul he expatiated as a true follower of Christ, and showed from different parts of Scripture our moral obligations of following upright and sober lives. Altogether, the above lecture was one of the very best ever delivered in those parts, and was well worthy of the Rev. gentleman who delivered it. Father Stafford is known throughout the Dominion as one of the greatest advocates of total abstinence, and has shown by his many lectures on the subject that he richly deserves the proud title of "The Father Mathew of Canada."

The Phrenological Journal,

And Science of Health for March maintains its usual high standard of excellence. The subjects of this number, which are specially noteworthy, are Caleb Cushing, of whom a fine portrait is furnished; How Faculties Combine in Manifestation, and The Relations of the Organs to Pursuit, constitute the chapters in the fresh installment of Brain and Mind; Francis Murphy receives fair consideration at the hands of a contributor. A clergyman of evident experience writes of Conversion and its Effect on the Shape of the Head. Mrs. Preston contributes a story illustrative of Over-Zeal in Household System. A well illustrated sketch entitled, Two Great Cities of the Czar, will attract attention, and so will an extremely interesting article on Baths among the Greeks and Romans, which shows that the ancients were by no means lacking in hydropathic learning and skill. Miss Colman treats of Cheese in her agreeable and searching style. The Notes on Science and Agriculture are as full of useful hints as ever. The Editorial Department is also well supplied. In fact all the departments of this most valuable monthly are brimming with matters of practical interest to man, woman, and child, and every topic is presented in that clear style which adapts it to the reading of all classes. The price of this number is only 20 cents, or $2 a year, with very attractive premium offers. Published by S. R. Wells & Co., 737 Broadway, New York.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

A Curious Dream.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—While looking over some of the letters of your correspondents published on the 29th day of January, I was not surprised to meet with a wonderful ghost story over the signature of "An old Tory," and being of a rather sensitive and nervous disposition, I found, on retiring the night after reading the communication, to sleep was out of the question, as I momentarily expected to see some awful phantom. Well, sir, after this kind of thing had been carried on for some time, I fell into a kind of a doze, and dreamt, I think, a very significant dream. I thought I was on my way to Elzevir when, suddenly, there appeared directly in front of me an old gray-haired man. In his right hand he held a lassoo with the inscription "Hastings Mutual Fire Insurance Company," noosed for catching tory voters; on his forehead was the word "Conservative;" on his breast "Independent;" on his lower limbs "Conservative;" and all the way down his right side "Blackford and Company." After he had surveyed me from tip to toe, and smiled once or twice in a very winning manner, he turned and was gone, and I awoke wondering what all this could mean, but now, sir, that I have recovered from the effects of that awful ghost story I think I see my way clear. I believe the nasty which my night-visitor carried was typical of the Hastings Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of whose fate some feel so much inclined to write in order, I believe, to secure for themselves or some dear friend a seat in our Provincial Legislature, as their references to Messrs. Bowell and Boulter, undoubtedly, tend in that direction. Now, sir, I would like to ask our "Old Tory" how, by the interference of a President or a Vice-president, a company could be prevented from becoming bankrupt, when, by unforeseen misfortune, its losses far exceed the funds on hand; but some may ask why assess after the company had gone down, we reply, because they wished to pay their employees their honest wages, and, to relieve as far as possible, those of the company who, by losses of insured property, had a claim to their sympathies. Again our literary friend, not being satisfied with representing Messrs. Bowell and Boulter as short-sighted novices, goes on to intimate that they pocketed a part of the company's money. I consider this most unfair and hypocritical, as I always think it time enough to throw out such insinuations when I can prove they are correct. And now, sir, as I have given my opinion of ghost stories, and those who are troubled with ghosts, I will draw my letter to a close with a word of admonition to all those who wish to make political capital for themselves or others by ridiculing honorable men, I would have them remember that honor gained by unfair means is short lived and sure to prove a fruitful source of disgrace. I remain, sir,

Yours respectfully,
MR FAIR PLAY

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

The repeal of the Dunkin By-law in the united Counties of Northumberland and Durham has been carried by a majority of 1,940.

A vein of galena (lead ore), lately discovered on the farm of David Reed, lot 7, 4th con of Tudor, has been pronounced by Prof Bell, of Belleville, to be of excellent quality.

Revival services are now being held in the M. E. Church, Trenton, and, according to the *Courier*, large numbers are turning from the evil of their ways. Another chance for that Editor down there.

The Council of the County of Prince Edward at their last meeting passed a By law to repeal the Dunkin Act, and a public vote will be taken on the 13th prix., to decide whether the By law shall become law or not.

The Campbellford *Herald* says: "In a certain church, here, last Sunday evening, one of the audience, less attentive than others to the sermon, counted two hundred coughs within ten minutes. And some people say ministers have nothing to do!"

At the annual meeting of the Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, held at Halifax on the 11th inst., Messrs. D. B. Robertson, Commodore, and E. S. Bell, Secretary of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, were elected honorary members of the above organization.

The *Courier* man has an idea that if Frankford, Hart's Corners, Carrying Place, and Belleville would co-operate with the Trentonians, they could induce the Governor-General and his royal spouse to visit that place next summer, "who," he innocently adds, "would doubtless be pleased so to do when they learn that we are going to become a railroad 'junction.'" Doubtless! Yes. But its a little rough on Belleville.

When a dancing party in Belleville were separating recently, the ladies, as usual, kissed each other "good-night." A gentleman present observed that all should be treated alike, when one of the ladies in question laughingly replied that he should help himself. The gentleman did so, to the surprise of the lady and her friends. The lady's beau took the action as an insult to her, and thrashed the amorous youth. An action for assault followed, and the valiant defender of women was fined $20 and costs. But worst of all, his girl went back on him for bringing her name before the public in such a manner as he had done, and now his leisure evenings will be devoted to sad contemplation of the sudden and uncharitable vicissitudes which cross our path in this cold and ever-changing terrestial sphere.

Elzevir and Grimsthorpe Council.

BRIDGEWATER, Feb. 10th, 1879.

Council met pursuant to adjournment. All members present.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

A By-law, appointing assessors, collector, road surveyor, pathmasters, pound-keepers, and fence-viewers, was read a first time.

Moved by Mr. Breeze, seconded by Mr. Kells, that Robert Robinson and John Hallstone be assessors.

Moved by Mr. McIlroy, seconded by Mr. Burns, that John Hallstone and Robt. Barry be appointed assessors.

There being a tie between Robt. Robinson and Robert Barry, the Reeve gave his casting vote for Robert Barry.

Moved by Mr. McIlroy, seconded by Mr. Breeze, that Wm. Leslie be appointed road surveyor.—Carried.

The above names were then inserted in the By-law, together with the names of those appointed as pathmasters, fence-viewers, pound-keepers when it was read a second and third time, numbered 67, and passed.

Council adjourned till two o'clock.

Council resumed. All present except Mr. Breeze.

On motion fifteen dollars were granted to repair approaches to bridge on Black Creek between lots 5 and 6, in 2nd con., work to be done by John Whittle, to satisfaction of road surveyor.

Mr. Breeze came in.

A By-law was read three times, numbered 68, and passed, authorizing the auditors to audit the accounts of the municipality for the years 1875 to 1878.

On motion a check was drawn in favor of S. S. No. 7 for $78.92, on account of non-resident school taxes for 1878, to be given when the usual bonds are furnished.

An account for printing from Jas. A. Orr & Bro. for five dollars was ordered to be paid.

The Clerk was instructed to draw up a bond for the Treasurer, one thousand dollars and two sureties, five hundred dollars each.

The Council then took into consideration a petition presented in December last to form lots 1 to 12 in 9th con., 1 to 12 in 10 th con., and 1 to 12 in 11th con., into a new School Section.

On motion the prayer of the petition was granted, and a By-law to that effect to be submitted at next meeting of Council.

Moved by Mr. McIlroy, seconded by Mr. Breeze, that in consideration of the assessment of this municipality having, in the past, caused much dissatisfaction, it is resolved that the assessors be required to assess property according to law.—Carried.

On motion the following amounts were ordered to be paid.

W. F. Kerr, Poll Clerk, at municipal election, $2; J. Keller, constable at municipal election, $1; to Michael Tummey and Louis Fortaine, Sr., for support, $5 each; to Mrs. Plew for support of Alexis Augur, $5.

Council adjourned.

Dungannon & Faraday Council proceedings next week.

DIED.

BOWEN.—In this village, on the 20th inst., Josephine, wife of Mr. David Bowen, aged 22 years and 10 months.

$20,000 TO LOAN.

AT THE LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to
GEO. A. SKINNER,
87 Solicitor, &c., Stirling.

THIS

New Horse Disease

AS COMPETENT Veterinary skill is not within our reach, I have obtained from a first-class Veterinary Surgeon, of Toronto, the thorough method of treatment, prescriptions and medicines for the present epidemic of Grease Heel, Scratches, &c. The price for the medicines is ONE DOLLAR.
JOHN G. DEANS,
Druggist, Madoc.

N.B.—Kaspar's Blood Purifier for Horses and Cattle just received. 97-4t.

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.
SAMUEL M TABER,
49-tf. Madoc

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to
H. HOLDEN,
95-6m Shannonville.

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 16, in 7th concession of Marmora, near the Gatling mine, containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27 2m 167 St. Paul St. Montreal

TO THE

ELECTORS!

—OF—

North Hastings.

Having been urged by many old and influential friends in the Riding to become a candidate at the next election for the Ontario Legislature, and having received assurances from all parts of the Riding of a hearty support, I have decided to announce myself as a candidate.

An experience of nineteen years in the County Council, ten of which I filled the Warden's chair, has given me an opportunity to become intimately acquainted with the wants and resources of the Constituency, and should be of value to me in trying to serve the Riding if returned as a member to the Legislature.

If elected I shall seek as a Conservative to work with the Conservative Party—for the general interests of the Province and for North Hastings particularly, while at the same time I will not be a party hack or yield up my judgment at the beck of a party leader, for the purpose of a factious party policy.

I shall consider it my bounden duty to do all in my power to develope the vast resources of the northern part of this County, consisting as they do of large agricultural districts, forests of timber, and extensive beds of minerals, and to aid generally in such legislation as will advance the best interests of the Province.

Your obedient servant,
A. F. WOOD.

MADOC, Feb'y 8th, 1879.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,
CLOCKS, and
JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

THE HIGHEST PRICE

PAID FOR

CHOICE DAIRY BUTTER,

AT

JOHN COOK'S,

Grocer and Provision Merchant,
FRONT STREET, - BELLEVILLE.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence

KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can hear and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Milnor, Ont.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

AT

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

PS. CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

REMOVED!!

N. D. PETERS,

Having removed to a more commodious room in

DALES' BLOCK,

(One door north of the Hardware store), will have pleasure in furnishing his customers with

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

CONFECTIONERY,

Provisions, Crockery,

Stationery, &c.

FARMERS' PRODUCE

Taken in exchange for goods.

Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1878.

FARM TO RENT OR SELL.

BEING lot 16, in the 12th concession, of Huntingdon, containing 200 acres, 100 of which are cleared; 20 acres of cedar swamp, the remainder heavily timbered with maple and beech, and a great quantity of white oak. On the premises are a good log house and a never-failing well, also two springs. For further particulars apply to
JAS. LANDON,
on the premises.
Huntington, Dec. 24th, 1877. 29

OATS! OATS!

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

PAID FOR

ANY QUANTITY OF OATS!

AT THE

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

J. D. BREEZE.

Bridgewater, Jan. 18th, 1879. 92

E. D. O'FLYNN,

FROM FAILING HEALTH, finding it necessary to

Close his Business

calls upon all persons indebted to him

FOR EARLY SETTLEMENT.

THE ENTIRE STOCK

WILL BE CLOSED OUT AT

Great Bargains!

FOR CASH,

COMMENCING WITH THIS DATE.

September 25th, 1878.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC

BONUS BY-LAW.

RAILROAD OR NO RAILROAD,

It makes no difference to me, for I am bound to sell Furniture at the lowest prices possible for Cash or Ready Pay. No Humbug. If you don't believe it call and see.

M. MAYBEE.

THE BEST AND LARGEST!

ASSORTMENT OF

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

Fancy Goods, Toys, Musical Instruments, &c.,

EVER SHOWN IN MADOC,

WILL BE FOUND AT

G. D. RAWE'S.

THE FALL STOCK IS

Complete, Varied, and Extensive,

AND AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

AGENT FOR THE

NEW YORK SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

Madoc, November 5th, 1878.

New Butcher Shop.

The subscriber has opened in connection with his present business a shop where he will keep all kinds of Fresh Meat, of the best quality and at lowest prices.

Give him a call.

G. M. BROOKS.

NOTICE!

Parties in need of Furniture will find it to their advantage to call on

W. T. WHITE,

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

OTTAWA, Feb. 13.—At 3 o'clock the members of the House of Commons assembled in their Chamber and were summoned by the Usher of the Black Rod to attend him to the Senate Chamber, where the will of the Governor-General would be made known to them.

Chief Justice RITCHIE, acting as Deputy-Governor, informed the House that it was the will of his Excellency that they should return to their Commons Chamber and elect their Speaker and adjourn until to-morrow.

On returning to the House,

Hon. John MACDONALD moved that Hon. Joseph Roderick Blanchet, M. P. for Levis, be elected Speaker.

The motion was seconded by Hon. Mr. TILLEY.

After a few remarks by the leader of the Opposition, who expressed his surprise that Mr. Anglin had not been proposed by Sir John, the motion was carried unanimously.

The newly-elected Speaker returned thanks to the members for the honor done him, and the House then adjourned till three o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

OTTAWA, Feb. 14.—At three o'clock to-day the members of the House of Commons were summoned to the Senate Chamber, where his Excellency the Governor-General, being seated upon the Throne, was pleased to deliver the following

ADDRESS:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate—Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

In meeting the Parliament of Canada for the first time, I desire to express the gratification I feel at having been selected by Her Majesty for the high and important office I now fill, and to assure you of the great satisfaction with which I come among you and co-operation. In acknowledging in a fitting manner the profound gratitude the reception which has been accorded to myself as her Majesty's representative, I am also commanded by the Queen to convey through you to the people of Canada her thanks for the loyal, generous and kindly manner in which they have welcomed her daughter.

The contribution of Canadian products and manufactures to the great National Exhibition at Paris last year attracted much attention, and it is believed, will have a beneficial effect on the trade of the Dominion with Europe. I congratulate you on the success which must, in no small degree, be attributable to the kind and unceasing exertions of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales as President of the British section. The report of the Canadian Commissioners will be laid before you when received.

I am pleased to inform you that the amount awarded for the fishery claims under the Washington Treaty has been paid by the United States, and that her Majesty's Government has arranged with Canada and Newfoundland for their respective shares of the award. The papers on the subject shall be submitted to you.

The important and rapidly increasing trade between Canada and England in live cattle has been seriously threatened by the appearance in various parts of the United States of pleuro-pneumonia. In order to prevent the contagion from spreading to Canada, and the consequent interruption of the trade, I have caused an order to be issued under "the Animals Contagious Diseases Act," 69, prohibiting the importation or introduction into the Dominion of American cattle for a short period. It is hoped that the disease will be ere long extinguished in the United States, and the necessity for continuing the prohibition removed. Your attention will be invited to an amendment of the Act I have just referred to.

My Government have commenced negotiations, with Her Majesty's sanction, for the development of the trade of Canada with France and Spain, and with their respective colonies. I hope to be able to lay before you the result of these negotiations during the present session.

It is the purpose of my Government to press for the most vigorous prosecution of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and to meet the reasonable expectations of British Columbia. In carrying out this intention due regard must be had to the financial position of the country. Communication by rail has been effected between Manitoba and the United States system of railways by the junction at St. Vincent of the Pembina branch of our railway with the St. Paul & Pacific Railway. That portion of the main line which extends from English River to Keewatin is now being placed under contract, and will be speedily completed. Every effort will be made to secure as rapidly as is possible the connection between Lake Superior and the Great North-West.

A bill for the amendment and consolidation of the Act relating to stamps shall be submitted for your consideration, as well as a measure amending the Act relating to weights and measures.

The decennial census must be taken in 1881. I think it expedient that a measure for the purpose should be passed during the present session, in order to give ample time for the preparation of all the preliminary arrangements, and to ensure the census being taken as accurately and inexpensively as possible. In connection with this subject it may be well to consider the propriety of providing means for the preparation and collation of vital, criminal and general statistics. A bill will be laid before you for the re-arrangement of some of the departments of the Government, and measures will be laid for to the survey and management of the Dominion lands; to the mounted police and to the Post Office Department, and also for the amendment in some particulars of the laws relating to Indians. A measure will also be submitted to you for the vesting in her Majesty for the use of the Dominion of certain harbors and slips in the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The estimates for the ensuing year will be laid before you at an early day. They have been prepared with such due regard to economy as is compatible with the efficiency of the public service. I regret that the receipts into the treasury from ordinary sources continue to be inadequate to meet the charges against the consolidated revenue. You will, I doubt not, agree with me in the opinion that it is not desirable that our finances should be kept remain in this condition. By the application of the strictest economy to public expenditure, by the readjustment of tariff, therefore, and by increasing the revenue and at the same time developing and encouraging the various industries of Canada, you will, I trust, be enabled to restore the equilibrium between revenue and expenditure, and to aid in removing the commercial and financial depression which unhappily continues to prevail. I have directed that the Public Accounts of the past financial year shall be laid before you.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate, Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

Parliament has recognized the importance of providing for the safe disposal of the surplus warnings of the people by arranging for their being placed with the Government at a fair rate of interest. I may add—all for you to consider how far it is practicable to give security and encouragement to persons who may desire by insurance upon their lives to make provision for those dependent upon them. This will attention will, I doubt not, be given to the important subjects I have alluded to, and to the general interests of the country.

After the reading of the Speech from the Throne the members returned to their places in the Commons Chamber.

Sir John MACDONALD moved, seconded by Hon. Mr. MASSON, for leave to bring in a Bill respecting the administrations of oaths of office. Carried.

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Sir John MACDONALD moved, seconded by Hon. J. H. Pope, that the usual standing committee be appointed for the session. Carried.

On motion of Sir John MACDONALD, the House adjourned till 3 o'clock on Monday.

OTTAWA, Feb. 16.

The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock. After prayers and routine.

Mr. MACKENZIE asked the Speaker whether he had dismissed Mr. Pelke, First Assistant Clerk, and had he received his resignation.

Mr. SPEAKER replied in the negative.

Mr. ARKELL presented a petition from the Ontario Fruit Growers, praying for protection on fruit.

Mr. DECOUCHE presented a petition signed by 1,500 workingmen of British Columbia, asking for protection against Chinese labor.

On the orders of the day being called,

Mr. MACKENZIE asked the Speaker for information concerning the reporting of the debates. He understood the Government had taken on themselves to do justice of this matter, but he was not aware of their having any authority to take such action. He would be glad of some explanation on the subject.

Sir John MACDONALD said the Government had taken the responsibility of making arrangements, depending on the support of the members of the House. It was necessary to have the debates reported, and it was on this account the subject had already been dealt with by the Government. He had no doubt the members of the House would at the proper time express their concurrence in what had been done.

Mr. BAKER (Queens, P. E. I.), in an able speech moved the address, which was seconded by Mr. TASSE (Ottawa), in a lengthy speech, delivered in French.

Mr. MACKENZIE congratulated the mover and seconder of the Address on the very creditable speeches they had delivered. The Address itself contained very little to invite comment, and he would, therefore, enter into no controversy concerning any matters which would be made the subject of legislation. With the remarks made by the two hon. gentlemen concerning the advent of our new rulers he concurred generally, but he dissented from the statements about their advent added to the loyalty and patriotism of Canada, simply because there was nothing to add to it. The people of Canada were as loyal to her Majesty as those in any part of her dominions. He ridiculed the allusions made by the member for Queens to the success achieved by the honorable leader of the Government in regard to the Washington Treaty. The honorable member's ignorance of the almost universal condemnation in which that treaty was held by the people of Canada was probably owing to the fact that he came from that far-away spot, Prince Edward Island. He repudiated the idea that Sir John Macdonald was entitled to any credit in connection with the Pacific Railway, and if the late Government succeeded in reaping any advantage to Canada from it, it was not owing to the wisdom of the trade, but in spite of its wisdom. He observed that the mover of the address had indicated a complete "turn about face," inasmuch as he had declared in favor of placing a monopoly in the hands of Sir John the honorable gentleman as a convert to a principle always maintained on his side of the House. (Laughter.) Referring to the Pacific Railway, he stated that it was surprise that the Government were taking up the same line which they had formerly condemned when it was adopted by the late Administration. He was glad to notice that the Government intended with this enterprise the Government promised to give due attention to the financial condition of the country. He objected to the proposition to start a new road before taking a census to be completed in 1881. He would like to understand whether it was the intention to occupy several years in performing a work which should require only a few months. He did not think such a course necessary or wise. Referring to the depression in trade, he deprecated the honorable gentlemen on the Ministerial benches had announced the late Government for not bringing about prosperity by act of Parliament. It was satisfactory to the Opposition that hon. gentlemen were beginning to see the matter in its proper light, and were ready to subscribe to the doctrine that such a course as the one referred to was impossible. He (Mackenzie) understood more thoroughly the conditions of the Washington Treaty than those of Prince Edward Island, and there were some who were more interested in it. In reference to the part he himself had taken in the framing of that Treaty, he said it had been passed by the Parliament of Canada, and by a large majority—sixty-six, he thought. He also reminded the House that among that majority were many who had been members and supporters of the late Cabinet. He (Mackenzie) was the parliamentary representative of the late Premier had been accustomed, when in Opposition, to express his loathing to the very idea of taking money for Canada's territorial rights and interests. But Government had taken every means in his power to get that money which he used to think so much of. It reminded him of the story of the father and son who were discussing a certain base tax, when the son objected to it, the father replied that the money did counted bad. (Laughter.) He defended the recent action of the Government concerning the interests of the Canadian cattle trade. He thought the action would soon pass away, as both in England and the United States stringent measures had been taken to confine the disease to the smallest possible limits. As soon as the Government received the Order in Council prohibiting the importation of American cattle would be cancelled and trade with the United States renewed. Referring to the trade with France and Spain, he was glad to inform the House that a letter had been received from the French Government stating that the overtures made by Canada had been very favorably received, and that the grounds for believing that trade between the two countries would speedily be increased, and Canadian industry could be much benefitted thereby. With regard to trade with Spain he was not prepared to say whether the measures taken would be successful or not. 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On motion of Sir John MACDONALD, the House adjourned till 3 o'clock on Monday.

OTTAWA, Feb. 18.

The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock. After prayers and routine.

Mr. MACKENZIE asked the Speaker whether he had dismissed Mr. Pelke, First Assistant Clerk, and had he received his resignation.

Mr. SPEAKER replied in the negative.

Mr. ARKELL presented a petition from the Ontario Fruit Growers, praying for protection on fruit.

Mr. DECOUCHE presented a petition signed by 1,500 workingmen of British Columbia, asking for protection against Chinese labor.

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Mr. BAKER (Queens, P. E. I.), in an able speech moved the address, which was seconded by Mr. TASSE (Ottawa), in a lengthy speech, delivered in French.

Mr. MACKENZIE congratulated the mover and seconder of the Address on the very creditable speeches they had delivered. The Address itself contained very little to invite comment, and he would, therefore, enter into no controversy concerning any matters which would be made the subject of legislation. With the remarks made by the two hon. gentlemen concerning the advent of our new rulers he concurred generally, but he dissented from the statements about their advent added to the loyalty and patriotism of Canada, simply because there was nothing to add to it. The people of Canada were as loyal to her Majesty as those in any part of her dominions. He ridiculed the allusions made by the member for Queens to the success achieved by the honorable leader of the Government in regard to the Washington Treaty. The honorable member's ignorance of the almost universal condemnation in which that treaty was held by the people of Canada was probably owing to the fact that he came from that far-away spot, Prince Edward Island. He repudiated the idea that Sir John Macdonald was entitled to any credit in connection with the Pacific Railway, and if the late Government succeeded in reaping any advantage to Canada from it, it was not owing to the wisdom of the trade, but in spite of its wisdom. He observed that the mover of the address had indicated a complete "turn about face," inasmuch as he had declared in favor of placing a monopoly in the hands of Sir John the honorable gentleman as a convert to a principle always maintained on his side of the House. (Laughter.) Referring to the Pacific Railway, he stated that it was surprise that Government were taking up the same line which they had formerly condemned when it was adopted by the late Administration. He was glad to notice that the Government intended with this enterprise the Government promised to give due attention to the financial condition of the country. He objected to the proposition to start a new road before taking a census to be completed in 1881. He would like to understand whether it was the intention to occupy several years in performing a work which should require only a few months. He did not think such a course necessary or wise. Referring to the depression in trade, he deprecated the honorable gentlemen on the Ministerial benches had announced the late Government for not bringing about prosperity by act of Parliament. It was satisfactory to the Opposition that hon. gentlemen were beginning to see the matter in its proper light, and were ready to subscribe to the doctrine that such a course as the one referred to was impossible. He understood more thoroughly the conditions of the Washington Treaty than those of Prince Edward Island, and there were some who were more interested in it. In reference to the part he himself had taken in the framing of that Treaty, he said it had been passed by the Parliament of Canada, and by a large majority—sixty-six, he thought. He also reminded the House that among that majority were many who had been members and supporters of the late Cabinet. He (Mackenzie) was the parliamentary representative of the late Premier had been accustomed, when in Opposition, to express his loathing to the very idea of taking money for Canada's territorial rights and interests. But Government had taken every means in his power to get that money which he used to think so much of. It reminded him of the story of the father and son who were discussing a certain base tax, when the son objected to it, the father replied that the money did counted bad. (Laughter.) He defended the recent action of the Government concerning the interests of the Canadian cattle trade. He thought the action would soon pass away, as both in England and the United States stringent measures had been taken to confine the disease to the smallest possible limits. As soon as the Government received the Order in Council prohibiting the importation of American cattle would be cancelled and trade with the United States renewed. Referring to the trade with France and Spain, he was glad to inform the House that a letter had been received from the French Government stating that the overtures made by Canada had been very favorably received, and that the grounds for believing that trade between the two countries would speedily be increased, and Canadian industry could be much benefitted thereby. With regard to trade with Spain he was not prepared to say whether the measures taken would be successful or not. England had a commercial treaty with Spain, but it had been broken off. At present, however, there was a prospect of its being renewed. He was rather amused at the previous speaker's remarks about fairy tales. He was surprised at the contention of the hon. gentleman that the motto of the gentlemen on his (Sir John's) side of the House had always been "Be true to your party, but to the people;" while that of the gentlemen opposite had been "By the party, with the party, and for the party." (Cheers.) Perhaps, he was a little too simple for him, but it is practicable to give security and encouragement to persons who may desire by insurance upon their lives to make provision for those dependent upon them. This will attention will, I doubt not, be given to the important subjects I have alluded to, and to the general interests of the country.

After the reading of the Speech from the Throne the members returned to their places in the Commons Chamber.

Sir John MACDONALD moved, seconded by Hon. Mr. MASSON, for leave to bring in a Bill respecting the administrations of oaths of office. Carried.

The Speaker had certificates concerning the elections in East Hastings and Kamouraska. He also presented the report of the Librarian of the library in the House of Commons.

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Sir John MACDONALD moved, seconded by Mr. LAURIER, for the consideration of the Speech from the Throne be taken up on Monday next. Carried.

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On motion of Sir John MACDONALD, the House adjourned till 3 o'clock on Monday.

OTTAWA, Feb. 19.

The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock. After prayers and routine.

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Mr. SPEAKER replied in the negative.

Mr. ARKELL presented a petition from the Ontario Fruit Growers, praying for protection on fruit.

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On motion of Sir John MACDONALD, the House adjourned till 3 o'clock on Monday.

OTTAWA, Feb. 20.

The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock. After prayers and routine.

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Mr. SPEAKER replied in the negative.

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